

LATE NIGHT WANDERING

By: Snowblind12

SUMMARY: Hermione wanted to find out just what Draco was up to during his late night venturing from his dorm.

COMPLETE INFORMATION

Located: Harry Potter > Het - Male/Female> Draco/Hermione

Content Tags: 3Plus Anal Fingering MC Rape Solo Exhib Minor2 Oral Spank Voy

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Chapter 1

Hermione was trying to be quiet. She was hidden under the invisibility cloak she had borrowed from Harry. This time she was going to catch the sneaky slytherin. The map had showed he was lingering right around the next turn of the hallway. He had been sneaking out of the dorm every night for weeks and Hermione was desperate to find out what he had been up to. She was a prefect after all. It was her duty to help the teachers maintain control of the students. As she rounded the corner a hand reached out and grabbed her.

"if you're going to spy on someone, you should at least be quieter than the Hogwarts Express, Granger." Malfoy's voice was his typical sneering drawl.

Hermione froze. Malfoy had a hand over her mouth and his other wrapped around her waist trapping her arms at her sides, effectively preventing her from moving her wand arm. She struggled as he pulled her a few feet to her right. She heard a door close and the click of the door lock. SHIT! She was starting to panic.

Malfoy removed his hand from Hermione's mouth and she tried to yell but there was no sound.

"A silencing spell, Granger." He spoke low and menacingly into her ear, as he was still holding her.

She was still under the cloak and couldn't figure out how he knew it was her.

He pulled the cloak off her and waved his wand causing her hands to be tied and her wand to fall to the floor. "Accio wand."

Hermione watched as her wand flew to him. He was watching her and ginning. He ran his hands along her wand before slipping it into his pocket.

He started walking around her. "So, Granger. What's with you following me around?" She was pleading with her eyes for him to let her speak but he ignored her and instead slowly looked her up and down. He paused his gaze as looked at her chest. His gaze finally moved up to her eyes.

"Perhaps I'm being unfair and you weren't following me?"

Hermione nodded her head rapidly as if to say, yes, that was the truth of it.

He leered at her. Then his expression softened. He rolled his eyes and undid the silencing spell. "What gives, Granger?"

"I wasn't following you. I make rounds under the cloak sometimes to catch students that have snuck out and are doing things they shouldn't be." She took a deep calming breath.. She started to think maybe the best defense was a good offense. "I cant believe you, Malfoy! You had no right to grab me and basically kidnap me!"

He rolled his eyes. "Pulease! I didn't kidnap you! I was merely protecting myself from a perceived threat. What is it that creepy auror always says? Constant Vigilance?" He shrugged. "That's all this is."

He was leaning against a desk and smirking at her. "Tell you what. I'll forget all about this little incident if you will."

She thought about it. He did have a point. If she agreed, she could wait a few nights and perhaps try following him again. She really did want to know where he was going at night. She sighed. "Fine Malfoy. Now untie me. I have stuff to do."

He smiled at her. "No problem, Granger. But, let's drink to our deal." He pulled out a black flask.

"Oh right! Like I'd drink anything you gave me!"

"You're such a suspicious little chicken shit. Where's your Gryffindor courage?"

He brought the flask to his mouth and was about to sip when she sighed. "Fine, untie me and give me the flask."

He raised his eyebrows and looked at her as if he doubted her. "Give it to me!" She demanded. He waved his wand and she found she could move her arms again. He handed her the flask. She tentatively took it and smelled it.

He rolled his eyes. "Forget it. You're so predictable." With that she took a sip and swallowed.

The minute she swallowed he got a knowing smirk on his face. "You Gryffindors are so easy to manipulate! You fall for that every time, you know. I keep thinking, tonight's the night she'll refuse."

Hermione started to feel warm and her stomach started to tingle. She looked at Draco and something started to stir. Desire. Oh dear Merlin. This wizard in front of her was all she wanted. She started breathing hard and she felt a cold sweat over her neck and chest. She slowly stalked towards him.

He looked at her knowingly. "Oh Granger, Granger, Granger."

"Draco. I want you."

He sneered. "I don't know, Granger. I think I'm just gonna go to my room."

She started to panic. "No! Please!" She lunged him and started kissing his neck.

He chuckled. "Oh all right.. I guess I'll let you have your way with me."

Oh sweet Merlin! He said he'd stay! Relief flooded through her. She started to push off his robes.

He grabbed her hands. "Oh little Princess. You know what I'd really like?"

Her face became pleading. "Oh Draco, just tell me and I'll do it or get it for you!"

He leered down at her. "I'd like you undress.. slowly for me and do as I say."

Oh thank goodness. She feared he would ask her do something that would require her to go

away. She couldn't bare to leave his side. She smiled at him and stepped back. She pulled off her sweater and started to unbutton her blouse as she looked him.

"Do it slowy, Granger." She slowed down and unbuttoned her blouse while looking at him with pure adoration.

As she slipped her blouse off, Draco started to unbutton his shirt. She unhooked her bra and slid it down her arms. Draco was looking at her breasts. Softly, he said "Pinch your nipples for me, Princess."

She pinched her nipples and watched as he continued taking off his shirt. He was so beautiful. She wanted to touch him. She started to walk towards him.

"No, no, no Granger. I didn't tell you to stop. Finish undressing, Princess." She was so frustrated. She just wanted to touch him. She couldn't stand it. A small part of her mind was questioning why she was feeling this way, but what did it matter? It was what she wanted and she wanted it now. She unzipped her jeans and slid them down her legs. She kicked off her shoes and her jeans.

Draco grinned. "keep going, Princess."

She bit her lip and slid her panties down her legs.

"Give them to me."

She bent down and picked up the panties and walked towards him. He took the panties and put them in the same pocket as her wand.

He smiled affectionately at her and said, "kneel in front of me."

She stepped in front of him and knelt. He unzipped his fly and pulled out his hard cock. She looked at and then back up at his face. "Oh Princess, I'd really like for you to suck me."

She eagerly took him into her mouth and started licking and sucking for all she was worth. He chuckled, "well, for what you lack for in talent you make up for with enthusiasm."

After a few minutes he pulled her to stand and she immediately went to kiss him. He let her do as she wished and actually kissed her back. She was a good kisser. He massaged her breasts and then reached down between her legs where she was dripping wet. "I think you're ready for me, Princess." He stepped away. "Princess, bend over this desk."

She was miserable as he was no longer letting her touch him but she did as he instructed. "Grab hold of the edge and hold tight." She gripped the edge of the desk. He stood behind and slid easily into her hot and tight entrance. "Oh, Merlin Princess. You feel as tight as you did the first time. I love fucking you."

He felt so good inside her. Somewhere inside her mind confusion was setting in. What did he mean? Shouldn't this hurt? She was a virgin. Why didn't this hurt? It felt like heaven. He was pumping in and out of her so hard and fast. She started rocking her hips back to meet his. He groaned and pulled her hips back violently as he came. He collapsed on her back and she felt him go soft inside her. She felt liquid running out of her and down her thighs. She wanted to

touch him.

He pulled out as he stepped away from her. "Get dressed, Princess." She wanted to cry. All she wanted to do was to touch him and kiss him. "Get dressed and I'll kiss you." She put on her bra and shirt. As she was buttoning up her blouse, she said "I need my panties."

"No you don't, Princess. I want to keep them. Don't you want me to have them?" Now that he mentioned it, She did what him to keep them. She wanted him to think about her as much as she was thinking about him.

She pulled her jeans on and slipped her feet into her shoes. After she was dressed she stepped towards him. She just wanted to kiss him and to touch him. "Follow me, Princess." He took her hand and she followed him into the hall. He looked around and when he was certain no one was around, he said "stand right here and don't move, Princess."

She looked at him with hurt and confusion. He stepped towards her and kissed her gently. Then he waved his wand casting a cleansing charm and a contraceptive charm over her.

He took a flask out of his pocket. "Here Princess, sip this." She eagerly sipped from the small, silver flask he tipped into her mouth. It tasted bitter. She started to feel cold.

"Here, you'll need this." He tossed the cloak back over her head and put her wand back in her hand. She was feeling weird and a little nauseous. As reality started to dawn and she was coming into her right mind again, she heard him whisper, "obliviate" from behind her.

Draco quickly and quietly dashed away leaving the Gryffindor in the exact spot he had grabbed her from 30 minutes earlier. He smiled mischievously as he dashed back down to the dungeons. This was too easy. 3 nights this week he'd done this to her. Tomorrow night he might bring Blaise.

Hermione stood there for a minute. She felt confused for a second and then remembered she was looking for Malfoy. That's right. He was right around this bend in the hallway. As she walked down the hall she couldn't find him. After 30 minutes of looking she decided to quit. She would just have to try again tomorrow night.

Chapter 2

Hermione was at a loss. When she got back to her dorm and undressed, she noticed some bruising on her hips. She couldn't remember doing anything that would have caused bruising. She also had forgotten to put on underwear...again. What was wrong with her? Clearly she was distracted these days. Her obsession with helping Harry as well as investigating Draco's activities and taking 9 classes was obviously taking it's toll on her. She felt off somehow and was surprised to find she had been gone almost an hour and a half when she got back from searching for Draco. It felt like she had only been searching for 45 minutes or so.

The next morning she got up and headed down to the prefects bathroom. The door was warded to block her entrance, so a boy must be in there. Otherwise it would have let her enter. She decided to wait a few minutes. She really preferred the prefects bath to the ones in her dorm. After about 10 minutes, Malfoy came sauntering out of the bath and into the hall. As he walked by he looked her up and down and had a knowing smirk on his face. It was offensive,

frankly...like he knew her secrets. His hair was damp and he smelled really good. The smell was familiar somehow... sandalwood, maybe? She tried not to look at him or have any interaction with him.

When she got into the bathroom she turned on the bathwater and the swimming pool sized tub quickly filled with water.. She had selected lavender scented water and it smelled divine. She stepped in and immediately felt herself relax. She felt sore. sore from her unexplained bruises and sore between her legs somehow. It was a weird feeling. she hoped she wasn't getting an infection or something.

After a 15 minute soak, she dressed and headed back to the dorm to drop off her bath things and head to breakfast. Harry and Ron were waiting for her and the three of them headed to the great hall. As Hermione ate, she felt like she was being watched. She followed the pull and caught Draco Malfoy looking at her while whispering in the ear of Blaise Zabini, who was sitting next to him. Blaise was watching her as well and they both had small smiles on their faces. They didn't even care that she had caught them staring. They just went on watching her until Pansy sat down on the other side of Malfoy and their focus turned to her. It was weird and Hermione felt oddly self conscious.

She left breakfast a little early and told Ron and Harry she would catch up with them later. Her first class was ancient runes and unfortunately Draco was in the class as well. He continued with his odd behavior. He wasn't staring at her, but he definitely kept an eye on her and she could feel his gaze.

This continued into the next class as well. Transfiguration was shared with the Slytherins. Draco was leering at her more openly and Blaise kept glancing her way as well. She found herself pulling and pressing her skirt, willing it to be a little longer and cover her knees. She felt dirty somehow.

She didn't have any more classes with Draco or any other slytherin that day and the rest of her day improved because of it. At dinner she chose to sit facing away from the dreaded snakes so her meal was actually quite enjoyable.

That night she contemplated going in search of the elusive slytherin but had too much work to do on her transfiguration essay. Yeah, it was Friday night, but she didn't want it worrying her all weekend. This way she could enjoy the rest of the weekend. After her essay was done, it was past 11pm. She borrowed Harry's map before going to bed and saw that Draco was lingering in that same area of the 4th floor hallway he had been all week, only this time he had Blaise with him. She was almost curious enough to go and try to catch him, but she was too tired.

Saturday, Hermione arrived at breakfast early. She had slept better than she had in almost a week and woke up feeling more like herself. She had dressed and made sure she had on underwear. The other odd piece of the puzzle is that she was missing some of her panties. At least 2 pair, maybe 3. It was a Hogsmead Saturday, so she would just have to purchase a few pair when she could slip away from Harry and Ron.

Hogsmead was a blast. Ginny and Harry had gone off on their own for some time to themselves and she had spent the afternoon with Ron. Ron had kissed her for the first time a month before and things had been slightly awkward ever since. But, not today. Today was as if that kiss had never happened and she was relieved. She determined that she just didn't love Ron that way. She loved him and Harry both like they were her brothers. When it started to get late, she told

Ron to head back without her, as she had to go buy some "girls stuff". Ron had turned pink and told her he would see her back at the castle. She just didn't feel comfortable dragging him into Penny's Pink Palace with her.

After she had made her purchase, she started walking back towards the castle. It was getting dark and cold. She pulled her jacket tight around her and quickened her pace. She decided to take a short cut through a wooded area that cut about 10 minutes out of the walk back. She contemplated not doing it, but there was a small group ahead of her that was taking the short cut as well. As she was walking, the small group in front of her seemed to disperse. A few had gone on ahead but two were lingering. As she got closer a feeling of dread overcame her. It was Malfoy and Zabini. Malfoy was casually leaning against a tree and Zabini had sat on a stump. As she got closer she started walking even faster, intending to get by them as quickly as possible. This, however, was not what happened. Draco stepped out in front of her. "What's in the bag, Granger?"

"Looks like lingerie", said Zabini, now standing behind her. She was trapped.

"Let me pass, Malfoy." She said aggressively, thinking it might make him back off.

"Sorry, sorry, sorry." Draco started to step aside and continued, "actually, Granger, the reason we stopped to wait for you is we need your help." She continued to walk and he continued talking. "We're serious, Granger. Please?" She heard the quiet and non threatening plea and stopped.

She looked at him on her right and he had lost that cocky sneer he usually wore. "What could you possibly need my help with and why would I want to help you in the first place?"

Blaise stepped up beside Draco. "Well, we're working on a project and we feel like your involvement would be most beneficial."

Hermione pulled her jacket tighter and started to shiver.

"Really, Granger? Are you a witch or aren't you?" Draco shook his head and cast a warming charm over her. She felt like an idiot. Why hadn't she thought of that? It was humiliating to miss something so simple and basic in front of the two slytherins. "What we need is your help with is a potion."

"What kind of potion?" She asked, skeptically.

"Well, we're trying to come up with a potion that will prevent the drinker from doing anything against his or her will. In other words, it would prevent the drinker from being susceptible to the imperious curse or to a lust or love potion."

Hermione looked at Draco with surprise. "Wow, that's quite a potion. " Hermione was impressed. This went against everything she knew and believed about Malfoy. Why would he want to create such a potion?

Hermione started to walk. "I'm heading back. We can keep talking along the way unless you're ashamed to be seen with a mudblood." Hermione rolled her eyes as she said it. That word no longer had any impact on her whatsoever. It was a stupid word with a ridiculous meaning. She knew she was a bright witch and knew from her muggle biology studies exactly what her blood

was made of.

Draco stepped up beside her and started walking. Blaise did the same on her other side. "We've set up a potions lab in the room of requirement and we'd like to show you all the details when we get there."

She was suspicious. "You're Professor Snape's pet slytherin. Why wouldn't you just use his lab?"

Draco pleaded. "He offered, but we wanted our own set up and we need to have access 24/7. The potion needs constant tweaking."

They were getting closer to the castle. "I still don't get it. Why me?" She wasn't buying it.

"Because your smart, Granger. Aren't you curious?"

"Yeah, I'm curious why you aren't going to Professor Snape for his help."

Blaise finally spoke. "Forget it, Draco. She's clearly not interested. I told you she wouldn't put aside house rivalry to help us."

This got her attention. She stopped and turned to Blaise. "This has nothing to do with that! I just don't trust you two." She paused. "I tell you what, give me your notes and I'll take a look and give you my input."

Draco rolled his eyes.. "Oh yeah, like that's gonna happen. It's either you're in or you're out. What's it gonna be, Granger? Are you a Gryffindor or not? Where's your courage?"

She sighed heavily. "Fine! Let's go." She was curious and what was the worse thing that could happen? Hermione totally missed the looks Draco and Blaise exchanged.

When they entered the Room of Requirement, it was a small dark lab with a table in the middle. On the table was a cauldron that had a simmering golden hue'd potion. The room had a door to the right, which Hermione was curious about. She started to walk towards it, but Draco said "it's just a loo. Sometimes we sleep up here." Sure enough, there was a cot in the corner she hadn't noticed when she first walked in.

She turned towards the cauldron and Draco and Blaise slipped out of their outer robes, hanging them on a coat/robe rack by the door. "So, what's the deal with the potion? Tell me about it." Hermione had walked towards the cauldron and was now peering over the side looking down into it.

Draco was standing behind her smirking and making lewd movements towards her backside. Blaise was chuckling to himself. "Take a good look and tell us what you think is in it." As he said this he started rubbing his crotch.

"Hmm, it looks like there is definitely yellowroot based on the hue, but that doesn't make sense. Yellowroot is a key ingredient in that lust potion Professor Snape was talking about last month. Interesting, did you reverse its properties somehow to create a.." She started to feel warm. She hadn't noticed the small vaporizer beside the cauldron that was blowing a mist into her face. A cool sweat started to build on her face, neck and chest. She felt a weird tingling in her stomach.

She turned back toward Draco. She felt desire unlike anything she had ever imagined. She stepped towards him and just as she was about to kiss him, he pushed her away.

"Draco, you're a genius. This is amazing." Blaise was dumbfounded at Granger's sudden change in behavior.

"Oh, you've seen nothing yet. I have to admit I was unsure about the mist, but it made sense." He held his breath and covered his mouth as he quickly reached forward and turned off the mist.

Hermione was frustrated. Why wouldn't he let her touch him.

He looked maliciously at her. "You want me, Princess?"

"So much, Draco. I'll do anything for you. Just kiss me, let me touch you."

"Beg, Princess. Beg me for it and you can have it."

Hermione dropped to her knees, "please Draco. Please let me touch you. I want to kiss you and please you. I'll die if I can't touch you."

"Ok, ok. Go ahead and undress, Princess." She looked back towards Blaise with a small look of concern. "Just ignore Blaise, Princess. This is all about you and me. He just wants to watch. You don't mind do you? He's my best friend. I want him to see how magnificent you are."

Hermione's attention immediately went back to Draco. She started to undress. "That's it, Princess. Take everything off. But, give me your panties. I'd like to keep those."

She took her clothes off quickly and handed him her panties.

"She's got a tight little bod." Blaise started walking around her. "You sure you won't share?"

"No. Get your own toy. I'll give you the first flask for free so you can try it out on the witch of your choice. After that, you'll have to pay like the others."

"You're going to make a fortune on this, Draco."

"Princess, please undress me." Hermione stepped forward and started to unbutton his shirt. She slipped the shirt off and started tugging the t shirt he had on underneath over his head. "Easy, Princess. Tell you what. Go open that door over there."

Hermione walked toward the door and opened it. Inside was a large bed with slytherine green sheets. "Princess, you know what would really turn me on and make me want to touch you?"

"Please, tell me, Draco! Anything!" She was desperate for him.

"Go climb on that bed over there and lay in the middle of it. Spread your legs nice and wide and rub that little clit of yours. As soon as you cum, I'll fuck you. How does that sound?"

She hopped up on the bed and layed on her back. She spread her legs and started rubbing herself.

"Merlin!" Blaise was dumbfounded. "Draco, you're a twisted fuck, but I love you man." Blaise unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock and stared stroking himself while watching her.

Hermione didn't even notice Blaise because she was so focused on Draco. She was rubbing herself fast and hard and came with a shudder. She had a dazed look and was breathing hard to catch her breath. Draco approached the bed, slipping out of his jeans and boxers as he did so. He climbed on the bed. "Tell you what, Princess. I want you to ride me. Move over." She rolled over and he took her spot laying on his back.

He stroked himself. "Ok, Princess. Climb on and have at me."

Hermione wasted no time. She climbed on him quickly but was at a loss for what to do next. Draco chuckled. "Such an innocent, Princess. Don't you worry. You'll be well practiced and experienced by the time I'm done having fun with you." He eased her down on him. Dam, she felt so fucking good. "Ok, Princess. Just start moving. Do what feels good." Hermione started riding him fast and hard. She couldn't help herself. She couldn't get enough. Draco was watching her tits bounce as she moved. He reached forward and squeezed them. She leaned forward and started kissing him as she rode him. He kissed her back.

There was a grunt and a groan at the foot of the bed as Blaise came magnificently while watching them. Draco could feel himself getting close. "Princess roll off me and lay on your back." She did as he said and he quickly straddled her chest. "Open your mouth, Princess." She opened her mouth and after a few strokes with his hand, he came on her face and in her mouth. "Swallow it, Princess.". He watched her swallow and then collapsed beside her panting. She was already rolling on her side prepared to jump him again.

"Oh no, Princess. Be still for a minute. Be still and I'll let you touch me again in a few minutes."

She sulked but did as he said. He stood up and stared getting dressed. He turned to Blaise. "Ok, now is the tricky part. We need to be in the exact same spots we were in when she was induced. Get dressed." He turned back to Hermione. "Come on, Princess. I need you to get dressed now."

They walked into the other room and after they were all dressed Draco positioned them in the right spots. He casted the cleansing and contraception charms over her. "Princess, drink this." He handed her a small silver flask and she took a sip. He took the flask and stepped back behind her.

Hermione started to feel cold. She felt a little nauseated as well. Realization started to hit. Her face turned red and she started to panic when Draco whispered, "Oblivate."

He waited about three seconds and then asked, "Well, what else besides yellowroot?"

Hermione was confused. She felt really weird. It was like she forgot where she was for a second. "Huh?" She asked in a daze.

"Well, you figured out the yellowroot, what else do you see."

She looked into the simmering cauldron but found she couldn't concentrate.

"Malfoy, I'm not feeling well. Can we do this tomorrow night instead? I can be here at 7?"

"Sure, Granger. We just appreciate your talent however we can get it." He had a small smile.

She felt weird and also felt badly for not staying to help them. It was the first time either had ever been civil to her. She would come back tomorrow and help. Right now she just wanted to get back to her dorm. She picked up her bag and walked toward the door, "see you tomorrow". Then she walked out.

Blaise high fived Draco. "Man, I can't wait to use this shit on Ginny Weasley."

Please Review!

Chapter 3

Hermione entered the Gryffindor common room to find Ron and Harry deeply engrossed in a chess match. She told the boys she was going up to read and she would see them in the morning. They both grunted in response as they were too involved in their match to pay her much notice. She rolled her eyes and headed upstairs.

When she got back to her room, she didn't feel right. She had a headache and just felt ill. She looked at her watch and didn't understand how it had gotten so late. She had missed dinner as well, not that she could eat. She put her new panties and bra in her dirty laundry pile.

It was a little early for bed, but she felt drained and tired so she decided to change into her nightgown. She couldn't believe it when she slipped off her jeans. Where were her panties? She knew for certain she had put them on that morning. They were her blue ones with white stripes. Someone must be playing a trick on her. Perhaps to her dorm mates as well. She would ask Lavender nonchalantly about it. Perhaps someone had found a spell that spells off a girl's panties or something equally juvenile.

She climbed into bed and was comforted when Crookshanks jumped up next to her. She closed her eyes as he purred next to her and she fell asleep quickly.

Draco and Blaise cleaned the lab in the room of requirement and were quite pleased with how the evening had gone.

Blaise was still amazed by it all. "I still don't understand, Drac. How'd you figure out how to make such a brilliant potion?"

"I listen in class to Severus and I actually read the text book. It was essentially right there in front of us. It just needed a little tweaking and Severus helped as well." Draco placed a stasis charm over the large cauldron and walked over to the smaller cauldron that was on a smaller table by the far wall. He stirred it once clockwise and then twice counterclockwise before putting a stasis charm on it as well. "This antidote is every bit as important. I have no idea how long the effects of the lust potion would last, so this little potion solves that problem."

Draco turned back towards Blaise and continued. "Also, if you don't want the witch to know you used the potion on her, you'll obviously have to obliviate her. So, I'm not selling this potion to

just anyone. Obliviates need to be precise and the spell caster needs to know how to obliviate the exact amount of time out of the witch's memory. I'm not going to get caught because of someone else's ineptitude."

"I get it, Drac. You're right. You have to be careful. What did Snape say when you told him you perfected it?"

Draco shrugged, "nothing much. I think his exact words were, 'don't get caught'. I gave him some of the potion, of course. Technically, he did help me perfect it and he knows how to brew it."

"So tell me, why Granger and how did it go the first time?"

Draco looked at his friend and smiled. "It was fucked up is what it was! I almost didn't do it again." He shuddered. "I didn't choose her until the opportunity presented itself. She walked by while I was trying to enter the Room of Requirement one night last week. It was after curfew so she, of course got on her high horse and was going to dock points and give me detention. So, I used a body bind curse on her, and brought her in here. Once in here, I dribbled the potion in her mouth and released the binding spell. I couldn't believe it when it worked so beautifully. You see how she gets. I was a little shocked at first, but it didn't take long to figure out I could do whatever I wanted to her. She was a fucking virgin though and got blood all over me." He made a face of disgust.

Blaise laughed at his friend. "So, what's the deal? You gonna keep fucking her?"

Draco smirked. "Who knows. Until I get bored, I guess."

"Enough about you. When do I get to try it out?" Blaise asked eagerly.

Sunday

When Hermione went downstairs to the common room Sunday morning, it was early and the others weren't up yet. She was starving, though, so she headed to the great hall without them. She felt better this morning and was determined to solve the underwear mystery. She was the only one at the Gryffindor table. She pulled out her History of Magic textbook and started to read. She started to feel like she was being watched. She looked immediately towards the Slytherin table to see Malfoy watching her. He didn't have his usual sneer but looked like he was in deep thought. He seemed to snap out of it and took a quick glance around the room. When he saw no one was watching, he slightly nodded an acknowledge to her. She was shocked but figured he was trying to be at least a little civil since she had agreed to help him with his potion. She gave him a slight nod in return and went back to her reading.

When she was about to leave, Harry, Ron, Ginny and Lavendar came and sat next to her. She thought something might be brewing between Lavendar and Ron. They kept sneaking glances at each other. Harry started putting eggs and bacon on both his and Ginny's plates. As he was doing this he looked at a Hermione and asked, "Where were you last night? We waited for you at dinner but you never showed."

She didn't know if she wanted to share that she was helping Draco and Blaise, so she decided she would sit on that information for now. "I ended up going to the library when I got back. I just wasn't hungry."

She would probably help the slytherins tonight and that would be the end of it and if that was the case, there was no need to tell anyone. She was however, very curious why they were working on the potion in the first place. She knew Professor Snape was a double agent who actually supported the Order. Perhaps this potion was something Snape had Draco working on for Dumbledore. Harry suspected Draco was actually a Death Eater, but Hermione doubted it. He may be a cocky brat, but she doubted he was truly that evil.

After spending most of the day in the library, Hermione packed up her bags and headed to dinner. She wasn't very hungry and for some reason was starting to feel a bit anxious about her 7pm appointment. She didn't know why, but she figured it was because this was new territory and she still didn't entirely trust them. She was playing with the food on her plate when Harry and Ginny arrived.

"I just don't get it Ginny. You were over an hour late to practice! Where were you?" Hermione had never heard Harry speak to Ginny like this. Come to think of it, she didn't think she had ever known Harry to be mad at Ginny about anything.

"I told you Harry, I must have lost track of time. I went for a run and next thing I knew, it was almost 4." Ginny was clearly upset and her tone was apologetic.

"Well, put an alarm on your watch or something. I can't make allowances for you that I don't make for others on the team." He started to put food on a plate for her.

"Don't bother. I'm not hungry" Her tone had gone from apologetic to angry. She stood up and started to leave.

"Ginny, don't be like that! I'm sorry I got so mad." Harry was starting to backpeddle.

"I'm just not hungry. I feel off.. I just want to go lay down." She started walking away.

Harry put his elbows on the table and cradled his head in his hands.. "Shit."

Hermione looked from Harry to Ginny's retreating form. For some reason she looked toward the slytherin table to see Blaise and Draco watching Ginny leave. They were grinning. Draco's eyes then turned to Hermione. He looked away quickly and was saying something to Blaise that made Blaise laugh. Hermione looked back at Harry. Harry looked miserable.

"I'll go check on her, Harry. I'm finished eating anyway." She wrapped her arm around him and kissed him on the cheek. He gave her a soft smile and replied, "thanks, Mione."

Draco watched the interaction between Ginny and Potter with pure joy. He knew exactly what they were fighting about. Blaise had tried out the potion on Ginny just a few hours ago. Blaise had interrupted her run by pretending to have fallen and twisted his ankle on the trail. She almost ran right by him, but she did the typical good Samaritan move and stopped to make sure he was ok. Once he was standing, he turned on the charm and engaged her in conversation. He had gotten her to drink the potion by pretending the flask had water and offering her a sip as she was very thirsty from her run. Once she drank the potion her change in behavior was as instant as Granger's had been. He had her run with him to a secret entrance into the dungeons which was very close to where he staged his injury. Draco was waiting for them in a deserted classroom and got to watch as his friend fucked the redhead in every orifice of her body. When

he was finished with her, he lead her back to the trail and obliviated her perfectly. She would not even remember she had even seen Blaise that day, much less stopped to help him.

Blaise and Draco laughed as Ginny scurried out of the hall. Draco whispered to Blaise, "I'm surprised she can even walk after the ramming you gave her today. She does look like she's walking funny." His laugh faded though, when he saw Hermione whisper something to Harry, put her arm around him and then kiss his cheek. This just didn't sit well with Draco. He watched her leave the Gryffindor table and follow Ginny Weasley out.

"Hey, Ginny. wait up!" Hermione yelled after Ginny as Ginny started up the steps towards Gryffindor tower. Ginny stopped and waited for her friend. Hermione came up next her, put her hand on Ginny's shoulder and said, "hey, you ok?"

With that Ginny burst into tears.

Hermione took her friend's hand. "Come on, lets get back to the girls dorm." Ginny nodded and followed her friend. Hermione new her dorm mates would still be at dinner for a while so she brought Ginny up to the 6th year's dorm room. When they got into the room Ginny sat next to Hermione on her bed and put her head on Hermione's shoulder.

"What's going on Ginny? What's got you so upset? I know Harry can be an idiot sometimes and clearly he overreacted, but he loves you. He'll get over it that you were late to practice. You know he will!"

Ginny sniffled. "It's not that. It's just something isn't right. something happened to me today. I just know it, but I don't know what."

"Whatever do you mean?" Hermione asked softly and consolingly.

"I feel like I did first year with that bloody diary. I've lost a big chunk of time. At least an hour, I'm thinking an hour and a half and I have no idea what I did during that time. I know I didn't run for two hours. I remember I looked at my watch and it said 2:15. I had practice at 3, so I knew I had plenty time to finish my run. Then, I don't know what happened. I remember looking at my watch again and it said 3:53pm." She started to cry again.

Hermione was at a loss. She pulled her friend into her arms and held her.

Please, Please Review! Let me know if you'd like a one shot of the Blaise and Ginnyscene.

Chapter 4

Hermione held Ginny tight. "Ginny, it's ok." She whispered comfortingly to her friend. "We'll figure this out. Did you go see Madam Pomfrey? Maybe you fell while running and hit your your head but don't remember it. Concussions cause memory loss."

Ginny shook her head no. "I don't think I fell.. but I do feel kind of sore. My hips and strangely, my bum are sore. I had a really bad headache when I went to quidditch practice."

"Come on, let's go to your dorm and get your night clothes. Then I'll take you to the prefect's bath and you can have a long soak. If you don't feel better, we'll go to the infirmary together."

Ginny smiled at her friend. "Thanks, Hermione."

When they got to the prefects bath, Hermione ran Ginny a bath with verbena oil. Ginny undressed and when Hermione turned to look at her friend she was stunned. "Ginny! Look at you! You have bruises all over you!"

Ginny walked to the mirror. She couldn't believe it. She knew she felt sore but this was shocking. She had purple bruises on her breasts, her hips, and her bottom. She had some bruising on her thighs as well.

"Merlin, Ginny! You didn't just fall, you must have tumbled as well. You have bruises on the front and on the back of you!"

Hermione signaled towards the tub and helped her friend climb in. "Can you think of any areas on your run where there are any inclines or hills you could have fallen down?"

Ginny slid into the tub and breathed a sigh of relief as the hot water did its magic. "I don't know, Hermione. The running path goes all around the grounds. There are narrow passages, hills and even small cliffs the trail passes."

20 minutes later, Ginny was getting dressed and said she felt much better. Hermione wanted her to go to the infirmary but Ginny didn't want to. She was feeling better and didn't want Madam Pomfrey being overly cautious and telling her she couldn't play quidditch.

"Fine, but you need to tell Harry." Hermione's tone was very demanding.

Ginny sighed. "I'll think about it."

By the time Hermione made it up to the Room of Requirement, it was 7:15 pm. She didn't know how to get in so she waited a few minutes. She saw the door suddenly appear and an irritated Malfoy glare at her.

"You're late!" He scolded.

"Listen, I can just leave. I don't need to be here!" She was going to apologize but when he snapped at her she changed her mind. She owed him nothing.

"Just come in, Granger. Jeez."

She debated for a minute before finally entering the lab.

When she walked in she was surprised that Blaise wasn't there. "Where's Blaise?"

"He's finishing up that transfiguration paper."

She glanced towards the cauldron and then back at him. "Why are you making this potion, Draco?"

For some reason he liked it when she called him Draco and not Malfoy. "What do you mean? Don't you think it's a worthy undertaking?"

"Of course I do! It's just not something I thought you would take an interest in!" She continued teasingly, "but brewing a lust potion so you can take advantage of unsuspecting witches? maybe!"

Draco felt his heart start to race. keep your cool.. she doesn't know...keep calm. He took a breath and looked at her like she had lost her mind. "You really don't think very highly of me do you!?" He forced a look of disappointment and sadness on his face. He hoped he wasn't overdoing it.

Hermione felt guilty. She hadn't believed it possible to hurt his feelings, but clearly she had. "Truthfully, Draco, I don't know you. You've only ever been a jerk to me and my friends." She sighed, "but, maybe we can start fresh and work on this potion together."

He gave her a small smile.

She couldn't help asking him, "so, does Professor Snape know about this potion. You said he offered you his lab. Did you tell him what you're brewing?"

Draco thought carefully how to respond. He decided it was best to give the answer Hermione would feel best about. He would have to tell Severus later. "Of course he knows. It's just, I want to do this myself. I'm thinking about apprenticing for potions and this would be great on my resume to work with a respected potioneer."

She smiled at him and was relieved that a teacher was aware. "Good. Let's get to work!"

Internally he breathed a big sigh of relief. He decided he could use meetings about this "pretend" potion he had sold her on as a means to have her when he wanted her. So, in preparation, he had spent part of the day in Snape's private potions library researching how he would truly undertake this potion if he really were making it.

He gestured to the right. "My notes are right over here." He led her over to a table where he had spread out his notes.

She looked over the lists of ingredients he had tried and had yet to try. "How have you tested these so far?"

He was prepared for this question. "Well, Blaise and I have been testing them on each other."

She looked at him in shock. "You've been giving each other love potions?"

"No, Granger! Have you lost your mind? We've been imperiusing each other."

"What? You've been using unforgivables on each other?"

"Calm down, Granger. Blaise and I trust each other. It's not a big deal and we did give each other consent!"

"Have you had any success?"

"No, not yet. It's very frustrating which is why we came to you." Draco was getting bored of this conversation and wanted to get his hands on her. He picked up the pitcher sitting on the table and poured them each a glass of what looked like pumpkin juice.

He took a pretend sip of his and handed her the other glass. She looked at it and back at him and then smirked and said. "It's not poisoned is it?"

He laughed. "Oh come on, Granger! Where's that Gryffindor courage?"

She laughed and took a sip.

As usual the change was dramatic and fast. She immediately reached out to touch him. He smiled maliciously at her as he the glaze come over her eyes.

He let her touch him and when her lips fell on his he let her kiss him. He kissed her back and for a second he felt something like affection for her. But it passed as he started envisioning her naked and at his mercy. He pulled away. "Princess, why don't you take all your clothes off and then you can touch me all you want."

She quickly undressed. "Hand me your panties, Princess." He grinned as she handed them to him. He was acquiring quite a collection of her underwear. Her lips were on his again and she started rubbing her hands all over his shoulders and chest. He took her hand and guided it down to the bulge in his jeans and she started to rub him. She unbuttoned and then unzipped his jeans before reaching under the elastic of his boxers and grasping him. She was stroking him and her kisses were desperate with passion. He was massaging her breasts.

He stepped away and took her hand leading her into the room with the large bed.

"Get on the bed and get on your hands and knees, Princess." She did as he instructed. He climbed on the bed and got on his knees so he was in front of her. He slipped his hard member into her mouth and she started to suck him. "Don't let your teeth touch me or I'll be upset and I'll leave you here alone." He started gently pumping his hips while holding her head still. She gagged but he didn't care. He started pumping harder and she started gagging more aggressively. He lost patience. "Spin around and press your bum up against me." She did as he said and he contemplated what he was about to do. He had watched Blaise take Ginny aggressively this way earlier. Blaise was too rough with his toy in Draco's opinion. He had made Ginny cry. It was sick how she was crying and miserable yet kept coming for more. Blaise had to heal her bum before obliterating her. The memory was a turn off and Draco changed his mind. He slammed into her already wet and ready entrance instead.

He pressed her shoulders down to the mattress but held her hips up as he pumped in and out of her. He felt his climax building and with one last slam into her, he came. He fell beside her, out of breath and his heart pounding. She collapsed next to him and slowly rolled on top of him kissing him. She was soft and her curves felt good so he kissed her. He found his hands rubbing up and down her back. He started massaging her bottom, which felt good in his hands. He liked having this witch do his bidding. She was perfect for him. He felt satisfaction when he decided she would become his. He thought back to her kissing Potter on the cheek and felt himself getting angry. He slapped her ass hard. She squealed. "That's for putting your lips on another wizard. You're mine, Princess."

20 minutes later they were both dressed and standing at the table where they had been before he gave her the potion. He stopped and considered for a minute. He was a little worried that the gig would be up if Granger kept losing bits of time. She would become suspicious, especially with him constantly taking her underwear. He needed a solution. For tonight he decided to set the time on her wristwatch back 40 minutes. By the time she figured out her watch was wrong, it would be later. He cast the cleansing spell and the contraception charm before having her sip the antidote potion. Then he cast the obliviate and watched her closely. Her forehead crinkled as her confusion set in.

"You ok, Granger?"

She looked at him feeling a bit foggy.

He smiled at her. "You look a bit green, are you ok?"

"I feel a little weird actually." She sat in the chair next to the table and started to reach for the laced pumpkin juice.

Draco quickly stopped her. "Perhaps a little water would be better." He took the cups of pumpkin juice and dumped them down the sink and then poured her a glass of water. He had a concerned look on his face as he was trying to act the part of the concerned friend.

Hermione watched him fill her a glass of water and smiled at him gratefully when he handed it to her.

"You feel well enough to keep going?"

She looked at her watch. She had only been here less than 15 minutes. "I'm fine. Just a little headache." She really felt worse than that, but he was being so nice and needed her help. She felt she owed it to him to help him since she hadn't been any help the night before. This was a side of Draco she was not familiar with and she liked it. For some reason she really wanted this new alliance to work.

Draco picked up on her hesitation. "Granger, it's ok. You have any other free time this week?"

30 minutes later, Draco knocked his secret knock on Severus's door. The door opened and Draco walked in to find Severus sitting at his desk grading papers. The door closed behind him. "So Draco, how's the potion working for you? You're being careful?" Snape did not look up as he spoke.

"It's working great, but I have a couple little concerns."

"Continue." Snape still did not look up.

"Well, I need to come up with an explanation for the loss of time that the witches experience."

"I hardly see how that's an issue, unless you consistently use the potion on the same witch." His face contorted a little and he let out a small grunt. He let out a breath. "That will do, Minerva. Be a good witch and come out from under the desk."

Draco was completely stunned as a disheveled, but fully dressed Professor McGonagal climbed

out from under the desk.

"Oh, Severus.. Please" Minerva was trying to sit on Snape's lap. Snape rolled his eyes and pushed her off him.

"Draco, kindly go into the supplies closet until you hear her leave." Draco was laughing as he dashed into the closet.

Draco could hear low voices and then it was quiet. About 5 seconds passed before he heard Snape say, "Fine Minerva. You will have the updated lesson plans on your desk by Friday."

"See that you do, Severus. And, I'll expect you to chaperone the next Hogsmead weekend."

"Yes, yes you told me. Now please leave me in peace. I have work to do." Draco heard footsteps and then the sound of a door open and close.

He exited the closet. "Professor McGonagall? You could use that potion on any witch in the castle and you chose that ole hag?" He was dumbfounded.

Snape looked at him and with no expression replied, "yes, well. She was yammering away and giving me a headache. It occurred to me there was a much better use for her mouth."

Draco shook his head in disbelief as he walked back to the desk he had been sitting in and took a seat.

"About my problem. I know you said I shouldn't keep using it on the same witch, but I've been using it on Granger...a lot."

Snape's right eyebrow rose and his index finger slowly tapped his lips as he thought. "Hmmm. Miss Granger." After a pause he said, "Is there a reason you feel compelled to use it on her repeatedly instead of experiencing the talents of other witches?"

Draco just shrugged. "I have my reasons. Let's just say, I get great satisfaction out of using the know it all."

"Miss Granger is a smart witch. She'll figure out something is amiss if your aren't very careful."

"I know that, obviously.. as that's why I'm here. Also, I told her you were aware of my little project to make the potion that blocks the imperius curse and the lust/love potions. I've got her helping me with it as my ruse to have her at my disposal. Of course, this means I'll have to really start trying to create the stupid potion."

Snape stood and walked over to one of his book shelves. "Read these two in addition to the ones I showed you in my library earlier. I will help you as I am able." He sat on the corner of his desk after he handed Draco the books. "It would be quite an accomplishment to succeed in this task." He walked around the desk to his chair and sat down, sorting through the papers on his desk. "As far as the loss of time Granger is experiencing, perhaps you can convince her its happening to you as well. Let her think it's a side effect from the vapors the potion emits as it brews. Add venusrose thorn to your list of ingredients. It's known for causing slight memory loss and you can say you are using it for its..." Snape passed to think.."tell her you are using it for its calming effect. Only a calm mind can concentrate and withstand an intrusion like the imperious

curse or a lust potion."

Draco nodded and stood. "thanks, Severus! you're a life saver." He turned and started to leave.

"Draco. Be...Careful. Do NOT get caught. I will not be able to help you if that happens. You will have to move on from Miss Granger if she gets suspicious."

Draco nodded. "I'll be careful."

Please don't hate me for the McGonagall bit. The idea came to me and I couldn't resist. Please review!

Chapter 5

Monday

Monday morning Hermione's day started all wrong. When she woke and checked her watch, she thought she had an extra 45 minutes to sleep. But when she came to the common room, everyone was already gone and the wall clock said it was already 7:30. She adjusted her watch as she rushed to the great hall to find Ron, Lavendar, Ginny and Harry all sitting together. She scooted in next to Ginny and shot her friend an appraising look. "How are you feeling?"

Ginny smiled. "Worlds better. Thanks for helping me, Hermione." Ginny smiled warmly at her friend.

Hermione smiled back and asked, "Are you gonna tell Harry?"

Ginny replied she hadn't decided. Hermione felt a strange pull again and turned to see Malfoy and Blaise looking at her, or at least her direction. She wondered how Malfoy would act towards her in potions today. Monday's potions was a three hour Slytherin and Gryffindor class.

Hermione wasn't particularly hungry and was ready to leave with her friends even though she hadn't eaten. When they stood up, Harry came around to Hermione's side and put an arm around her as they walked out. He whispered in her ear. "Thanks for talking to Ginny. Things are fine between us and I know you are a big reason."

Hermione smiled warmly at him and ruffled his hair. "Sure, Harry..what are friends for.." Hermione didn't notice the set of angry grey eyes that watched her leave.

As they were headed up the staircase to the Griffandor common room, Hermione pulled Lavendar aside. She spoke very low and quietly so the others wouldn't hear, "Hey Lavendar, I was wondering, have you had any issues with laundry disappearing? Particularly undergarments?"

Lavendar shot her a confused look. "Missing under garments?"

Hermione looked around to make sure no one was listening. "I know it sounds strange, but... oh, never mind. They're probably in my trunk. Forget I said anything."

Just then Ron bounded up between them. "How are my two favorite witches today?" Hermione smiled at him distractedly. Clearly, judging by Lavendar's reaction, Lavendar was not experiencing the vanishing underwear problem. She would have to ask Pavarti and Ginny later.

When she arrived in potions a minute or so early, Draco and Blaise were at Professor Snape's desk talking to him. She headed for her seat a little self conscious as she could feel the three wizards watching her. The rest of the class started to assemble and soon Professor Snape was calling the class to order. "Quiet down, quiet down." He didn't have to yell for his voice to be heard. "We will be starting new semester long projects today that will account for 50% of your grade. I have assigned partners so please rearrange yourselves accordingly. He started reading out names in groups of three. Harry was paired up with Neville and Pansy Parkinson and Ron was paired up with Theo Nott and Daphne Greengrass. She heard her name next. "Hermione Granger, Draco Malfoy and Blaise Zabini."

The classroom was bustling as everyone rearranged their seating. There were groans of disappointment about the groupings as well. Blaise and Draco were already sitting at a table in the back corner of the classroom and when Theo Nott vacated the seat between them, she walked over. "Draco, Blaise," She said their names in greeting as she sat down. They looked at her and then smirked at each other. Draco replied, "Granger", with a slight nod.

Professor Snape then walked around, handing each grouping a parchment. When he got to their table, the parchment he handed them said, in his spikey black inked script, 'Continue working on your extracurricular potion'. Hermione was thrilled. Now they could work on the potion during class and they would have more time. She was also pleased that Professor Snape was aware of her involvement.

"As you can see, your assignments will take the rest of the semester to work on. You will work on these during Monday's three hour lab each week and you may work on them outside of class time. Your Wednesday theory lesson will continue to be lecture material and no brewing will occur."

Severus watched Hermione's reaction as he grouped her with Draco and Blaise and gave them their assignment. He had contemplated the prior night's discussion with Draco and had determined that if Hermione did become suspicious of anything, she would immediately go to a teacher. He needed that teacher to be himself. It then begged to reason that if her grade depended on said potion/project, she would immediately come to him with any concerns. While he felt Draco was competent enough to pull off this scheme, he couldn't risk it. He would have to keep an eye on the situation. He had informed Draco before class about the new projects and had said it was to help Draco successfully invent and develop said potion. He also said it was to assist Draco get guaranteed time with his new toy. That was all true, but the real reason was to be able to intervene if needed. He really did indulge his Godson entirely too much, but he was impressed with the lust potion Draco had developed. Yes, he had helped, but it was really Draco's potion and Snape was proud of his Godson.

Draco leaned a little into Hermione pretending to be taking an interest in something she was reading in their potions lab textbook, but really he was enjoying a little peak down her blouse at the swell of her breasts, as well as her delicious scent that brought back even more delicious memories. It was floral but not too sweet. He felt himself getting aroused just sitting next to her. This new seating arrangement suited Draco very well as he really didn't like his witch sitting with other wizards, particularly Potter and Weasley. She was entirely too touchy with them and he would definitely have to do something about that.

"So, Granger. You sure you can't meet tonight? Now that we are getting graded on this potion, I really think it should take priority."

Hermione shrugged, "I have prefect's rounds tonight and I have my History of Magic paper as well as the arthmancy test to study for." She continued flipping through the text and taking notes and writing down ingredients. "I'll probably have time tomorrow, if that works."

"I guess it'll have to." Draco responded. His mind trying to find a way to see her tonight.

Blaise was writing ingredients on a list and said, "So, I heard they're requiring prefects to patrol in pairs now. It must be frustrating because it takes longer to cover the castle." He was trying to sound like he was just making conversation, when really he was just checking to see if what Ginny had told him was true.

Hermione responded, "well, normally I would be irritated by it, but since Ginny made prefect this year, she and I patrol together, so it's actually fun." She looked over her list and Blaise's. "So, you guys have already attempted brewing this a couple times, which ingredients should we start with this time?"

Draco took the lists and circled a handful of ingredients. When he was finished she picked it up. "I'll go grab these." She took the list and headed for the closet. Draco watched her as she walked away.

Blaise looked at Draco as a mischievous grin came across his face. "So, Ginny and Hermione will be together... patrolling...just the two of them."

Draco couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. "Looks like our night just got a lot more interesting."

They started chopping and brewing and before they knew it, class was over. They placed a stasis charm over their potion and as Hermione was packing her bag she asked, "should we keep brewing in both locations? The Room of Requirement lab is really convenient, and it would be beneficial to be able to brew more than one attempt at a time. But, will it be too much to keep up with?"

Blaise and Draco exchanged looks. Draco responded, "I think we should definitely keep both going, between the three of us, we can manage." Just as Hermione was about to walk away, Draco stopped her as he shot Blaise a glance. "Hermione, how about you just swing by the other lab during your rounds tonight. Blaise and I will be up there working on it and that way we can keep you in the loop and get your quick input. I mean if you want to."

Hermione thought for a minute. This was now part of her grade and it would be easy just to pop in and check on things. "I can do that. We should be walking by that area around 9:30 or so."

"K, see you then." Draco responded as he finished gathering his things.

Draco watched with frustration as he saw Potter and Weasley waiting for his witch to join them. But, then an idea hit. A brilliant one. Suddenly he was quite sure that Potter and Weasley would be out of the picture soon enough.

As Hermione and Ginny started their rounds at 9pm exactly, the Slytherin duo were getting prepared. They had contemplated a little witch on witch fun, but decided against it, at least for tonight. That would require a little more preparation. Both wizards had their potions in their flasks, ready to go.

Hermione and Ginny laughed and talked as they made their way through the castle. Hermione had told Ginny about the brief detour she needed to take and Ginny was fine with it. Ginny was curious about Blaise Zabini. She didn't know him very well, but she had been playing against him on the quidditch pitch for years and she had consistently beaten him. She saw the occasional look of hate in his eyes after those matches. He ignored her other than on the quidditch pitch, although she had caught him staring at her a couple times the past couple days. It would be interesting to see if he spoke to her tonight.

As they rounded the hall to the wall that held the hidden door, the door suddenly materialized and Blaise appeared. He smiled a friendly hello and gestured for the girls to come in.

Chapter 6

Hermione and Ginny entered the Room of Requirement to find Draco standing in the back of the room stirring a small cauldron. Ginny stayed near the door and looked around at the set up of the room. It was really amazing that a magical room such as this existed. The room looked very much like the potions lab in the dungeons, only it was much smaller. Draco walked towards them.

"So, how's it going?, Hermione asked.

Draco just shrugged. "Not making much progress. Could really use your help tonight. It's a shame you don't have time to stay a while."

"Well, I have a few minutes.." Hermione followed Draco over to the small table where his notes were.

As Hermione followed Draco, Blaise stepped closer to Ginny. "So, you're a prefect this year, huh?"

She looked up at the handsome, Italian wizard. "Uh, yeah." She had never really noticed how handsome he was. He was watching her with a pleasant, non-sneering, and very un-slytherin look. His skin was a beautiful olive tone, his hair was dark and his eyes were a golden, amber color. She felt like an idiot when she realized she had been staring.

Blaise was internally rolling his eyes. He could tell she was attracted to him, as were most witches when he turned on the charm. He started to engage her in small talk as he also listened to Draco's conversation.

Hermione could see some of the issues right off the bat. They had some additions to the ingredients that didn't make sense. "Draco, why do you have venusroot thorn here and the amount of the crushed starflower seems off."

Draco looked at her pleading. "See this is why we need you! Can't you just stay for 30 minutes?"

Hermione looked back towards Ginny. "I cant Draco, I have to finish rounds with Ginny and then I still have to study for..."

Blaise interrupted, "You, know I could help Ginny finish the rounds. That way you can stay and help for a little while." His look was innocent and harmless when he looked at Ginny and continued, "I know I'm not a prefect, but at least you wouldn't be alone." His tone became more shy, "I mean, if you don't mind." Ginny looked from Blaise to Hermione and then to the hopeful and pleading look on Draco's face.

She shrugged, "Yeah, sure. Hermione it's fine. I'll just see you at the library after."

Hermione didn't feel good about this. "Are you sure, Ginny?"

"Yeah, it's fine. I actually don't mind doing it by myself for that matter. I'm sure noth," She was interrupted by Hermione, "No Ginny. You need a partner. You know the rules."

Blaise looked kindly at her. "Hermione's right, Ginny. If you don't mind a slytherin for a patrols partner, I'm happy to accompany you." Blaise opened and held the door open for her to exit.. Ginny looked back towards to Hermione. "See you in the library, then?"

Hermione nodded. "Yeah, no longer than 45 minutes."

Blaise and Ginny left leaving Draco and Hermione alone. Hermione looked at the ingredients list again. Draco sat down and Hermione sat in the chair next to him. He watched her as she looked everything over. She was actually quite pretty in a plain sort of way. He would prefer if she were a little more done up like the Slytherin witches. But, she didn't need makeup and fixed up hair when he was just going to mess it all up anyway.

For his plan to work, going forward they would have to start actually getting some work done on the potion. After about 10 minutes of discussing ingredients, he poured them each a glass of pumpkin juice. She absentmindedly drank it as he started talking about stirring techniques.

15 minutes later he was on top of her on the bed in the other room. Her legs were wrapped around him as he moved in and out of her while kissing her. He found he liked kissing her while fucking her. Her brown eyes were quite beautiful and he liked watching her expression as he filled her. He started to pump fast and hard and pushed himself up so he could watch her tits. They were absolutely perfect. He came hard and collapsed on her.

He didn't have much time so he quickly got them both dressed and back at the table. The contraception and cleansing charms were cast and shortly after, the obliviate. When she started to come around this time, he was ready. "Whoa, that was weird," he said.

She looked at him, confused. "Huh?"

He tried to mimic the same dazed look she had and said, "I don't know. I just got lightheaded for a minute and I feel a little funny."

She nodded slightly. "Yeah, me too." She looked at her watch. He looked at his quickly and said, "Merlin, is that the time? I feel like you just got here."

She stood up. "I need to meet Ginny." Something was wrong. She didn't know what, but

something was very wrong.

"Yeah, you should get going." He was tucking her underwear further into his pocket as she started to walk away.

She opened the door and said, "see you tomorrow."

He watched her leave and was a little concerned by the look on her face before she left. It was like she was trying to figure something out and he didn't want her figuring anything out.

When Hermione got to the library, she found Ginny sound asleep at the table in the far back corner with her books spread out around her. Hermione decided to let her sleep for a bit. If she was sleeping that hard, she probably needed it. After about 20 minutes, Hermione just couldn't concentrate. Her head hurt and she was tired. She decided to wake Ginny and head back to the tower. She shook Ginny's shoulder, "Ginny, Ginny..wake up." Ginny was snoring and had a bit of drool coming out of her mouth. "Ginny!..Ginny, you need to go back to the tower and get in your bed." After more vigorous shaking of Ginny's shoulder, Ginny opened her eyes.

"Mione?" Her speech was a little slurred from being only half awake.

"Ginny, you fell asleep. Let's go back to the dorm."

Ginny looked around and started to become more alert. "Wow. I was sleeping hard. I'm really tired."

"Well, come on, let's get you to bed." The two Gryffindors left the library, not seeing the Italian wizard watching them from behind a large bookshelf.

Draco was in deep thought when the door opened and Blaise walked in. Blaise was smiling and strided over to the table where he pulled the other chair back and sat down.

"Judging by the look on your face I take it that went well?"

Blaise smiled. "Oh yeah, little red is a firecracker. I went easier on her this time, but I swear she gives the best head I've ever had." He leaned back and put his feet up on the table. "When I was finished and obliviated her, I just acted like we were finishing up rounds and took her to the library. Before she even had a chance to notice the loss of time, I cast a minor sleeping charm on her. Just in time, to. Her head had just hit the table when I heard someone approaching. I quickly jumped behind the closest bookshelf and up walks Granger."

Blaise noticed Draco looked a little preoccupied. "What about you. Hermione still getting you off? I'm surprised you aren't bored of her yet."

Draco looked at him. "Yeah, yeah." He paused in thought. "I think I need to back off Granger a bit. Tonight it was weird after I obliviated her. She looked like she was suspicious, like she thought something was wrong. It was more than just being a little confused and having a little headache."

"Draco, fix that shit! We got a good thing here. Don't blow it. Fuck somebody else. Why does it have to be her all the time?"

Draco reassured his friend. "I'm on it. She may be suspicious that something's up, but there's no way she knows what's going on." He looked at Blaise and said, "One thing, though. We need more panties. Did you take Ginny's?"

Blaise chuckled as he pulled the pink, satin panties out of his pocket.

Hermione helped Ginny back to her dorm and then headed to her own. This time Hermione got angry when she undressed to find someone had charmed off her underwear again. Enough was enough. She was going to get to the bottom of it. She climbed into bed and contemplated the evening. Something weird happened before she parted ways with Draco. She felt strange and now that she thought about it, it had happened every time she went in that lab. Draco experienced it as well tonight. She would have to talk to Draco and Blaise about it. Maybe one of their ingredients isn't being handled properly or maybe they aren't cleaning correctly and are leaving residue from ingredients on the surfaces. That's very dangerous and she had assumed Draco and Blaise would be careful of that, but she would mention it all the same. She started studying and was asleep in no time.

Tuesday

That's it, Princess. Just take it all in. Suck a little harder. Run your hot little tongue from root to tip. Bend over the bed, Princess. That's it. You like me fucking you, Princess? Does that feel good?

Hermione woke with a start. What the hell was that? She turned her bed lamp on and sat up. Crookshanks was asleep between her legs. She was sweating and felt sick to her stomach. It was only a dream but it felt so familiar and real. She felt like she could place the voice, and there was a smell in the dream... Sandalwood? maybe?.. Malfoy?

She was dumbfounded. Why would she dream such a thing about Malfoy.

She tried to go back to sleep but it was not happening, She stayed in bed and studied for her test as she waited for dawn. When it was finally time to get up, she was on a mission. She was going to solve the underwear mystery. When she came down the stairs she approached Ginny. "Hey Gin. How ya feeling?"

"I feel good. I'm hungry like I ran a marathon, though."

Hermione looked around to make sure no one else could hear. "Listen, Ginny. Something weird is going on. You're going to think I'm crazy, but several nights out of the past couple weeks..." she paused. "Don't laugh because this is serious. But several nights I've undressed at night to find I'm not wearing any underwear."

Ginny didn't laugh, but looked at her friend in amazement. "Merlin", Ginny whispered. "Hermione, it's happened to me twice!" Ginny pulled Hermione closer to the fireplace and away from the stairs. "It happened the day I fell and again last night."

Hermione looked at Ginny and realization dawned. "Malfoy!" She stared at the wall in thought for a moment. "At least, I think it's him. It's definitely the sick sort of game he would play and we were both with him last night." Hermione looked up at Ginny. "Did you see Malfoy the day you fell?"

Ginny thought for a moment. "I don't think so. At least, I don't remember seeing him."

"From now on, keep your eyes and ears open. Someone's playing a stupid prank."

Hermione and Ginny stuck together as they headed to the great hall. They were both hungry and ate a big breakfast. Harry, Ron and Lavendar arrived a few minutes after they finished eating. Ron sat next to Hermione and Harry slid in next to Ginny, kissing her on the cheek.

Draco watched the Griffindors and felt the anger rising as she was sitting and laughing with them. Why couldn't she just stay away from them, or just hang out with Ginny. That would be ok. They were all idiots and he didn't like her around them.

"You're staring." Blaise whispered. "Stop looking at her."

Draco did his best not to look at Hermione during Ancient Runes or Transfiguration. He knew Blaise was right and he needed to back off. Maybe he should fuck another witch like Blaise said.

He decided to skip Charms after lunch and got an eyeful when he arrived to his dorm room to find Daphne Greengrass bent over Blaise's desk with him pounding away. "Ohhh, man" Draco groaned. Draco tried to ignore them as he walked over to his own bed and collapsed onto it. He could hear the sound of slapping flesh and Daphne's loud moaning. He pulled his pillow over his head to drown out the sound. Finally they were finished and Draco heard him cast the necessary charms before obliiviatiing her in the hallway.

Blaise walked back in, tucking his shirt and holding up a pair of white, lace panties. Draco smirked and said. "I thought we agreed we wouldn't fuck our own witches. Slytherin witches are supposed to be off limits."

Blaise collapsed on his bed and exhaled. "That stuck up bitch had it coming. I've asked her out 4 times this semester and she's shot me down every time."

Draco rolled his eyes. 'She's engaged you asshole.'

"Like I give a shit." Blaise stood and threw the panties at Draco.

Still with me? Still liking? Please review!

Chapter 7

Draco decided he would not have sex with Hermione when she arrived tonight. Tonight he would actually work on the potion with her and try to do away with any suspicions she may have developed the night before. He had thought hard about what he would say.

When she arrived they sat at the table with his notes. She looked like she wanted to say something but was hesitating. He needed to act now.

"Hermione, something weird happened last night. I can't really explain it but I felt really weird and a little sick just before and right after you left."

She looked at him with relief. "Draco, it happened to me as well and it happened the other two times I've been in here." She looked around the room. "Are you cleaning the surfaces really well?"

He couldn't help but get irritated that she would question something so basic. Of course, he cleaned thoroughly. But, on the other hand, it did give him an out.

"Well, I've been magically cleaning most of the time, but,"

She interrupted him. "Draco, you know you have to manually clean the surfaces as well! Magic doesn't get up as much residue and can leave traces." He was scowling internally as she dared to lecture him. He really wanted to put that mouth to better use. He couldn't help but to laugh internally at the memory of McGonigall and he understood now what drove Severus to do it. He had not been able to look at McGonigall since then and it had made Transfiguration very difficult.

Instead of losing his temper and doing something foolish, he kept to the script. "Yeah, I'm sorry. I know better. It's just... it's only me in here cleaning most the time and I have other classes and work to. Blaise isn't the best at helping. I'm rushing most of the time."

He could see the wheels spinning as the apologetic look came over her face. "Oh, Merlin, Draco. I'm sorry! Of course.. I'll start helping more. This is now a group project and I'll start doing my share." Draco internally smirked as he pictured her scrubbing the surfaces naked on her hands and knees. Yes, he would have her do just that sometime soon.

"Thanks, Hermione. I appreciate it." To drive it all home he added, "I'm really grateful that you're doing this with us."

They started cleaning and Draco decided he really wanted her. She was bending over scrubbing and he couldn't stop checking out her back side. He got an idea. "That area over there probably needs to be cleaned." He pointed to another small table with knives and a couple empty cauldrons.

"Oh, sure." She walked over and started cleaning. Draco came over and handed her a glass.

"Thought you could use some water." She was very thirsty from all the scrubbing and eagerly took the cup and a big sip.

He was still irritated from her little lecture earlier, and had her on her knees with her mouth on him within a minute of the potion taking effect. He was not gentle and grabbed her hair forcing her head still as he rammed himself in her mouth. She was gagging and drooling but he didn't care. Just as he came, Blaise walked in.

"Fuck, Draco! I thought we agreed you would lay off Granger for a bit!" Blaise was clearly pissed as he sat down and watched them.

"Princess, undress and then pick up that rag." Hermione undressed and Draco walked toward Blaise. "She pissed me off and started lecturing me about, well.. nevermind. The point is, it was necessary."

"Necessary?" Asked Blaise.

Hermione had walked up behind Draco and starting kissing his neck and trying to take off his clothes. "Yes, just as necessary as you fucking Daphne earlier today. She needed to be taught a lesson, even if she won't remember it." He turned to Hermione. "Princess, the floor needs to be cleaned at my feet. Please take the rag and start cleaning. Scrub hard and I'll let you touch me."

Hermione immediately dropped to all fours and started scrubbing the floor with the rag. Draco smiled maliciously as he sat in the chair next to Blaise. "Princess, scrub really hard now." As she started scrubbing faster and harder her tits were jiggling and bouncing. "Ok, Princess, stop scrubbing and lay on your back facing us...That's it. Spread your legs. Take your index finger and stick it in your wet pussy. That's it, get it nice and wet. Now, take your wet finger and insert it into your ass. Come on, you can do it. Do it faster. Take your other hand and pinch your nipples. That's it, one at a time."

Blaise looked at Draco. "I have to admit, this is kind of hot." The wizards watched her for a few minutes. Draco felt himself getting turned on again. "Princess, stand up and come over here."

She did as he said and sat in his lap. He started kissing her.

Blaise stood and started to walk towards the door. "Draco, you can't keep doing this. I'm going. See you in the dorm."

"Stand up, Princess. We're going into the bedroom now. You were a bad girl lecturing me, so i'm going to do something ou might not like, but you'll just have to deal." He led her her into the bedroom and climbed on the bed with her.

"Get on your knees and lay your shoulders forward on the bed. Ok, good girl." Draco then stroked himself and dipped his hard memeber into her wet core. He whsipered a cleansing charm on her anus and slowly tried to force himself in. "Oh, Merlin this is tight. Fuck!"

Hermione started to pull away and he grabbed her hips. He started pushing back in and she started to really squirm. He bagan to feel guilty and didn't want to hurt her like Blaise had hurt Ginny.

"Fine. fine." He stopped and repositioned himself at her warm and wet entrance instead. She felt good and he fucked her fast and hard. When he felt himself getting close, he rolled her over so that he could look into her brown eyes as he filled her. He kissed her as he came.

Once Draco had his fill of Hermione, he carefully worked out the script for when she came back to reality. He decided not to take her panties tonight as he had already been reckless.

Once she was fully dressed and the charms had been placed over her, he laid her down on the floor next to the table she was cleaning when he gave her the first potion. He had her sip the antidote and as she started to come around, he obliviated her.

"Hermione! Hermione. Wake up!"

Hermione was feeling dazed. "What happened? Why am I on the floor?"

"Oh thank, Merlin! You passed out! You were cleaning the table and I started cleaning the other

table and when I turned around, you were on the floor!"

Her head hurt and she felt foggy. Draco helped her stand. "Hmm, I was chopping ginger sprouts over here the other day. I'm wondering if I left some residue." He led her away from the table. Ginger sprouts caused confusion black outs when being handled if the witch or wizard wasn't very careful and didn't wear a mask. The residue could last for weeks. "That must be it. I'm so sorry! Are you ok?"

Hermione looked at him. "Draco, I feel exactly like I did all the other times. That must be what it is."

He led her to the chair Blaise had been sitting in. "Here, sit down." He grabbed the rag she had been using only a few minutes ago and started wiping down the table the smaller table she had been cleaning. He pretended to get a little light headed and sat down next to her. "Wow, I really think that's what it is." After a minute, he looked at her and she looked like she was better. "are you ok?"

Hermione was starting to come around. "Why were you chopping ginger sprouts? They aren't on any of our lists."

Draco shrugged. "It was over a week ago. I was gonna try using them because in very small doses, they make the mind go fuzzy. I thought a fuzzy, uncomprehending mind, wouldn't be able to follow commands and would therefore be a good addition to the resistance potion."

She had to admit it wasn't a bad idea. "Oh, I see."

"Hermione, I'll take care of this. I'll get a mask and clean it all up and next time you come this lab will be perfect. Then we can really get to work without you feeling sick all the time. Why don't you go get some rest."

She smiled gratefully at him. He really was being very sweet. He had changed so much over the past week. He was a completely different person now. She would actually consider him a friend and it made her feel warm inside. She took his hand, squeezed it and gave him a warm smile. "Thanks, Draco." She stood up and grabbed her bag. When she got to the door, she turned back to him and said, "Draco, I'm really pleased we're becoming friends."

Draco collapsed into the chair as the door closed. His heart was pounding. She had held and squeezed his hand. She had looked at him the same adoring way she sometimes looked at Potter. She had done these things without the influence of the potion. He suddenly felt sick with guilt over what he had done to her tonight. He had made her scrub the floor, naked! He had made her finger her ass! In front of Blaise! He would not do that to her again. She was for his eyes only. He was going to treat her better, and not use the potion so much. He would take care of his witch from now on. He decided the room really could use a good cleaning and got to work.

When Draco got back to the dorm, Blaise was reading and didn't look at him. Their other dorm mates weren't in so Draco could speak freely. He sat on his bed and said, "I promise I won't be reckless. I'm going to stop using the potion so much on Granger. She's no longer suspicious and I want to keep it that way. We really do need to work on the potion anyway, so that's what we'll do."

Blaise looked at him with relief. "You sure? You mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it." He collapsed back on his pillow.

Blaise stood up and walked towards him. "Then here." He grinned and threw three panties at Draco.

"Merlin, Blaise." Draco looked at the panties. "Three?" One pair was rather large. Draco cocked his eye at Blaise while raising the large pair.

"I always wanted to take a big bottomed girl from behind. It was quite enjoyable." He smirked and arrogantly continued. "the other two belong to the Patil twins." He winked at Draco. "At the same time."

Draco's jaw fell. "Blaise, you are a machine."

Wednesday

Hermione arrived at potions the next day and wasn't sure where to sit. It wasn't a lab day so she didn't know if she should sit with Harry and Ron or Draco and Blaise. Harry was waving at her as she walked in and just as she started to walk towards him, Professor Snape's signature voice carried the room as he said, "please sit with your lab partners. I will not have you switching seats around throughout the semester." She shrugged at Harry and turned back to see Draco watching her. As she walked towards the slytherins, she looked at Professor Snape to see him watching Draco before rolling his eyes. This struck her as odd as Professor Snape never did or said anything derogatory towards his Godson and favorite student.

She took her seat between the two slytherins and waited for the lecture to begin. Draco whispered from beside her. "How are you feeling, Hermione?"

She turned to him and gave him a small smile. "I'm all better this morning. Thanks."

He gave her a small smile in return.

As Draco listened to Severus's lecture he found his mind wandering to the witch beside him. He wished he could reach out and touch her. She smelled so good. He whispered, "will you have time to work on the potion tonight?"

She whispered in reply, without taking her eyes off Professor Snape, "ssh. Talk later."

He felt frustration rising again. Did she really just 'ssh' him? He took a calming breath and looked up from her face to see Blaise giving him a look. He rolled his eyes and turned his attention back to the lecture.

As they were packing their bags after class, Draco asked her, "So princess, are you coming to work on the potion tonight or not?"

She paused for a minute as a confused look came over her face. Then she turned to him and asked, "what did you just call me?"

There was a crashing sound as Blaise had dropped his textbook. Her head whipped around to see Blaise giving Draco a scathing look.

Chapter 8

Wednesday Continued

Draco froze. He didn't mean to call her that and in his panic he completely drew a blank on how to respond.

Blaise was giving him a look to kill and then Blaise's face smoothed over and he chuckled. He looked at Hermione, "I guess you aren't aware, but most of Slytherin calls you that behind your back."

She looked confused. "What?..why?"

"Oh it's just a nickname because you're like Gryffindors golden student. You know, best grades, prefect, best friends with the chosen one." He shrugged it off like it was nothing.

Hermione's mouth was hanging open in surprise. Blaise laughed. "It's been your nickname for quite a while, princess. I'm surprised you didn't know." Hermione's eyes were still on Blaise in shock at what he had just told her as she watched him walk to Professor Snape's desk.

"Yeah, it's been your nickname for ages." She turned to the blonde who was speaking beside her. He was smiling. "It's a pretty harmless nickname, really."

She smiled distractedly at him as she remembered her dream. She felt herself flush with the memory.

"So, I'll see you tonight?" He asked as he started to walk away.

"uh yeah", she responded distractedly.

She started to follow him out when Professor Snape called out, "Draco, please come see me before you leave." She smiled softly at him as she walked by when he turned back towards Professor Snape.

Draco approached Severus and heard the door close behind him. He turned to look and all the students had cleared out except for himself and Blaise.

"Draco, you are going to get caught. " Severus's voice was firm.

Draco looked at Blaise and shot him a look as if to say, 'traitor'.

Draco took a breath. "I won't get caught. I've already told Blaise I'm not going to use the potion on her very much any more. I'm going to really work on this potion, with her help."

Snape was watching him closely. "See that you do."

Draco and Blaise left Snape's classroom and headed to the Great Hall. "Why did you go blabbering to Severus", Draco seethed.

"Someone needs to reign you in before you blow it for all of us," Blaise replied defensively.

Draco rolled his eyes.. " I need more underwear, Blaise."

Blaise smirked, "well that my fellow twisted friend can be accomplished quite easily. Why aren't you gathering more yourself?"

Draco considered. Why shouldn't he get more? He said he wouldn't use the potion so much on Granger, and he wouldn't. But perhaps using it on a couple other witches was exactly what he needed. For a second he felt like he would be betraying his witch, but then she didn't even know she was his witch. Until she came to understand and appreciate that she was his, he could what he wanted. It was only a matter of time til she fell for him. He would see to it. He could be quite charming and she was so easy to manipulate. He walked with a little more pep to his step as he contemplated which witch he would have next.

Hermione went to the great hall distracted. Something was amis. Why did she have that dream on Monday night, only to have Draco call her princess 2 days later? What was her subconscious telling her? Had she heard herself called by that name before but not remembered? And why was Blaise so angry at Draco? Blaise acted all non-chalant about the nickname, but she saw the look Blaise gave Draco. Blaise was livid about something..but it couldn't be about her nickname.. why would Blaise care about that?Hermione shook it off and put it out of her mind as she enjoyed lunch with her friends.

Saturday

The rest of the week was uneventful. Her friends were starting to notice how nice she and Draco were being towards each other, both during and in-between classes. He no longer smirked or scowled at her, he held the door for her as necessary instead of letting it slam in her face as he would have normally done. She explained that they were working together on their potions project and it required a certain degree of civility. She didn't disclose that she was actually growing quite fond of the blond slytherin. She found she looked forward to their potion meetings more and more. They met every evening at 7. The past three nights they had worked diligently from 7 until 9. He had cleaned the lab and she hadn't had any more episodes of feeling 'off' or sick. They didnt have plans to meet today as there was a big Griffindor vs Ravinclaw quidditch match, but they had plans to meet tomorrow.

The other big deal is that today was Ginny's Birthday. Dobby had delivered a beautiful birthday cake to the the Griffindor Common room by Harry's request. They had sung happy birthday to her and Harry had claimed the real celebration would come that night as he had a special gift for her. He smiled as he put his duffle bag behind him. "I've been keeping your gift with me in my duffle bag so you couldn't snoop in my room and find it!" Ginny was glowing with excitement about the match, about her birthday and about whatever Harry had in store for her that evening.

They headed down to the quidditch field an hour before the match. Lavendar and Hermione were sitting together in the bleachers wrapped up in Griffindor gold and red blankets and sipping hot chocolate as they watched the Griffindor team warm up and do pre game exercises. After they arrived, Hermione saw movement out of the corner of her eye. She saw Cho Chang come out of the players building. She thought nothing of it as Cho Chang was a player in today's match. What Hermione didn't notice was the dazed expression on Cho Chang's face as she quickly rushed back to the castle, as if she was desperate to see someone, or more accurately, to touch them.

The match turned out to be very quick as Cho Chang just didn't seem to be herself. Harry caught the snitch and Cho barely even noticed it as it whizzed right by her broom before Harry grabbed it. The match was over in less than 45 minutes. Hermione actually felt bad for Cho as she was ignored by her team mates and boo'd by her fellow ravenclaw classmates as she exited the playing field. The poor girl looked like she really didn't feel well.

The Gryffindors were ecstatic as they marched back up to the castle. The party was underway as students were secretly drinking mead and firewhiskey shots. Lavender and Ron were making out in the corner and Hermione found it didn't bother her in the least. Ginny kept making like she was going to dig through Harry's duffle bag to look for her Birthday present, but he laughed and quickly told her no, that her present was for her eyes only and it was for later.

The party went on for hours and everyone was quite drunk by about 7pm. Harry had dashed off to the loo and Ginny grabbed Hermione pulling her towards Harry's duffle bag. "I want to see what he got me!"

Hermione was the voice of reason and said, "don't ruin this for Harry. Clearly he's gotten you something nice that he doesn't want you opening in front of everyone else. Hermione could see the wheels spinning in Ginny's brain.

"Oh Hermione! Do you think it could be a ring? Do you think he's going to propose?"

Hermione rolled her eyes.. "Ginny, your only 16! Harry's only 17! It would be ridiculous for you to get engaged so young!"

Ginny frowned and rebutted, "Daphne Greengrass is only a year older than me and she's engaged and has been for at least 6 months. And, those 2 Hufflepuff girls each got engaged over the summer."

"Oh Ginny! Don't get your hopes up and then be disappointed when Harry gives you a perfectly lovely present. You'll break his heart!"

Just then Harry came back into the common room. He saw the look on Ginny's face and smiled resignedly. "Ok, I'll give it to you now, but we need to be alone."

Ginny squealed with excitement as he grabbed the bag. She, in turn, grabbed his hand and ran up to the boys dormitory. They couldn't run to hers because the girls staircase was charmed not to allow any males up the stairs, unless they are a teacher.

Hermione dropped onto the sofa and sighed as her friends dashed up to the boys dorms. She stopped to look around and was shocked to discover all the couples that had paired off and were making out in corners and on chairs around the common room. She suddenly felt very lonely and wished she had a love interest. Her mind turned to Draco and she flushed with the self realization that she might fancy him. He was so smart and really brilliant with potions. He treated her with respect and kindness and actually liked that she was smart. Harry and Ron always groaned and moaned when she made study charts and encouraged them to study. Draco was thrilled when she brought him a premade schedule of all their study and potion sessions planned out for the next 2 months. And he was quite cute, actually. He looked softer to her now that she had gotten to know him. And he no longer acted arrogant and like he was better than her. She was actually starting to suspect he might fancy her as well, but now she

just wondered if that was wishful thinking.

Just then a crying Ginny Weasley came flying down the stairs and ran back up the girls steps. Hermione dashed after her and found Ginny collapsed on her bed in tears.

"Ginny what's wrong?"

Ginny sniffled. "Oh Hermione! He gave me a red lace ladies teddy.. that was crotchless!" She blew her nose. "As he pulled the box out, he said he had been picturing it on me all day."

Hermione was completely shocked. "What?" This couldn't be true. "Ginny, was he joking? Maybe he gave you that as a prank before he gave you your real gift?"

Ginny turned to Hermione. "Hermione, there's more." Ginny hesitated and then burst into tears as she said, "he's the one who charmed our underwear! He's got dozens of panties in his duffle bag."

Hermione shrieked, "What?"

"Yes, after he gave me the lingerie, he started frantically digging through the bag as though he were looking for something else. I saw the panties in his bag. When he saw that I saw them, he zipped it up and said it wasn't what I thought." She sniffled. "I needed to get away, so I ran."

This couldn't be right. Clearly Ginny was confused. Maybe he had more lingerie in his bag for her, but certainly not stolen underwear. But why would Harry give her such a tactless gift in the first place?

"Ginny, I'm going to go talk to Harry. I'll be right back. This just doesn't make sense!"

Hermione dashed out of Ginny's room, down the stairs and then up the boys stairs. She burst into Harry's room to find him sitting on the side of the bed looking dazed. Hermione saw the duffle bag at his feet and grabbed it. She looked in it and sure enough, there were over a dozen, maybe even 2 dozen girls panties. She felt sick when she recognized at least 4 of her own.

"Harry! How could you!" She turned to him and his expression was unchanged.

He turned to her and said quietly, "footy pajamas. I bought her footy pajamas, with little Griffindors flying around on them. They were charmed so the Griffindors could actually move around on the pajamas."

Hermione was dumbstruck. "What?"

In a panicked voice he said, "Hermione, you know me. I would never give Ginny something trashy like that red lace thing." He had turned and was looking at the offensive garment laying on the bed next to him.

"Harry, what about the stolen underwear." She started pulling them out. She counted 20 panties.

He turned red. "I've never seen them before tonight!"

Hermione didn't know what to think. She wanted to believe him and a big part of her did. But, was this not exactly how he would want to look after getting caught? Could this be an act? Perhaps he really had bought her the lingerie. Perhaps her reaction made him panic and he in turn made up the bit about the footy pajamas. Perhaps he had stolen the underwear and this was all a lie to look innocent because he'd been caught. She turned and looked at him and was ashamed of herself. This was Harry! He would never do this! ... would he?

"Harry, I need to think. If you really didn't do this, start thinking about who would want to frame you." She looked at her friend with sadness and then walked out. She needed some air. She walked down the steps and out into the castle.

Saturday Night

Draco was pacing. He would pay anything to be in the Gryffindor common room right now. Between himself and Blaise, they had taken another 10 panties over the past three days. Draco had taken three and Blaise, seven. Draco had used the potion on Cho Chang earlier in the day and had her plant the panties in Potter's bag. When she told him about the gift box in Harry's bag, he let her give him a blow job before taking her underwear. After he performed the appropriate charms, he obliviated her and sent her on her way. Then he disillusioned himself with the spell Severus had taught him and snuck into the players building during the match while everyone was distracted. He substituted the kinky lingerie he had bought for Granger for the ridiculous footy pajamas he found in the box. Oh, what he would pay to be a fly on the wall when Ginny opened that box.

Draco thought back on the three witches he had potioned since Wednesday that week. The first had been a hot little hufflepuff, Trixie Sinclair. She was a 6th year with a reputation for being extra friendly, to put it nicely. Once she was naked and all over him, he eventually got it up and drove it home, but he wasn't really into it. He had managed to fuck her in the ass, though. She didn't seem to mind too much either. She wasn't Hermione though, so it didn't quite satisfy him. The next girl he just took her underwear and obliviated her. He didn't even touch her. Cho he had been curious about so he let her blow him. But, he was only doing it to keep him from getting any more hot and bothered over Hermione. He hadn't touched her since Tuesday night and he wanted her.. desperately. He missed fucking his witch, but he knew he couldn't. At least not for a while. So, he let Cho blow him and it did calm his fire a bit.

Draco continued pacing until he couldn't take it anymore. He needed some air and headed out into the castle.

Chapter 9

Saturday Night

Hermione walked through the castle in deep thought. Her mind was spinning. It just didn't make sense. She knew Harry. He loved Ginny and would never give her such a gift. He was entirely too shy to do such a thing. As far as Hermione knew, Ginny and Harry had yet to have sex. She and Ginny had discussed over the summer that they wanted to stay virgins until they were at least out of Hogwarts. But maybe things between Ginny and Harry had progressed more than Hermione realized. Maybe the lingerie wasn't as inappropriate as Hermione thought? But, if that was the case, why would Ginny be so upset?

Hermione had been walking about 20 minutes and suddenly realized she didn't know where she was. She looked around and as she walked a little further, she realized she was on the 5th floor south hall where the classrooms were used for storage. She usually didn't even patrol this hallway because there is nothing back here except old desks, some chalkboards, a couple old infirmery cots, and old, metal bedpans. She had never seen any students in this area of the castle. She thought she heard voices and curiosity got the better of her, so she paused.

The voice was soft and deep. It sounded familiar. "That's it. Take it all off nice and slow." She pressed her ear up against the door of the room where the talking was coming from. "Ok, now play with those tasty tits for me. That's it. Pinch your nipples." Hermione was dumbstruck. She wanted to know who was in the room. She gently tried the door but it was locked.

Next she heard a female voice, "can I touch you? I just want to touch you and make you feel good." The girl's voice sounded like it was pleading.

All of a sudden she heard another male voice, only this one was a voice that did not sound familiar. "When do I get to fuck her?"

The familiar male voice said, "Chill. Show me the galleons." She heard what sounded like a bag of coins. Then the familiar voice said, "Susan, I'll let you touch me, but you have to let Theo here fuck you while you do it."

"Anything, Blaise. I just want you."

Hermione couldn't believe what she was hearing. That's who the familiar voice was! Blaise! She heard the sound of furniture being moved. It was quiet for a minute and then she thought she heard Blaise say, "Thats it..." He was speaking very quietly and she couldn't be sure what he was saying.

Then the second male voice chimed in, "Oh, mother of Merlin she feels good"...

Hermione had heard enough. She needed to get a teacher. Something was very wrong. She didn't know who this 'Susan' was, but it sounded like Blaise was whoring her out to Theo Nott. Was she drugged? Maybe they were playing some sort of twisted, threesome sex game? She didn't know but she was going to get help. She ran down the steps trying to think of where the closest teacher's quarters were, when she ran into a solid black mass. She looked up into the stern and sneering face of Professor Snape.

Relief coursed through her. "Professor Snape! Thank Merlin!" She was out of breath and had her hands on her knees as she tried to slow down her breathing.

"Miss Granger. You had best have a reasonable explanation for..."

She interrupted him. "Professor..." She took another breath. "Professor, I think a girl is being...I think a girl might be being attacked on the 5th floor in a south hall classroom!"

Professor Snape looked at her as he cocked an eyebrow, disbelievingly. "Explain."

"There's no time! Blaise Zabini and Theo Nott...they..they..."

With that Professor Snape forced her out of his way as he dashed up the stairs. Hermione

followed. He yelled backwards towards her, loudly. "Which room?"

She ran up beside him and pointed to the door at the end of the hall. He looked her and said, in a no nonsense, signature Snape tone of voice, "Wait here. Do. Not. Move."

She watched as he dashed ahead. He waved his wand over the door handle and it opened. Professor Snape stepped into the room and Hermione waited.

Draco was missing his witch. He hadn't touched her since Tuesday and he was starting to go stir crazy. As he walked through the castle he became more and more frustrated. Blaise and Snape were being overly cautious. He knew what he was doing. Granger was so incredibly easy to manipulate. Once she was his completely, he wouldn't have to use the potion on her. But, for now, it was necessary. He felt a small ping of guilt as thought of all the times he had used the potion on her, but quickly shook it off. She would never find out. She would be his willingly eventually. In the meantime, he would use the potion as necessary. What she didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

He looked at his watch and headed toward the room of requirement. As he walked he thought about the panties. He laughed as visions of Hermione never speaking to Harry again overtook his thoughts. He hoped that was exactly how it would all play out. It would be even better if Potter got turned in to McGonigall. But, Draco knew better than to turn Harry in himself. It was frustrating not knowing what was going on. What if no one even saw the panties in Potters bag? Potter could just get rid of them and nothing would come of it.

He arrived at the room of requirement to check on the latest batch of the lust potion. He would be bottling it up tonight and then replacing the contents of the cauldron with what was the most recent recipe he and Granger had come up with. He had told her that he was going to start their latest recipe tonight so that when she met him tomorrow it would already be started. After about 45 minutes, he had just finished bottling the last of the lust potion when Blaise came flying in.

"Fuck!" Blaise yelled. He collapsed into the chair closest to Draco.

Draco smirked at his friend. "What's wrong? Some witch resist your charms and not drink the potion?"

Blaise glared at Draco. "It's your fucking bitch of a witch."

That got Draco's full attention. "What?"

"She overheard Theo and I tag teaming Susan Bones."

Draco put down the last flask. "What? She caught you?"

"She overheard us and ran to get a teacher. Thank Merlin she ran into Snape. Snape made her wait in the hall while he came in to investigate. Theo had just blown his load as Snape barged in, but I wasn't quite there yet. She had nice little mouth and gave pretty good head. I might have to tap that again later. Anyhow, Snape floo'd us from the fireplace in the classroom to his personal study. He then went back and into the hall to tell Hermione the classroom was empty and that clearly she had not heard what she thought." He took a big breath. "It's a fucking miracle we weren't caught." Blaise paused and thought for a minute, "She argued with him, but he said without proof, there was nothing he could do and that more than likely she didn't hear

what she thought."

Blaise smirked. "Anyhow, Snape came back to his study and obliviated both Theo and Susan before tossing them out into the castle." Blaise laughed. "Theo lost his cherry tonight and he's not even going to remember it... brilliant!"

Draco's mind was whirling as he thought about everything Blaise had just said. "Granger will ask questions. If she's convinced she heard you, she'll investigate." He sat in the other chair. "How come Severus didn't just obliviate her as well?"

Blaise just shrugged, "I asked Snape about obliterating her and he said he had a better plan and to trust him." He continued. "It doesn't matter...she won't find out anything because Theo and Susan remember nothing and I'm not talking!"

Draco stared at the floor in thought for a minute. "We'll have to get Theo another witch to test him on. He can't use the potion on his own until he's proven he's skilled enough with the obliviation part."

Blaise looked at Draco and shrugged. "Yeah, he's already paid me. I guess I should go put his money bag back in his trunk before he thinks it was stolen. He'll have no recollection of giving it to me." With that statement, Blaise stood up and headed towards the door. He paused. "Draco, it's even more important now that you continue to lay off Granger. You've done a good job of not using the potion on her the past few days. We can't risk her getting suspicious about anything else."

Draco watched his friend walk out and shut the door.

Hermione was frustrated. She knew what she heard. There was no way she imagined it. But when she went behind Professor Snape to check, the classroom was empty. Something was fishy. Perhaps they heard her and left when she went to get Professor Snape. She just hoped that poor girl was acting of her own volition and wasn't being imperiused or influenced with a spell or something. Professor Snape said he would question both Blaise and Theo. He had made her tell him exactly what she heard, every embarrassing detail. She would have to trust the professor would investigate. And, she still didn't know what to think about Harry and the panties.

When she got back to the common room, there were still a few couples, but not many. Harry was sitting on the sofa and jumped up when she walked in. "Mione, I've been waiting for you." His tone was desperate and pleading. "I need you to listen to me, please!"

She sighed and looked at him with something like pity. "Oh, Harry. Come on, let's sit by the fire. There's no one over there."

He followed and sat next to her on the sofa beside the fireplace. "Hermione, I never saw that lacy thing or those underwear before tonight. I swear it. And, I really need you to believe me." His eyes were starting to water.

She believed him. In her heart of hearts she knew he didn't do this. But why would someone frame him? She took his hand and squeezed it. "I believe you, Harry...but, I think we should go to McGonigall or to Dumbledore." She thought for a moment. "What if it's someone who's trying to get you expelled and out from under the protection of Dumbledore? He needs to know!"

"Hermione, I need to find out who did this. Then I'll go to Dumbledore and I'll be able to tell him who's responsible." His voice was determined. He then said more quietly, "I think I know, anyway." Harry looked at Hermione, "Malfoy."

Hermione knew he was going to say Malfoy. Malfoy hated Harry more than anyone. But she had been spending a lot of time with Draco and she truly believed he had changed. At least towards her. He had a kindness in him and he had aspirations to be a great potioneer. Stealing underwear and framing Harry just didn't make sense given how much time he was focusing on their project.

"Harry, I understand why you think it was him, but I've been seeing a different side to Draco while working on our potion, and frankly I'm not of the mindset that it was him." She paused to look into the fire. "You'll need some kind of evidence anyway or you won't be taken seriously."

Harry opened his mouth to argue, but Hermione stood and looked at her friend. "I'm going to go check on Ginny."

He paused and then whispered, "thanks, Mione."

Chapter 10

Saturday Night Continued...

"Ginny, you ok?" Hermione climbed into Ginny's bed and laid down next to her. She knew Ginny was awake because she could hear her sniffing.

"I'm fine. I'm going to break up with Harry."

"Ginny, stop and think for a minute." She paused. "Harry said he had bought you footy pajamas. When you opened the box, it was the first time he ever laid eyes on that red teddy."

Ginny sniffled. "He did?"

Hermione pulled her friend into her arms. "I believe him, Ginny. He also said he had never seen those panties before and I believe that as well."

"He did say it wasn't what I thought. But, how did they get in his bag, Mione? He's had that duffle bag with him for days to keep me from snooping."

"I don't know, Ginny." Hermione thought for a minute. "I guess if a wizard is clever enough to charm off girls underwear, he's clever enough to get them into Harry's bag." She turned to Ginny. "Someone's trying to frame him, Ginny. I just know it. I told him to go to Dumbledore, but he won't until he finds out who did it."

Ginny sat up. Her face was blotchy and her eyes swollen from her tears. "Oh Mione, of course you're right. I've been foolish, I saw the gift and the panties and my mind raced with assumptions." She jumped out of bed. "I need to apologize to Harry."

Hermione followed Ginny down the steps where she was pleased to see Harry waiting for

Ginny. Ginny flew into Harry's arms with words of apology for running away before he could explain or defend himself. Hermione couldn't help the tears of joy as she saw her friends reunited. She knew without a doubt, Harry was innocent of all charges.

Sunday

Hermione, Harry and Ginny spent thirty minutes at breakfast filling Ron and Lavender in on the events of the night before.

"I thought I had lost my girlfriend and my best girl friend." Harry turned to Hermione and threw his arms around her for about the 3rd time since they sat down to breakfast. "But, Hermione believed me and she knows me and knows I would never do such a thing." He beamed at her.

Ginny sighed, "I'm so sorry, Harry. I'm your girlfriend! I should have known better."

Harry reassured her by pulling her into a hug as well. "Oh, Ginny. It's ok. You reacted the way most witch's would have if their boyfriend had given them such a thoughtless gift. Then you saw the damn panties! Of course you ran away upset. Hermione could see it from more of an objective view and even she didn't believe me at first!"

"I didn't know what to think!" Hermione interjected.

Ron was shocked and completely agreed with Harry that Malfoy was responsible, despite Hermione's insistence otherwise.

"Oh he did it," Ron stated matter of factly. "He keeps looking over here. He's probably trying to figure out why Harry hasn't been expelled."

Hermione couldn't help the natural reflex to turn toward the slytherin table at Ron's words. Sure enough, Draco was watching them with a glare, like he was angry.

Ron looked at Harry and asked, "what did you do with the panties?"

"I hid them, of course. I went to the Room of Requirement in the middle of the night and told it I needed a place to hide something and the room it provided me was huge. It was filled with all kinds of stuff. I hid the panties in a bag where they won't be found. After I figure out how Malfoy did it and can prove it, I'll go get them as evidence."

Hermione knew better than to argue with Harry. He was so convinced it was Draco. She looked from Harry to Ron, "well, we need to investigate. We need to ask around. If we knew who all the panties belonged to, we might be able to find something all the girls have in common. Maybe that will lead us to a suspect." She took Harry's hand. "In the meantime, keep your eyes and ears open Harry. Whoever did this might have other plans for you."

Draco couldn't believe his eyes. Not only was Potter not expelled, but clearly Ginny wasn't too upset about the lingerie. Maybe Potter discovered it before he gave her the box? And the panties were clearly not discovered either. Potter must have found them before anyone else. Damn it! And, fucking Potter kept hugging Princess. He needs to keep his dirty paws off her. Draco was seething as he watched the Gryffindors. He couldn't keep his eyes off her,. She was his, damn it!

But then, it suddenly occurred to him. Maybe he was going about it all wrong. His mind started to race as a new plan came to mind. He couldn't turn Hermione against Potter, but maybe he could turn Potter against her. Then she would definitely come running to her new best friend Draco for comfort. That's when he would make his move on her, when she was feeling lonely and vulnerable.. Perfect!

Hermione arrived at the room of requirement at the agreed upon time. Draco was desperate for her and he was going to have her. He was waiting for her in the doorway as she came down the hall.

"Hey, Hermione!" He smiled brightly and innocently at her as she walked into the Room of Requirement.

"Hi Draco. How's it going with the potion?"

"Well, I started it last night and it seems to be the right color." He told her as she stepped towards the potion and was standing close to him, looking into the cauldron.

"What ingredient is next? The venusrose thorn?"

Draco smiled innocently, "Yeah, its chopped and ready. We need to stir counterclockwise twice after we add it."

"Ok, here goes nothing." Hermione picked up the chopped venusrose thorn and gingerly dropped it into the cauldron. She picked up the stirring rod and stirred it twice, counterclockwise."

"Imperio." Draco cast the unforgivable while grabbing the flask out of his pocket. "Here, Princess drink this and then you'll feel like yourself again."

Hermione felt peaceful and found she wanted nothing more than to drink from the flask Draco handed her. She took a sip and at the same time, Draco released the Imperius.

Draco felt peace come over him as his witch started to kiss him. He was planning on putting the potion in her pumpkin juice, but found he was too impatient for that. Using the Imperius was a spur of the moment decision, but it worked perfectly. He kissed his witch with abandon and pulled her t-shirt over her head. Hermione was unbuttoning his shirt as he unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. He slid her jeans off her and then led her into the bedroom. Her lips crashed into his and it felt like heaven. The way she kissed him, with such passion and affection, this was the real Hermione. This was his princess. He slid out of his jeans and laid her back on the bed. He climbed on top of her and entered her quickly. She moaned in ecstasy. He wanted this to last so he slowed his rhythm. "You're so beautiful, princess." He kissed her and rolled them over so that she was on top. She leaned forward and kissed him as she rocked her hips, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"Soon you'll want me all the time, princess. We'll be able to meet here as much as you want." His eyes moved to to her bouncing tits and he felt his climax coming. He started moving faster. "Tell me you'll always want me, princess."

Her eyes were glassed over as she looked at him with pure passion, "I'll always want you."

"Tell me you love me and that you love me more than Harry."

"I love you. I love you more than Harry or anyone. I only want to touch you.. always. I want to kiss you." Her mouth crashed on his as her words pushed him over the edge and he climaxed.

He kissed her softly and held her tight. She was writhing next to him, rubbing herself on his leg. "Hold still, princess. Let's just lay here for a few minutes." She rolled on top of him and started kissing him. He pulled his face away and held her face still. "Princess, I want you to lay still next to me for a few minutes. If you do, I'll let you touch me again."

She sighed heavily and curled up next to him. After a minute or so she started rubbing up against him and kissing him again. He was getting irritated. "Princess, wouldn't it be nice just to cuddle for a few minutes?"

Hermione was kissing down his chest to his stomach and then took his semi hard erection into her mouth. He looked down at her and as he watched her he felt himself harden more. "Fine, you want it, Princess? You'll get it." He flipped her over roughly and slammed into her from behind. He pumped into her hard and furiously. Why the hell couldn't she just be still for a minute! He just wanted to hold her! All witches liked to be held after to getting fucked. But not his princess, no! She just wanted more.. and more she was gonna get. He licked his finger and inserted it into her puckered hole. "You want it in the ass, princess?" She tensed and looked back over her shoulder at him, confused. "I didn't think so." He removed his finger.

He kept pumping and then when he was about to come he pulled out and rolled her over. He stroked himself and came in her mouth. "That's what happens to sluts, princess. Sluts who don't know how to cuddle after getting fucked!"

He climbed out of the bed and started to pick up their clothes. He was so angry. He took a deep breath to try to regain control. She was starting to come after him again. He rolled his eyes. "Get dressed," he snapped.

He realized he needed to calm down. After they were both dressed he yelled at her. "Sit down in that chair and don't move. If you move I'll never let you touch me again."

He started pacing and taking deep breaths and talking to himself. Draco, you need to calm down. What the fuck is wrong with you. He started to relax and took another deep breath. He got a drink of water and started to feel much better. She's under the influence of the potion. That's why she couldn't lay still. You need to calm down. It's not her fault.

As his rational self slowly returned he started to feel guilty for losing his temper. It wasn't her fault. He walked over to her. "It's ok, princess. You aren't yourself. When you are mine all the time, things will be better." He started to think about the staging for what he needed to do.

He laid her on the floor next to the cauldron and laid beside her. He cast the appropriate charms and then gave her a sip of the antidote potion. As she started to come around, he cast the obliviate and then closed his eyes, pretending to be asleep.

Hermione felt weird. She felt like she was in a haze. She looked around and realized she was on the floor. She then noticed Draco a few feet away. His eyes were closed and he wasn't moving. She panicked. "Draco! Draco! Wake up!" She started shaking his shoulders.

Slowly he opened his eyes. He looked at her with a confused expression. "What happened?" He asked looking around at a loss.

Hermione was watching him closely. "I don't know. I just woke up and you were passed out next to me." She looked him over as she started to stand. "Are you ok?"

He nodded. "I think so. How about you?"

She nodded. "I think so." She reached out to him and he took her hand so she could pull him up. "Boy, this potion is becoming quite a hazard."

"Yeah, we should talk to Professor Snape tomorrow and see what he says." Draco suggested.

Hermione was getting a headache but she remembered that she wanted to ask Draco about Blaise.

"Hey, Draco?"

"Yeah?"

"Umm, I was just wondering. Does Blaise have a girlfriend?"

Draco felt his heart start to race. Was she asking because she had the hots for Blaise? "Why did you ask? You got the hots for him or something?" He teased.

"Oh, nothing like that. I was uh, patrolling last night and I thought I heard him in a classroom with a witch, but the door was locked."

"Well, Blaise gets around. A lot of witches are after him, so it could of been." Draco's mind was racing, trying to find a way to get her off the scent. "You wouldn't believe the propositions he gets. It's embarrassing, really."

"Really, like what?" She found herself genuinely curious.

Draco internally jumped for joy that she took the bait. "Well, he gets propositions for sex all the time, but recently he had a witch ask him to be with her and another wizard. He's been propositioned to be with two witches as well. It's all pretty crazy if you ask me. He definitely gets around."

Hermione was shocked. "Really?" She thought about it for a minute. "I guess some witches really find him attractive. It's weird though, Harry's cute and he's famous and he's never been propositioned, at least not that I know of."

Draco didn't like to hear her talk about Potter. "Well, I'm pretty beat. Got a headache and think I wanna go lie down".

Hermione smiled softly at him. "Yeah, I'm not feeling so good myself." They grabbed their bags and walked out together, him turning left and her turning right. "See you tomorrow, Draco."

As Hermione walked back to her dorm, she was trying to think about the night before. The lingerie, the panties and then the classroom thing with Blaise. Her head just felt too fuzzy to

concentrate. The potion was becoming a problem. Draco had cleaned the room and she hadn't had any more episodes in almost a week, and then today they both passed out. She would definitely talk to Professor Snape tomorrow. She wanted to discuss the potion, but she also wanted to know if he found out anything about Blaise and that Susan girl. Based on what Draco said, it all could have been consensual, but her gut instinct told her otherwise.

Thanks for reading. Please review!

Chapter 11

Monday

Hermione skipped breakfast and arrived at potions early. She hoped to catch Professor Snape before class. Luck was in her corner because she arrived to find him sitting at his desk, grading papers.

As she tentatively approached his desk he looked up. "Miss Granger. Something I can do for you this morning?" His words were perfectly polite, but his tone made it clear he did not want to be bothered. Little did she know that her Professor had fully anticipated she would come to him this morning.

"Yes, Sir. Uhh, sorry, Sir...I wondered if you had any answers about Saturday night yet?"

"That, Miss Granger, has been handled and is none of your concern." He looked back down at his papers and started marking.

"But, Sir, the girl...is she ok?"

Snape looked up from his desk and put down his pen as he leaned back and contemplated her. "The girl, as you put it, is perfectly fine. What you heard was a consensual exchange of an adult act, performed by students who are too young to engage in such activities."

She let out a breath. "Oh, well that's good then, that she's alright."

"Indeed." He was still contemplating her. "Please do not take it upon yourself to mention this again to anyone, including involved parties as this is a...delicate ...matter."

"Of course not, Sir."

He continued to contemplate her. "I only told you, because you have proven yourself to be a responsible young witch who does not run around giggling and yammering like the other witches your age." He paused. "You have a maturity about you, which...I have come to appreciate."

Hermione felt herself turn pink at the compliment. She couldn't believe her ears! This was the kindest thing he had ever said to her...actually it was the only kind thing he had ever said to her. She smiled hesitantly, afraid he would take it back if she didn't control her expression and started giggling with excitement, which is exactly what she felt like doing.

Just then, Draco entered the class room and approached them. He looked at Hermione. "Did

you tell him yet?"

The Professor turned his gaze from Hermione to Draco. "Tell me what, Mr. Malfoy?"

Hermione shifted her feet nervously, suddenly hyper aware of herself and wanting to be certain she continued to come across as responsible and adult like.

Draco hesitated a second and then said, "well, we've had some issues develop with the potion."

"Issue's? What kind of issues."

Hermione spoke up. "Well, Sir, we added the venusrose thorn very slowly and precisely and then stirred counterclockwise, twice." She swallowed. "About 30 or 45 minutes later, I woke up on the floor to discover Draco passed out as well."

The Professor turned his gaze from Hermione to Draco and gave him a hard stare.

"Really...hmmm...Did you suffer any side effects you are aware of?"

"Well, yes sir. I felt very hazy, like I couldn't concentrate and I had a terrible headache." She took a breath and added, "And sir,, I know venusrose thorn in large doses, can have some pretty nasty side effects, but we were quite careful and only used a quarter ounce...sir." She watched and waited for him to lose his temper with her for being a 'dunderhead' or a 'blathering idiot'.

He surprised her by simply saying, "I see." He contemplated them for a moment. "You are not to go near the potion until I am with you. You will both take me to the potion as soon as classes let out today. Meet me outside the teachers lounge."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." Hermione turned and walked to her seat. She was surprised when she sat down to see Draco still whispering with Professor Snape. It seemed like they were having a heated discussion about something.

A minute or so later, Draco came and sat in his seat next to her and didn't say anything about his conversation with the Professor. Blaise showed up just before class started. She tried not to look at him or treat him any differently than she had before, but she couldn't help picturing him with Theo and a witch. It made her uncomfortable. They were either really perveted and sick or she was a total prude, because she just didn't get it. Granted, she was a virgin with no experience, but still. She knew what was decent and what was normal.

They spent their three hours planning out both potions. Blaise had been tending to the potion in the potions classroom lab and she and Draco had been and would continue, tending to the potion in the room of requirement lab. While they were no where near a completed potion, she felt they were making progress.

She looked from one to the other, "I know the two of you were testing the upstairs potion out on each other before I came along, but these potions are too far from maturity for any experimentation."

Draco internally felt himself getting pissed at her for stating the obvious. But, he was the one who had told her they had been testing the potion so he knew he only had himself to blame.

"Oh, absolutely. We won't." Draco rolled his eyes at Blaise as she was busy adding notes to

their lists.

After class, Draco's temper flared as Hermione bounded over to Potter and Weasley and walked out of the classroom with them to head to lunch.

Harry turned to Hermione as they walked. "So, I need you to write an account of what you did each day you had a pair of panties disappear on you."

Hermione nodded. "Ok, I'll try to remember. Are you having any luck figuring out any of the other witches?"

Harry shrugged. "Ginny is asking around. So far only the Patil twins have come forward."

Hermione did the math in her head. "Both of them? Well, that helps. 4 witches so far and 20 panties. Of course, 4 of them were mine." She added in a frustrated tone.

"Actually, Hermione don't you find that odd? Ginny, 2 and the Patil twins were each missing 1, but you were missing 4! And...you've been spending a lot of time working on that potion with Malfoy."

Hermione was losing patience. "Harry, stop! I don't think it's him. For all the we know, all the other panties, besides those accounted for, could belong to one witch. And, we don't how the panties were charmed off.."

He interrupted her, "or even if there were charmed off."

"What do you mean?" She asked

"Well, what if the perpetrator is imperiusing witches? Or using a love potion or something. What if they are being taken advantage of?" They were almost to the Great Hall.

"Harry, I think I would know if someone imperiused or used a love potion on me!" She was angry. But something inside her stirred... Her dream came to mind, and hearing Blaise with that witch. She didn't sound like she was just enjoying the attentions of two wizards. She sounded drugged or something. She would have to keep her eye on Blaise.

Harry continued. "Would you, though, Hermione? What if the perpetrator took your memory away, gave you a potion to make you forget or obliviated you! You know, Ginny told me what happened the day she went running. She said you both came to the conclusion she fell and hit her head.. but what if she was attacked, Hermione!"

Hermione looked at her friend like he was crazy. "Harry, you are seriously jumping to some crazy conclusions. Stop and listen to yourself!"

Harry took a deep breath.. "Yeah, maybe. But it doesn't mean I'm wrong."

Hermione was too irritated to sit with Harry at lunch. She took a seat further down between Lavender and Dean Thomas.

Draco had been following the trio since they left potions. Harry and Hermione were having a heated conversation about something. Weasley didn't seem to be involved. Draco got as close

as he could without being detected, but just couldn't get close enough to hear what they were saying. But, he could tell by their body language that they were in disagreement. He was elated! He was even happier when Hermione chose not to sit with Harry at lunch.

After classes, Hermione met Draco and Professor Snape outside the teachers lounge and headed to the room of requirement. It dawned on her that she had never heard the words Draco said to make the room appear. As Draco walked back and forth three times in front of the blank wall, he said "I need the potions lab that meets my needs, I need the potions lab that meets my needs. After he said it a third time, the door appeared.

This time, Hermione noted the door Draco had said led to a bathroom was gone. "What happened to the bathroom?"

Draco turned and seemed surprised to see it missing. "I don't know. I guess the room knows I'm not spending the night up here."

Professor Snape told them both to stand still as he approached the simmering cauldron. He waved his wand over it and watched for a minute before turning back to the two of them. "Your potion is stable. It would seem the addition of the venusrose thorn created a brief or temporary, vapor or gas, that you breathed in. In the future, perform a bubble head charm before adding potentially volatile ingredients."

Hermione was opening her mouth to speak, when the professor interrupted her. "Even when using small amounts, Miss Granger."

It was like he had read her mind and knew what she was going to say.

He started to leave and turned to Hermione. "Miss Granger, I wonder if I might speak with you a moment."

"Certainly, Professor." She followed him out into the hall, leaving Draco behind feeling irritated.

When they were in the hall, Professor Snape waived his wand and cast a privacy and silencing spell, so that they could not be heard. "Miss Granger, I just wanted to say, that even though you are not in my house, should you ever find yourself in need of a teacher, you may come to me. Of course, Professor McGonagall is an outstanding witch who can assist with any crisis, but I hope that you will find me an acceptable substitute should she not be available, or should you ever be in need."

Hermione was touched and thrilled at the same time. "Thank you, Professor!" She paused as her mind whirled. "There is an issue I might need assistance with, but at this time, I feel it's too soon to involve a teacher." She didn't really feel that way, but it was Harry's decision and she would respect it.

"Are you sure, Miss Granger?"

"Yes sir, quite sure."

"Well, you will find my door is always open should you require my assistance...or advice." He bowed to her slightly. "Good day, Miss Granger." With that, he turned and strided down the hall, his black robes billowing behind him.

"What was that about?" Draco asked when she went back into the conjured lab.

Hermione shrugged. "Nothing important. I never knew Professor Snape could be so kind."

This was news to Draco. Since when had Severus been kind to Granger, or any other Gryffindor for that matter? Draco would have to visit his Godfather later on and see what he was playing at.

Draco shrugged, "Yeah, Professor Snape is a good guy once you get to know him."

Draco watched her for a minute. He felt his desire start to stir and swallowed. It would be really foolish to potion her right now. Even though he really wanted her. He suddenly felt bold. "Hey Hermione?"

"Yeah?" She replied, not looking up from the notes she was reviewing.

"Would you be interested in going to Hogsmead with me this Saturday?" His voice was shy and soft. Hermione had never heard him sound so vulnerable.

Her mind started to spin. What? Did he really just ask her out? What would Harry and Ron say? They would be furious with her. But, she really did like Draco and just Saturday night had been thinking she might fancy him.

"Ummm.."

"Nevermind, it's ok" He said, defeated

"Actually, I was going to stay behind in the library this Saturday, but I'd be happy to go with you to Hogsmead." Screw Harry and Ron. Draco was her friend and, who knows, maybe he could be more. He wasn't the jerk he used to be. Harry and Ron both had girlfriends and she was left as the fifth wheel all the time. Besides, she could tell Harry and Ron she's trying to get information out of him.

"Really?" He looked at her with genuine surprise and a racing heart.

"Sure." She smiled softly at him.

Monday Night

Hermione and Draco had a night off from the potion because it needed to simmer for 76 hours from when they added the venusrose thorn. They wouldn't need to add anything until Wednesday afternoon.

She was hanging out in the common room. Lavender and Ron were cuddled up on the couch behind her and Harry and Ginny were studying together at the table in the corner. Her mind started to think about the panties and what Harry had said. This got her thinking about Blaise.

"Hey, Harry..you mind if I borrow your map?" She asked.

"Sure, it's in my bag." He reached in his bag and pulled it out. She stood and walked over to

him.

"Thanks, Harry."

He smiled at her and went back to his homework.

Hermione took the map up to her room, where she climbed into her bed and drew the curtains. She spread the map out and looked. There he was. Blaise was in the Slytherin common room with Draco, Daphne Greengrass, Pansy Parkinson, and Theo Nott. Blaise's footprints began to move out of the common room. She watched as he continued up the steps. He kept climbing until he reached the Astronomy tower where he met up with Trixie Sinclaire, she had a reputation even Hermione had heard about. Trixie and Blaise then walked together and continued walking down steps until they were in the dungeons.

Hermione watched as their footprints went into a classroom where there were two other sets of footprints. Theo Nott and Vincent Crabbe. She watched as Trixie's footprints seemed to stay in one spot as the wizards seemed to move around and approach hers. Hermione got a sick feeling in her stomach.

She ran down the stairs and back up into Harry's room where she grabbed his cloak and stuffed it in her bag. She walked through the common room without speaking to anybody and exited into the castle. As soon as she was in the hall, she threw the cloak over her head and dashed down to the dungeons. She was out of breath by the time she got there. She crept as quietly as she could until she reached the classroom which was down a deserted hall. As she got closer she heard noises.

"Trixie, you're so hot...oh yeah, just like that." Hermione wasn't sure who's voice it was. Now it sounded like they were talking in lower voices. She thought she heard one of the males say, "how much something something.." Damn it! She couldn't hear! She gently tried to open the door but it wouldn't budge. She whispered "alohomora", but still nothing happened. She contemplated running to get Professor Snape but was afraid by the time they returned they would be gone, like last time.

Hermione sat on the floor by the door, keeping herself covered. She really was starting to wonder if Harry was right. What if Blaise was doing something to these witches to make them compliant. She leaned toward the door and pressed her ear to it.

"I just want to please you.. let me touch you." Hermione's heart started to race. It was just like the other student, Susan, whichever Susan it was. But, Professor Snape said that had been consensual. Was this consensual? Was it the same girl? Maybe Trixie had been polyjuiced to look like Susan on Saturday? Was this still just some perverted sex game?"

"That's it, Trixie. Now it's Vincent's turn."

This was too much. She needed Professor Snape. She stood and turned, and saw a group of slytherins coming down the hall. Shit! She ducked into a small cubby behind a statue as they walked by. As soon as they passed, she took off at a full run towards Professor Snape's office and classroom. She knocked urgently, but there was no answer. She knocked again and when he didn't answer, she looked up and down the hall wondering if his private quarters were near by. She knocked on 2 other doors near by, but still didn't get an answer. She realized she would have to handle this herself. She would wait until they came out of the classroom and then

confront them. Or maybe she would just interrupt them and bang on the door. That would at least make them stop.

When she got back, the door was open and the classroom was empty. She hadn't been gone more than 10 minutes! How could they already be gone?

Chapter 12

Tuesday

Hermione woke up frustrated. By the time she got back to her room the night before, Trixie was in her room according to the map. Vincent, Theo and Blaise were in the Slytherin common room alone. Draco was in his dorm room.

If only Professor Snape had been in his office! After she thought about it, she remembered that it was the first Monday of the month and the Professors had a staff meeting every first Monday of the month.

She and Ginny had prefect patrols tonight. She would check the map frequently and if she saw Blaise do anything suspicious tonight, she would have Ginny with her as a witness. She had potions again tomorrow, and at that time, would tell Professor Snape what she had heard last night.

Draco was watching Hermione at breakfast. She seemed to be in deep thought and wasn't paying much attention to her best friends around her. He was so excited about their date on Saturday, but he was also starting to stir. He needed her and he wouldn't be able to wait until Saturday. Perhaps he would just take her like in the beginning. He would pull her into a classroom, potion her and then obliviate her. He was seeing her on Wednesday, both in class and in the room of requirement, but it was becoming too complicated. He had to stage too many scenarios to cover his tracks.

It seemed so easy now that he thought about it. He would lust potion her on the days they didn't work on their assignment. He should have just done that all along. He would be with Hermione on the days they worked on their project and he would work on seducing her, and he would be with princess on off days, and would use the lust potion.

Today was an off day, so he would have his princess.

Blaise showed up and sat beside him. Draco turned to his friend. "What's up, Blaise?"

Blaise grinned. "You missed it last night, Drac." That hot little piece, Trixie, is a piece of work.

Draco shrugged, "yeah, I fucked her already."

"Well, Theo and Vincent definitely got their galleons worth. Thinking tonight we'll get a bigger group. Make some real money."

Draco rolled his eyes, "and you accuse me of being reckless."

Blaise responded dismissively, "I got this. These wizards won't tell anyone. They wanna keep coming back. Besides, by doing it this way, we aren't selling them the potion, which could lead back to us. They get to fuck the witch, we make the galleons, the witch remembers nothing." Blaise tipped his juice to Draco as if he was toasting, "gonna make a shitload of galleons."

Draco just shook his head. "Don't get caught."

Hermione was in the library. She put her quill down after finishing her essay and rubbed her eyes. She looked at her watch and was shocked to find she had worked through dinner. It was 7 and she and Ginny had patrols at 9. She gathered up her books, unaware of the disillusioned blonde wizard that had been watching and waiting for her to finish. She slung her back pack over her shoulder and headed out into the castle. As she left the main corridor and turned into a side hallway. A hand reached out and grabbed her, pulling her into a closet.

"What the!" She yelped as she saw the blonde wizard standing before her.

"Hi Princess." Draco said with what hoped was a seductive smile.

Hermione started to panic. That nickname.. she felt sick all of a sudden. She tried to calm herself as she looked at the blonde wizard in front of her. "Draco, what the hell! Why did you pull me in here?" His lips were on hers as he pulled her in for a kiss. She froze, unable to comprehend what he was doing. Then she gently pushed him away.

"Don't be like that.. don't you like me, Hermione?" He looked defeated.

"Draco, I like you, I really do! But, this isn't my idea of the best place for a first kiss."

He tried to look contrite and looked down at the floor. "Yeah, I'm sorry." He looked up and into her eyes, "I've just been wanting to kiss you for so long and when you said you'd go to Hogsmead with me, I thought..."

"Draco, let's see how Saturday goes. You can give me a proper kiss then." She smiled at him shyly.

"Imperio." He watched the change of her expression as her mind went blank.. "Drink this."

As she drank the potion he said, "well, it was worth a shot. At least I know you fancy me. Guess I'll have to romance you on Saturday and not rush things."

He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans and then forced her to her knees as he freed himself and guided her mouth onto him.

He closed his eyes and exhaled. "Oh, princess..you're getting better at this.." After a couple minutes he pulled her to her feet and spun her around. She was still in her uniform, so he reached under her skirt, pulled down her panties and bent her forward. He slipped into her and grabbed her hips as he pumped into her fast and hard. It didn't take him long, as he had been fantasizing about this scenario while he had been watching her study.

When he was finished, he cast the charms, gave her the antidote potion and then shoved her and her book bag into the hall and whispered "obliviate." He dashed out behind her and headed

the other way.

Hermione felt weird. All of a sudden it was like she didn't know where she was. She looked around. Oh, yeah.. she had just finished her paper. She looked at her watch. 7:15.. huh. Wasn't it just 7pm? Her head hurt and she felt funny. Perhaps she shouldn't have skipped dinner.

She went up to her dorm and laid down. It felt like she had only been asleep for a few minutes when Ginny was shaking her awake. "Mione, wake up."

She opened her eyes and sat up. "What time is it?"

"Its 9:15. When you didn't meet me in the common room at 9, I came up here and found you sound asleep." Ginny felt guilty for waking her. "Just go back to sleep, Mione. I'll do the rounds alone."

Hermione jumped up, "No! Absolutely not. I'm fine. Let me change into jeans and a sweater." The castle was drafty at night and she didn't feel like walking around with cold legs. While she was changing she told Ginny she wanted to bring Harry's map. She stopped and looked at her friend. "We might have to stop to spy on someone."

Ginny's face lit up. "You want me to bring my sneak-o-scope?"

Hermione got a huge smile. "Ginny, that's brilliant!"

"Fred and George made new ones that actually record!" They left Hermione's room and started walking toward Ginny's.

"Really? Recording sneak-o-scopes?"

"Oh yeah! Fred and George said it's their new and improved model. You can set them up and then leave them hidden in a room. Then later you can grab them and listen to whatever happened while you were gone."

Hermione looked concerned. "That hardly seems ethical!" Then she shrugged, "but, it could be very useful."

15 minutes later, the prefects started their rounds. Hermione had checked the map before they started and saw that Blaise was in his room. 10 minutes into their rounds, she checked again and saw that Blaise was on the move. She watched him walk to the library where he met up with Trixie again.

"Ginny, follow me."

Ginny followed Hermione as they headed into the dungeons. Hermione checked the map again, and sure enough, Blaise and Trixie were heading for the dungeons as well. They were coming from a different direction and would be using a different set of stairs, so Hermione grabbed Ginny's hand and led her down the stairs. They didn't have the cloak, but they were prefects, so no one would question them being down there. Hermione pulled Ginny into a small classroom, shut the door and cast a silencing spell.

"Ginny, I think Blaise might be imperiusing or putting a spell or something on witches, and then

having sex with them. I think he might be doing this for the benefit of other wizards as well."

Ginny's face turned white. "What?"

"I'll explain more later, but whatever happens, you can't tell anyone. Promise me you won't say anything and will let me handle it!"

Ginny nodded. "Of course, Hermione."

Hermione checked the the map again and saw Blaise and Trixie were in the same classroom as the night before, but there were 7 other wizards. 5 slytherins and 2 ravenclaw.

Hermione and Ginny slowly paced down the hall and stood outside the classroom door. Ginny pulled the sneak-o-scope out of her pocket, whispered the enchantment to make it record and slid the tiny cord under the door.

Ginny and Hermione put their ears next to the little headpiece.

"So, 25 galleons and you can fuck her, 20 for her to suck you, 10 to touch her and if you want something else you'll have to ask." There was some movement. "Right Trixie?"

"Whatever you want, Blaise. I just want to touch you and please you."

"If anyone isn't interested speak up now and I'll obliviate you. No harm, no foul. But, once the deed is done, you are sworn to secrecy. I got this idea from that brainy, bitch Granger... but if you agree, you sign this form. If you ever talk about this or tell anyone at all, you'll get welts and blisters all over your dick and you'll never fuck again."

Hermione heard comments and nervous laughter. "So, what's it gonna be. You want her or not?"

Next they heard the sound of footsteps and the sound of quill on paper. "Ok, Trixie. Start undressing, nice and slow and give me your panties."

Hermione whispered.."Ginny, stay here. I'm gonna go get Professor Snape."

Ginny nodded and put her ear back to the headpiece.

"Trixie, play with your tits for the boys... That's it." There was some shuffling of feet. "Ok, 5 extra galleons lets you go first. Who wants it?" She heard Blaise laugh. "Well, you can't all go first. Ok, ok.. Come on Vincent, you had to go second last night." Ginny heard footsteps. "What's it gonna be?" Ginny could hear galleons being handled. "Ok, she's all yours." Ginny could hear movement and then a deep voice say, "lay back, Trixie and spread your legs." She heard what sounded like a zipper and the whisperings of the other wizards in the room. Then she heard a squeaking sound and what sounded like Vincent, "Trix, you feel so good." The squeaking continued and Ginny heard another voice say, "She's got great tits." There was laughter as another voice said, "I can't wait to get my hands on them."

Suddenly, Ginny was shoved aside as a set of black robes appeared and whispered a spell, blasting open the door. Ginny and Hermione looked into the room to see a stunned Blaise standing off to the side, Vincent Crabbe with his pants down, buried into Trixie who was on a

transfigured bed that was obviously spelled to be just the right height for Vincent. The other wizards were standing around the bed watching. Some had their cocks in their hands, clearly waiting their turn.

"No one moves!" Professor Snape's voice caused everyone to freeze.

"I was just watching."

"I didn't touch her."

The boys were panicked and were already starting to defend themselves.

The Professor turned to Hermione and Ginny. "Ladies, please find the Headmaster." Ginny left the sneak-o-scope as she ran with Hermione towards the Headmaster's tower.

Chapter 13

Thanks for reading and reviewing!

Wednesday

Hermione, Ginny and Harry were exhausted. It was after 2am and they were just getting back to their common room. Neither felt like sleeping despite being tired as they hadn't had a chance to talk everything through. They had been separated and questioned by Dumbledore. Then the Aurors came. Thank goodness Tonks was one of them. Professors McGonigall, Sprout, Flitwick and Snape were all there as well.

Hermione had been completely honest with everyone, except about one thing. She did not disclose anything Professor Snape had told her Monday morning in his classroom. It was enough to disclose all that had happened Saturday night. Snape would have to answer for his action or lack thereof. But his conversation with her was private and what he told her was in confidence. She would not betray his trust.

When she told them about the panties in Harry's bag, Professor McGonigall had been sent to retrieve Harry. They had to stop by the room of requirement to get the panties. She also told them all about her personal experience with her panties disappearing and how she thought they had been being charmed off. That was the worst part. She felt like an idiot and she knew the professors and Aurors thought she was foolish for assuming such an innocent explanation.

At the end of all the questioning, Blaise, Vincent, the panties and the sneak-o-scope were taken into custody by the Aurors. The details had not been disclosed, but Trixie had been under the influence of a drug or potion of some sort. She was taken to the infirmary and her parents called.

"This is so huge," Ginny said. "Who knows how long Blaise has been doing this." She started to tear up. "I was alone with him last week when we patrolled together...what if?"

Harry grabbed his crying girlfriend and held her.

Hermione was thinking out loud. "Frankly it could have happened to me to, for all I know. You, me and the Patil twins are all missing panties. If he's the one who's been taking them, which I think we can assume, he has...then what else did he do to us?" Hermione started to panic and started to tear up as well. Harry pulled Hermione into the hug and the three of them held each other.

Just then, Professor McGonigall walked into the common room with three doses of dreamless sleep potion. "You are each to drink these and go to your rooms... This is all just a big mess. In all my years, I never..." She looked at her three Gryffindors with affection. "Get to bed you three. You'll need a good nights sleep for all that's to come."

Draco was sound asleep when he was awakened by Severus. "Draco, Draco. Come with me." He got up and followed Severus to Severus's private quarters.

"Everything ok?" Draco asked as he yawned.

Severus shot him a lethal look. "If you consider Blaise and Vincent being arrested by Aurors as 'ok', then yes, everything is 'ok'."

"What?" Draco felt like he was going to throw up as the probability of what had happened crashed down on him.

"Blaise was caught selling Trixie Sinclaire's services to 7 wizards."

"Oh shit." Draco collapsed into the wing chair as Snape rolled his eyes at his Godson making the biggest understatement, perhaps ever.

"Miss Granger and Miss Weasley caught them."

Draco shook his head, "I knew you should have obliviated her Saturday night! Because you didn't, she kept sniffing around like a dog looking for it's buried bone."

"Don't...blame...this...on..me..Mr Malfoy."

Draco sighed, "I'm not blaming you.. Blaise was reckless. I warned him this morning at breakfast."

"Yes, well. We need to have a plan and we need to be consistent and on the same page. So far, nothing has come back to you. Frankly, I'm more implicated than you because I didn't do anything after Miss Granger came to me Saturday night." Snape sighed heavily and sat down. "I can talk my way out of that easily enough, though. As far as Miss Granger knows, I didn't actually catch them Saturday night." Snape continued, "Apparently, Miss Granger overheard Blaise, Trixie, Theo and Vincent last night as well. She tried to come get me, but I was at the staff meeting. It's amazing Theo hasn't been arrested. But, Miss Granger has no proof about Saturday or last night."

Severus was staring into the fire as he thought. "Draco, you need to hide every bit of that potion. It can not be found amongst your things. I think you'll be protected as long as you aren't caught with any of the potion." He turned to look at Draco. "Do that the first thing you go back to your room tonight. Get rid of your notes about it as well. All your research, everything... it needs to be

where it can't be found. The antidote as well. Blaise will have to take the fall for this. I was able to speak with him privately for a few moments. He won't betray us. Of that I am quite certain."

Snape stood and walked to the bar where he poured two firewhiskeys. He handed one to Draco. "One more thing, and this is very important. Miss Granger must not suspect you of anything, Draco. You need to be the doting friend. She needs to trust you..confide in you." Snape consumed his drink in one swallow. He rolled his eyes as he said, "I will play my part as well and be the doting Professor."

Hermione woke up the next morning and laid in bed, dreading what the day would bring. How would this be handled? As word got out, witches will be panicking that they have been assaulted and just don't know it. Or, perhaps nothing will be shared with the student body? Maybe it will be classes as usual? Only one way to find out. Hermione rolled out of bed and grabbed her shower things and uniform to head to the prefects bath. When she entered the common room, her question was answered. There was a sign that said classes would be cancelled and breakfast was mandatory. Everyone was to report to the Great Hall no later than 8:30am. Hermione looked at her watch. She had just enough time for a bath.

When she got to the prefects bath, the door would not open for her, which meant a male was in there. After about 5 minutes, just before she was going to give up, Draco walked out looking miserable. He froze when he saw her. He swallowed and simply said "I didn't know, Hermione. I had no idea my best friend was such a monster."

His eyes started to well up with tears and Hermione felt for him. She walked towards him, took his hand and pulled him into a hug. "Oh Draco.. " She didn't say anything else. What could she say?

30 minutes later, Hermione was sitting next to Harry and Ron when Dumbledore appeared at the podium and began to speak. "By now, many of you have heard what happened last evening. In case what you heard was a fabricated version, or in case you haven't heard at all, I will be telling you an abbreviated, but factual, version of events. It is not necessary, nor your right to know every detail. Blaise Zabini and Vincent Crabbe have been taken into custody by Aurors. Six other students have been suspended and sent home. Trixie Sinclaire's parents have withdrawn her from the school and taken her home."

There were loud mumblings around the hall as students started whispering amongst themselves and looking around to try to figure out who the 6 suspended wizards were.

Dumbledore gave them a moment and then continued. "It appears, and I say appears, because all wizards and witches accused of a crime are not guilty until proven guilty..." He stopped and slowly gazed about the room for effect. "It appears that Mr Zabini had acquired a potion that when given to others causes them to lose their better judgment and become susceptible to the suggestions and desires of the wizard giving the potion. It appears this potion was given to Miss Sinclaire in the presence of not only Mr Zabini, but Vincent Crabbe and 6 other wizards. Suffice it to say, events transpired that rendered the arrests and suspensions necessary."

There were loud exclamations of shock and outrage. "Please remain calm. Your heads of house will be heading to your common rooms where more questions will be answered." With that, Dumbledore stepped down from the podium and the students rose, anxious to get back to their house where they could discuss everything and hopefully, get more information.

Hermione stood and Harry took her hand and led her out of the room, his other arm around Ginny.

While they were waiting for McGonigall, Ron said quietly. "What I don't get, is why the panties ended up in Harry's bag."

Harry shrugged, "Well, Malfoy was surely in on it all. He's Blaise's best friend after all. Draco probably took them and planted them on me."

Hermione couldn't help herself. "Just because Blaise did these things, doesn't mean Draco was in on it. I saw him this morning. He was absolutely devastated."

Ron replied dismissively, "Yeah, devastated because he's afraid the truth will out and his involvement will be proven."

Harry nodded in agreement. "Also, Blaise sucked at potions. There's no way he brewed something that could do that. Draco is great at potions. It's probably Draco's potion."

Hermione was irritated. "How do you jump to these wild accusations without any proof? He could have purchased the potion in Knockturn Alley!"

Ron rolled his eyes, "Hermione, we have plenty of proof. Look at his behavior, his bigotry and his hatefulness over the past 5 years. He's got you fooled ... all of a sudden being nice to you because he needs your help with this potions project."

Hermione knew it was pointless. "Well, I think you're wrong. Draco has become my friend. I even told him I'd go to Hogsmead with him on Saturday."

Harry and Ron both shrieked, "You what?"

Just then McGonigall walked in.

Talking turned to yelling as everyone was trying to be heard to get their questions answered.

"One question at a time, please!" McGonigall insisted. Hermione could see how tired the Professor was.

"If you won't tell us the names of the suspended students, will you at least tell us their houses?"

She responded, "Their names are not a secret. 4 were from Slytherin and 2 from Ravenclaw." She paused and then sighed. "Terry Boot and Michael Corner from Ravenclaw. Theo Nott, Gregory Goyle, Justin Harper and Adrian Pucey from Slytherin."

Hermione was angry Theo Nott had merely been suspended. He should have been arrested as well. But, she had no proof that what she heard Saturday and Monday was what she thought it was. They had proof last night, thanks to Ginny's sneak-o-scope.

"Do we know if the potion was used on any other witches? Have any witches come forward to say they had been potioned?" Pavarti asked.

"We do not know. We do not know if the potion had been used prior to last night. However, it is possible, as there has been a witness to a possible attack against another witch. I will not say her name. However, that witch denied having been attacked, so either the witch was obliviated afterwards, or the witness was wrong. "

She paused and continued. "Clearly, it is our hope that this was an isolated incident. We do not have all the facts yet as interrogations and the investigation are still in full swing. At some point today, an owl post will be sent to all parents or guardians with a brief explanation of what has happened."

The Gryfindors continued looking at each other and whispering amongst themselves.

McGonigall looked around the room. "If any witches have been attacked, or fear they may have been attacked, please see Madam Pomfrey." She then added. "She has certain diagnostic tests she can perform that might help.." Professor McGonigall swayed. Harry and Neville were closest and jumped up to assist her into a chair.

"I'm sorry." Professor McGonigall looked around the room. "I'm so sorry this has happened. I just feel sick." The students all gathered around Professor McGonigall, and offered her the same emotional support they were offering each other. She was one of them at this moment. Not a teacher, not the deputy headmistress..just a Gryffindor.

Chapter 14

This was a very hard chapter to write. It deals with characters finding out they were raped. This had to happen at some point. The worst part is the beginning of the chapter. The area below the Wednesday Evening heading is slightly easier, but still rough. I tried to not make it too heavy and I think therefore their reactions aren't as realistic as they should be.

Thanks to LUNALOVEE for your review! You're the only one on Adult Fanfiction who has left me a review and it made my day :)

Wednesday Continued...

Hermione and Ginny discussed it and decided they were going to see Madam Pomfrey. At first they both said no, but after a couple hours of rehashing everything, they decided it was best to find out. So far, no other witches from Gryffindor were going to the infirmary.

"Girls, come in." Madam Pomfrey gestured for them to enter. She had set up a corner of the room cheerfully, with flowers. She also had juice and cookies. Susan Bones and her aunt and uncle were exiting the infirmary with Dumbledore, just as she and Ginny came in. That answered her question about which Susan.

Madam Pomfrey led them to the corner and sat down next to them. "So, I don't have a lot of tests to offer. I can test to see if you are a virgin, I can test for pregnancy or diseases of the personal nature. I have other tests I can run that will determine if you have been under the effects of any mind altering potions recently, and I can test for any obliviation damage." She saw their expressions and said reassuringly, "obliviation does not cause damage unless it done very frequently over a longer period of time. It's unlikely, but I can test for it, if you like." She paused

and then picked up a pamphlet she had made up. "This pamphlet lists symptoms one might experience after being given a mind altering potion or after being obliterated. Feel free to take one if you like."

Hermione and Ginny looked at each other. Hermione looked back at Madam Pomfrey and said shyly. "Would you mind just checking that we are still virgins?" She bit her lip and continued. "That's really the most important thing at this point as it will answer our biggest question,... were we attacked?"

Madam Pomfrey nodded and patted Hermione's hand tenderly. "Of course, dear." She looked from one to the other. "Who would like to go first?"

"I will." Hermione said softly.

"Ok, just come over to this cot and lie down."

Hermione did as instructed. Madam Pomfrey cast a silencing spell and then pulled the curtain far enough that Ginny could not watch. She then whispered a spell and waved her wand over Hermione's abdomen and pelvis.

When she was finished she sat down next to Hermione and took her hand. "My dear, you are not a virgin." Hermione was silent and just looked at Madam Pomfrey as it sunk in. Then she burst into tears.

Madam Pomfrey said quietly, "Dobby." When the elf appeared she said softly, "please get Professor McGonigall."

Hermione interrupted her, "no, no. Let Professor McGonigall get some sleep. I'll be fine." Hermione sniffled.

"Hermione, you need someone."

"No," she shook her head as tears streamed down her face.

Just then Professor Snape arrived with three Slytherin witches. Madam Pomfrey stood and walked towards them, pulling the curtain the rest of the way around her cot, but not before Professor Snape saw her crying. She heard Madam Pomfrey speak kindly to the three witches, telling them she would be with them shortly. She could then hear the deep tenor of Professor Snape's voice speaking very quietly with Madam Pomfrey. A minute later, the curtain was pulled back slightly to reveal her potions Professor. His face softened at the sight of her and she burst into sobs.

He conjured a chair and sat beside her. "I'm so sorry, Hermione. Judging by your state, I will assume Madam Pomfrey gave you bad news." The use of her first name sounded so strange coming from him. She didn't say anything, but willed herself to stop crying. He pat her hand with his. "This, Miss Granger, is an acceptable reason to act your age and cry. You do not need to be strong and in control right now." His words impacted her unlike she would have ever imagined. She rolled onto her side facing him and sobbed. He was still resting his hand on hers so she grabbed it and held it and he held her hand in return as she cried.

After a few minutes, she stopped crying and felt herself regaining control of her emotions. She

released his hand and sat up. "Thank you, Professor." She dabbed her eyes and nose with a tissue. "I'm ok now. It was a shock..even though, even though I suspected."

"Of course, you have no need to explain. This is all just so...unfathomable." He sighed and then looked at her. "Blaise will be going to Azkaban for a very long time, Hermione. He will be punished severely for this egregious act."

Hermione didn't want to think about that right now. "I need to check on Ginny."

She sat on the side of the cot and stood up. Professor Snape opened the curtain and she stepped out. There was a curtain pulled around another cot. Hermione saw the three Slytherin witches sitting where she had been sitting earlier. She could only assume Ginny was behind the pulled curtain. Professor Snape excused himself and walked over to his three witches.

Madam Pomfrey stepped out from the behind the curtain with a very grim look on her face, which told Hermione all she needed to know. Hermione looked at Madam Pomfrey. "Can I see her?"

Madam Pomfrey looked at her for a minute and then smiled, "of course." Madam Pomfrey then turned back towards the curtained cot, pulled it back and peeked around at Ginny. "Miss Granger would like to see you, is that alright?" Hermione heard a muffled "yes."

Hermione dashed around the curtain and climbed into the cot next to the crying redhead. They held each other tightly and a few minutes later, Harry and Ron came in. Harry and Ron pulled up chairs and sat next to the crying witches.

They looked at each other and back at the girls. "Madam Pomfrey sent Dobby to get us." Harry's eyes were starting to water and Ron's face was beat red with fury. Ron whispered, "well, I think we can tell what your results were."

Hermione pushed herself up and sat on the side of the stretcher. "I think the worst part, is not knowing when, or where or how many times," she let out a sob, "or with how many wizards." Ron pulled Hermione to him and hugged her tightly. Harry was crying as he climbed into the cot and held Ginny.

Wednesday Evening

Ginny and Hermione were sitting in Ginny's dorm room. They were still upset, but the real emotion taking hold at this time was anger. The girls were given the option of notifying their parents, but they opted not to. If they decide to press charges, then their parents would have to be notified. But, their appointments with Madam Pomfrey were confidential and the results would not be disclosed to anyone without the witches consent, no matter the circumstances.

When they arrived to dinner, the Great Hall was buzzing with chatter. Students were looking around trying to ascertain if any other witches or wizards had left the school. Hermione didn't notice any glaring absences and didn't feel the need to go so far as a head count...unlike Lavender who was listing everyone unaccounted for on a piece of paper.

Draco was uneasy. He trusted that Blaise wouldn't rat him out, as Severus had said he had talked to Blaise. Draco could only imagine what that meant. It was Blaise's fault anyway. Blaise

was the one prostituting the witches. He was the one who had been greedy, fucking practically every witch in the castle who was over 16. He was the one who wanted to sell sex for money, Draco had just wanted to get his rocks off on a few witches. He never meant for any of this to happen and in hindsight, he should have stopped Blaise, instead of just warning him.

Draco had asked Severus why he didn't just obliviate everybody Tuesday night..Hermione, Ginny, Trixie and the 7 wizards. But, Severus had said it was just too many and too risky, not to mention the sneak-o-scope. Of all the luck! Draco had no idea such a device even existed.

Draco watched his witch all through dinner. She was withdrawn, sad and disinterested in what was going on around her. Did she know she wasn't a virgin? Is that why she was so sad? Draco felt a flush of incredible guilt seeing her like that. He didn't want her to be sad. Fuckin Blaise. It was all his fault.

When Hermione got up to leave she was alone. Draco could see the others hadn't finished eating. It looked like her friends were asking her to stay but she shook her head no. Weasel stood up to walk with her, but she put her hand on his chest to stop him. Then she turned and started to walk out of the Great Hall.

Hermione just wanted to be alone. Actually, she had some questions but didn't know who to ask. Professor Dumbledore or Tonks, probably would be best, but she didn't want to disturb Dumbledore as he had the whole school to worry about and Tonks wasn't around. She decided she would talk to Professor Snape. She turned left to head toward the dungeons where she figured she would wait for him. She had just seen him in the Great Hall and figured he was probably still eating.

As she walked, her blonde friend came up beside her and walked with her. He smiled at her, "Hi Hermione."

She turned and gave him a half hearted smile in return. "Hey." Hermione felt guilty, but a piece of her questioned Draco's involvement in all this. That dream had been about him, not Blaise. But, it was just a dream. Maybe it was because she kind of had feelings for Draco that she had dreamed it was him instead of Blaise...Wait, did she even like Draco back then? She couldn't remember. She was so overwhelmed by it all. It would be so much easier if she knew she could trust him.

Draco was looking at her with concern. "Are you ok, Granger?"

He stopped and grabbed her arm, forcing her to stop as well. "Look at me." He said softly.

She stopped and tried to hold back the tears as she looked at him.

"Hey..Its ok." Draco whispered as he pulled her into a hug. She felt her strength crumble as he held her and she let herself cry on his shoulder.

"C,mon. Let's go somewhere we can talk privately." He took her hand and pulled her down the steps. When they got to the dungeons, he looked around, thinking about the best place to go. He looked back at her. "No one's in my dorm." He sighed. "All my dorm mates have either been arrested or suspended."

Red flags were waving in her brain. "Draco, I don't think.."

Draco's look and tone was sincere and pleading. "Hermione, it's safe. You're safe with me. No one will mess with you from slytherin."

"Ok, just for a little while."

Draco continued to hold her hand as he led her into the Slytherin common room. It was empty. He then led her down another small set of stairs and into his dorm. She looked in awe at the large window that had a spectacular underwater lake view. She could see the giant squid and a couple merpeople swimming around. She looked around the room and saw 4 empty, made beds without trunks or personal items. Draco pulled her over to his bed and she sat next to him.

"Why are you crying, Hermione? I mean, I know this is all terrible, but..but, please tell me you're..you're ok, right?"

She turned to look at him. "I don't know, Draco." She started to cry. "Madam Pomfrey.. she..she did a test." Hermione sniffled and Draco handed her one of his monogrammed handkerchiefs. "I don't know if I was simply raped and obliterated, or if I was given the potion that was given to Trixie and then obliterated.. I don't know which or how many wizards have touched me, I don't know when, or where..or"

Draco pulled her into a hug. The reality of it all crashing on him. Seeing her like this upset him. He wanted to tell her that it was only him, and never Blaise or any other wizard. But she could never know. At least not now. Maybe one day he could tell her, after they had been together a long time.

"There's more. I'm so stupid." Hermione balled her hands into fists and slammed them onto her own thighs. "I noticed a few times, when I undressed at night, that my underwear was missing. It never even occurred to me something so sinister could be occurring. I thought some clever little wizard had learned how to charm off witch's panties." Hermione let out a sigh with a brief laugh. "At least four times, Draco! It happened at least 4 times. Blaise took Trixie's panties as well. So, it would beg to reason, I was assaulted, at the very least, 4 times."

She turned to look at him. "Oh Draco, I'm ashamed to admit it, but I even thought maybe you were the one taking the underwear for a brief spell. But, then I got to know you and realized you wouldn't have."

Draco took both her hands in his. "Hermione, I would never, ever do such a thing. I know I've been a jerk and I know I've done some mean things in my life, but I would also never take a witch against her will. My mother raised me to respect witches. I would never do that...and I especially would never do that to you." He ran his hand through his hair and looked around the room, shaking his head. "I just can't believe Blaise, my best friend, would ever do such a thing." Draco looked at Hermione as he continued, "Blaise knows me. He knows I would have gone bludger on his ass if I found out." He shrugged, "I guess that's why I didn't know."

Draco shook his head and closed his eyes. "But, Hermione, I fear it's my fault, just the same."

"What do you mean?" She asked him hesitantly, not sure she wanted an answer.

Draco sighed heavily. "I like you, Hermione. I like you so much and have for a long time. That's the real reason I wanted your help with the potion. I mean, yeah you're smart and brilliant, but

you're also beautiful and kind, and I've had a crush on you for a while." He was playing with a string on his robes and looking down. His voice had become quiet and shy like.

"Why would that make any of this your fault, Draco?" She asked him tenderly, taking his hand in hers.

He turned to her. "Because, Blaise knew how I felt. He made fun of me for it...you know, you being the princess of Gryffindor and a brainiac...But, over time, he liked you, too. I had first dibs on you, you know, being the first one to express an interest. And, Blaise and I respected each other's designs on witches. We always have." Draco started to pull off his robe leaving him in a t-shirt and jeans. "He told me last week I had to make a move or he was going to. I just wonder if he attacked you because I wanted you and he couldn't make a move because he knew I like you. So, he...he." Draco didn't finish, his voice quivering.

Hermione said with conviction, "rape is an act of violence, Draco...not affection. If he liked me, he wouldn't have raped me." She looked around the room and started to stand. "Besides, I have a feeling he did this to a lot of witches."

Draco looked up at her. "Don't go, Hermione." His voice was sweet and pleading. "I just laid my feelings out..please tell me if there is hope."

"Draco, I don't know what's up or down at this moment. I really like you, a lot...and before all this, I fancied you as well. But right now, I just, I just don't know."

Draco stood up and faced her. "Can I just, just this once?"... He stepped towards her gingerly and shyly. He lowered his head to hers and kissed her softly.

Hermione closed her eyes. It was a nice kiss, familiar somehow. It felt natural. His scent was familiar as well. She slowly kissed him back. He gently wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. Their kiss deepened. Her hands moved up into his blonde locks and his moved to her waist as her pulled her closer.

Draco was the first to pull away. He leaned his forehead to hers. "I've wanted to do that forever."

I know, I know. Snape and Draco, the master manipulators are truly despicable...

Chapter 15

Another heavy chapter, especially the end. Bear with me...

Wednesday Evening Continued...

Hermione smiled softly at Draco. "That was nice, Draco."

He smiled back at her and pulled her into a hug. He smelled her hair and felt his arousal building. He dipped his head and kissed her again. After a minute she pulled back. "Draco, I want to talk to Professor Snape. I have some questions for him. How about you and I see each

other tomorrow. We can work on the potion after classes. We'll have to let one of the potions go, though. Without a third, it will be hard to maintain one in the dungeons and one in the room of requirement."

Draco had already resigned himself to not potioneering her on the days they worked on the assignment, so he no longer had need of the room of requirement anyway. "Yeah, I guess we'll just focus on the one in the classroom lab and not fool with the room of requirement anymore. C'mon. I'll walk you to Severus's study."

Draco contemplated briefly giving her the potion but realized now was not the time, even though he was aroused and really wanted her. She was falling for him as he knew she would. He would have her willingly soon enough, and if she was prudish about sex, he would just potion her. He promised Severus he would hide the potion and he had. But he kept a small amount hidden nearby that he could access pretty quickly if he needed it.

Hermione couldn't get over this wizard walking beside her. He was so sweet and it touched her to know he had been harbouring feelings for her. Maybe all would be ok, after all. What had happened was terrible and mortifying, but maybe with her friends, and someone like Draco at her side, she could get through it.

They approached a door further down the hall than Professor Snape's classroom. Draco knocked and smiled at her. Professor Snape opened the door and when his black, stern eyes went from Draco to Hermione, he gave her a small smile.

Hermione spoke, suddenly insecure about knocking on his door. "I'm sorry to bother you, Professor, but I wonder if you have a few minutes to.."

"Certainly, Miss Granger. Please come in." He stepped aside and gestured for her to enter. As she started to walk in, He looked at Draco. "Mr. Malfoy? Are you visiting as well?"

Draco shook his head. "No, I just wanted to see Hermione safely to your door."

"Thank you, Draco. I will see her safely to her common room after we are done speaking."

Draco said goodnight and headed back to his dorm as Professor Snape shut the door.

"Can I offer you a beverage, Miss Granger? Some tea?"

"No thank you, Professor." Hermione looked around at the professor's private study and was in awe. He, like Draco, had a large window which had a spectacular underwater view of the lake. It was dark outside, yet for some reason there was still some light in the water and the view really was beautiful. There were several tall bookshelves lining the walls filled with books. He had a fireplace with a leather sofa and two wingback chairs.

He gestured towards the sitting area and she chose one of the wingback chairs. He took the other.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Professor, but I didn't know who else to ask. I know Professor Dumbledore is very busy with this situation."

"It is no trouble Hermione. Please ask any question you like."

"Well, I'm really struggling with not knowing what happened to me. I wondered if there might be a way for you to use occlumens on me to get to the memories. Maybe you could then put them into a pensieve for me to view?" Hermione started wringing her hands together and her voice started to tremble as she spoke. "I've tried to remember, but I can't and I just hate not knowing."

"Miss Granger, If your memories have been obliterated from your mind, they are lost. I can not retrieve what has been removed."

"I see." She swallowed, "would there perhaps, be a way, to ask or force Blaise...to place his memories of his attack on my person into a pensieve for me to view?"

He studied her for a moment, considering the implications and intricacies of what she was suggesting. "Are you sure you want to know, Miss Granger?"

Hermione looked at her hands and replied softly, almost a whisper, "no." She looked up at him, "but, I would like to know if it's an option."

"That, Miss Granger, I can not answer. It would be up to Blaise and his legal council. They would never allow him to do anything self incriminating, at least if he is pleading not guilty."

"Can he be forced to take verituserum?"

"He can not be forced. It is frowned upon and considered an admission of guilt to refuse, however, if he has more in his history to hide, he will likely refuse and simply plead guilty to the crimes he has been accused. Then again, he might agree to the serum if he confesses and has nothing to hide."

"What if,... what if, I agreed to not press charges. I haven't yet. I've given my statement, but I've not filed any charges yet. Would he consider just...just telling me what happened to me."

Snape leaned forward and spoke very sternly, "Miss Granger, why on earth would you ever offer him such an out?"

She sighed. "He's going to likely be accused of rape by multiple witches. I'm just one of many. He will still be punished."

"But, he won't be punished for what he did to you specifically."

Hermione let out a small sob, "but that's just it, I don't even know what he did to me!" She blinked back her tears. "For all I know, he didn't even touch me, but whored me out to a room full of wizards." She started crying. Snape stood and walked towards her. He sat on the end of the sofa that was near her chair. Out of her pocket, she pulled the handkerchief Draco had given her and dabbed her eyes and nose.

He spoke softly. "Hermione, there are going to be counselors arriving for the students tomorrow. I want you to talk to them." He patted her hand. "If after speaking to them, you still want to bargain with Blaise for his memories, I will help you in any way that I can. Perhaps Blaise will make this easy on everyone and plead guilty. Perhaps he'll provide pensieve memories to his victims in return for a lighter sentence." He sat back and looked at her. "Have you discussed

any of this with your parents?"

Hermione looked up. "No! Absolutely not. They'd pull me out of this school so fast."

Snape studied her. "Miss Granger, take comfort in your friends. Take comfort in Draco, whom I know has come to care a great deal for you." He stood up and walked to the bar and poured her a glass of muggle brandy. He walked back to her and handed it to her. "Here, drink this. It will help you sleep tonight."

"Thank you, Professor." She took the glass and sipped it.

"Hermione, I don't mean to upset you, but I want to caution you. If you decide to press charges, you will need some sort of proof that he assaulted you. Missing underwear and a sudden loss of virginity doesn't prove that you were raped. It's all circumstantial unless you can get proof."

Hermione considered what he said and sipped her brandy. "I understand. Of course, you are absolutely right." She swallowed the last of it. "Thank goodness Ginny brought that sneak-o-scope. At least he won't be able to deny what happened last night. I'll testify for Susan and Trixie if they decide to press charges for the other attacks that I heard."

She turned her head and looked into the fire. "I wish someone had witnessed my attack and would come forward for me."

Her comment gave Snape an idea. It was risky, but might work.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

20 minutes later, Professor Snape was walking back to his chambers after escorting Hermione to her common room. Hermione had provided him with a lot of insight into how she would proceed. He now knew she was driven by her need to know what happened. The problem lies in the fact that Blaise was never with Hermione and therefore can't produce a memory, even if he wanted to. Perhaps Draco could provide Blaise with a memory that he could say was his own. However, that would be very risky and tricky to pull off. If only there were someone who would provide false testimony or witness...

He entered his chambers and prepared for bed. The best case scenario would be if she somehow could decide it was best to try to move on and put this whole thing behind her.

Thursday Morning

Hermione headed to the common room, anxious to find Ginny. Ginny was not in her dorm when Hermione returned the night before and she wasn't in her dorm this morning. There was a sign in the common room that said classes were cancelled today and tomorrow. Counsellors were arriving and would be available to all students and any arriving parents, who would likely start arriving at any minute since the owls were sent out late yesterday. Hermione shook her head with visions of panicked parents coming to check on or retrieve their daughters. She hoped her parents got her owl which told them not to worry and not to come. She lied to her parents and told them she wasn't involved in any of it. Hopefully, they would believe her and stay away.

Just then the portrait door opened and in walked Ginny and Harry, holding hands and looking

like they both just woke up. Harry waved at Hermione as he yawned and headed up the stairs to his dorm. "Hey Mione", he mumbled groggily.

Ginny smiled at Hermione and gave her a look, that practically screamed, 'Harry and I had sex!' Hermione's jaw dropped and then morphed into a smile. "Tell me everything!" Hermione demanded. Ginny collapsed in a fit of giggles next to Hermione.

Ginny stopped laughing and looked at Hermione. A look of pure joy on her face. "Well, last night Harry and I were laying in his bed talking. And, I told him that one of the things that upset me was that he wasn't my first." Ginny put her head on Hermione's shoulder. "And then Harry said that he could absolutely be my first, because I wasn't really there when I was attacked. I was physically there, yes. But not mentally, and that meant that I was really still a virgin in his eyes."

"Oh, Ginny, that's so..that's so great! What a great way to look at it!"

Ginny nodded. "I love him so much, Mione. I told him I wanted to make love to him. That I wanted his touch to be my most recent physical touch, not the touch of a monster... So he took my hand and led me to the room of requirement. It was so beautiful. The room had a huge, beautiful bed, there were candles and a bathroom with a huge claw foot tub." She yawned and then continued. "He was so tender, and loving, and he held me all night. He kept telling me how much he loves me and how beautiful I am. He said what happened to me was unspeakable and terrible, but that he would always consider himself to be my first."

Hermione hugged her friend. "Oh, Ginny. That's just perfect. I'm so happy for you both."

After Ginny went up to bed, Hermione thought about her own situation and wished she loved and had someone who loved her as much as Ginny and Harry loved each other. Her mind went to Draco. He had been very sweet last night, and she really did like him. Perhaps if she had sex with a wizard by choice it would help her move past what had happened. She wished she could just forget it had ever happened, but she knew herself and knew it wasn't possible. She could usually find the answer to any question. But, the questions that were haunting her right now, might never be answered. How was she supposed to live with that?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she started to feel. How dare someone do this to her! She was desperate to know if it was only Blaise or Blaise and one other, or was it a group of several. Was one of her potential attackers someone she spoke to every day? A Gryffindor perhaps? Cormac McLaggen maybe? She knew he wanted her.

She also felt dirty. She had taken a bath after she left the infirmary the day before and again last night after Professor Snape walked her back to her common room. This morning she had taken a shower instead. But, she still felt dirty and used and just..unclean. She felt herself starting to panic. Her heart was racing. The tears started to fall down her cheeks and she balled up on the sofa, closing her eyes to the world.

"Mione?"

She could hear Ron's voice but just couldn't bring herself to look at him.

A hand reached out to touch her shoulder and she swatted it away. "Don't touch me." She demanded, anger in her voice as the tears fell and her eyes remained closed.

"I'm gonna get help. Stay with her." It was Ron's voice.

She heard Neville reply. "I'll watch her Ron, go get McGonigall."

She felt herself rocking back and forth on the sofa. She just wanted to lay in this ball and be left alone. Her mind started to race. She could leave this school. She could go where no one knows her. Where she would never have to worry about being in the presence of someone who had raped her and her not know it. She could go to America. There were good wizarding schools there as well.

She heard a deep voice. "Mr. Weasley, I will handle this. I told you, Professor McGonigall is meeting with the Headmaster and a group of parents. I will take care of her."

Ron's voice was panicked. "Just leave her, I'll take her to the infirmary."

Hermione felt strong arms lift her and she felt herself being cradled and carried. After what felt like a while, she could tell they were going down steps. She opened her eyes to see familiar black robes and looked up to see Professor Snape's face. His face was tense.

"Professor, I'm ok. Just put me down. I, I want to leave. I can't stay here."

"Sshhh, Miss Granger. It's going to be alright. I'll take care of you. Close your eyes."

His voice, it calmed her. Where he used to terrify her, now he brought her peace. She closed her eyes and took a deep calming breath. It would be ok. Professor Snape would help her.

I think this is it for the really depressing chapters.

Chapter 16

Please Review!!!

Thursday Mid Morning

Hermione felt herself being lowered onto something soft.

Professor Snape's voice was calm and soothing. "Hermione, can you open your eyes?"

She forced them open and found herself lying on the sofa in Professor Snape's private study. He was sitting in one of his wingback chairs, watching her. He handed her a glass. "Drink this, Hermione. It's a mixture of a little calming draught with a clarification potion that helps to clear the mind so that you can think straight."

Hermione sat up and took the potion from him. She swallowed it down quickly in one big gulp and handed the cup back to him.

Professor Snape watched her, anxious to see where the potion would lead her. Would she still

want to leave Hogwarts, or would she decide to press charges? He realized giving her the potion might be a risk as she might have the clarity to put it all together. If that happened, he would obliviate her...once more. He was certain all the obliations were having a cumulative effect and were impacting her ability to reason and concentrate, which was not a bad thing.

Hermione stared into the fire as her mind started to clear. For the first time in two days she felt like she could really think. Her mind actually felt clearer than it had felt in a long time.

"Professor, would you happen to have a scroll and quill I could use?"

"Certainly, Miss Granger." He stood and walked to his desk where he retrieved a piece of blank scroll and a quill. He brought them to her, and charmed a sofa pillow into a hard surface for her to lean on.

Hermione made a list of what was important in her life right now.

1. Harry's defeat of Voldemort and the wellbeing of friends and loved ones.
2. My education
3. The classroom potion. Ironical that it would have helped against the very potion Blaise used against me and others. It might help witches avoid what has happened to me.
4. Relationship with Draco.
5. My personal justice against Blaise.
6. Finding out what happened to me.

She contemplated number six. Why was it 6 and not 1? Or 4? She realized that finding out exactly what happened was not going to change what happened. Blaise was going to Azkaban, of that she had no doubt. Perhaps one day she would seek out her personal justice. What was important was clear to her now.

She handed the quill back to the Professor and smiled softly at him. "Thank you, Professor. I feel much better...shockingly so, actually."

"I'm very pleased to hear that, Miss Granger. You seem...more yourself."

Hermione thought for a minute. "I feel more like myself than I have felt in weeks, Professor. That's quite a potion you just gave me." She gave him a knowing look. "I imagine it comes in very handy to a double agent trying to keep his calm and his wits about him."

He nodded and smirked. "You have no idea, Miss Granger." He leaned back in his chair. "Would you care for some tea? You also must be hungry as you had no breakfast." Before she could answer, the Professor said, "Simpy."

A house elf appeared instantly. The Professor turned to the elf. "Good morning, Simpy. We require some tea and pastries. And if there is anything left over from breakfast that is more substantial, it would be appreciated." Simpy bowed and was gone.

Hermione leaned back, relaxing into the sofa and smiled at him. "Thank you, Professor. I must admit, I feel privileged to be witnessing this side of you. I, always thought you didn't like me. Most of the school is terrified of you, which I'm sure your perfectly aware of."

Professor Snape grinned, "Yes, well most of the students should be terrified of me. I'm actually quite evil."

Hermione laughed. "Yes, evil indeed! Taking care of the biggest Gryffindor 'know it all' of them all and helping her by listening, offering kindness, support and advice. Yes, quite evil."

Snape smiled at her and laughed internally at the irony of the conversation. While he didn't particularly like Miss Granger, he had to admit, there was something about her. Once she was given the clarifying potion, she became quite reasonable. He glanced down and was able to see her list. She was very practical, indeed. She was rather attractive as well, now that he thought about it. He shook off where his mind was wandering just as Simpy reappeared with a large breakfast tray.

Simpy laid out eggs, bacon, sausage, toast, pancakes, juice, tea and pastries on the coffee table. Professor Snape thanked Simpy and after after Simpy left, he prepared Hermione a large plate and handed it to her. She thanked him and began to eat, suddenly feeling ravenous.

Just as they were finishing breakfast, there was a knock at the door. Professor Snape stood and walked to the door and opened it. Draco walked in and froze at the sight of Hermione before smiling at her and turning to Professor Snape. "I see Hermione is still here." She did not see the frosty look Draco threw at Snape.

Draco turned back to her. "Did you not feel well enough to go back to Gryffindor Tower last night?" She looked at him confused, before realizing the misunderstanding. Before she could correct him, Professor Snape beat her to it.

"Miss Granger spent the night in the comfort of her dorm last night. She is merely back here this morning to continue our conversation."

Hermione gave Draco a big smile. "Are you hungry, Draco? I missed breakfast and one of the house elves just delivered a feast."

Draco smiled at Hermione and sat down next to her, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "No. I had breakfast." Professor Snape sat in his chair he had been sitting in and watched in shock as Draco picked up the tea pot, refilling her cup while dropping a couple drops of something into her cup. Snape tried to maintain his composure as he shot Draco a death glare.

Hermione missed it completely as she realized her list was sitting out and picked it up, tucking it into her pocket. Draco smiled at her as she picked up the refilled tea cup and took a sip.

Her look glazed over and she turned to Draco, flinging herself at him and kissing him.

"For fucks sake, Draco! How reckless can you be?" Snape was flabbergasted. "You are gong to get caught! I will not go down with you when that happens!"

Draco started pulling off Hermione's tshirt as he replied. "It's been days. I need her." Next he had her bra off and Snape couldn't help but to look at her. He felt himself start to harden at the

sight.

"Did you have to do this right in front of me?"

Draco smirked as he was helping Hermione out of her jeans. "Feel free to leave, Severus. This won't take too long."

But, Severus didn't leave. He sat back, crossed his legs and watched the show on the couch in front of him.

Draco had Hermione completely naked with his pants down and her mouth on him. Draco leaned back and was gripping her by her hair, guiding her head up and down on him. "Ohh, Princess...that's it. That's my Princess."

Next he pulled her up and spun her around so that she was facing Snape. Draco pulled her onto his lap, guiding himself into her as Hermione moved up and down on him vigorously. Her bouncing breasts were putting on quite a show for Severus. Draco reached around and was massaging them as he pumped himself up and into her furiously.

Snape was quite aroused and tried not to let it show. She was quite lovely...all flushed with flawless, pale skin. She had pert, but full breasts, a flat stomach and... he forced himself to look away. Draco let out a grunt and what sounded like a growl as he came.

Snape turned his gaze back towards her as he imagined fucking her. Perhaps... He was pulled away from his thoughts at Draco's words.

"Ok, Princess. Time to get dressed." Hermione was trying to kiss Draco and was rubbing herself against him.

"Do as I say Princess, and you can touch me again." Draco had her compliance then and had her dressed and her tea cup emptied and refilled with plain tea in a short amount of time. He sat her exactly where she had been, next to him on the sofa, and whispered the cleansing and contraception charms. He gave her the antidote and then obliviated her. As she started to become aware, her forehead crinkled.

Snape leaned forward, "Miss Granger, are you alright?"

Hermione looked up at him. "I think so. I feel like I did when.."

Snape interrupted her. "Oh Miss Granger, I forgot to warn you and quite forgot myself how bad it can be in the beginning."

Hermione looked at him confused, as did Draco. He explained. "The clarifying potion I gave you, can have nasty rebound effects as it wears off. It can make you feel the very opposite of clarity and leave you feeling quite befuddled. Once you use the potion a few times, the rebound is much less significant." Draco shot Snape a look of appreciation.

Hermione gave him a small smile. "That explains it. I was about to say I felt just like those times in the room of requirement.. " Hermione tried to concentrate. It felt like she was missing something..something important. But, she couldn't think straight.

20 minutes later, Hermione and Draco were leaving the dungeons and as they were coming up the steps, Ron and Harry were standing at the top. Hermione saw Harry slip what looked like the marauders map into his pocket.

"There you are!" Ron exclaimed.

Harry approached her, reaching his hand out to her, "Come on Mione, Professor McGonigall is looking for you."

Hermione turned to Draco. "Draco, let's meet up later in the classroom to work on the potion." Hermione could see Draco was irritated that Harry and Ron had come to get her, but he seemed appeased by her offer to meet him later.

"Sure, 2 o'clock good for you?" He asked, his expression innocent.

She smiled. "I'll see you then, Draco."

Hermione's hand was then grabbed by Harry and he pulled her up the stairs, rather aggressively.

As soon as they were out of earshot of anyone else, Harry turned to her. "Hermione! What are you doing with Malfoy?!"

She looked at him confused.

Harry continued. "We came to get you after we found out Snape didn't take you to the infirmary."

Ron added, "I tried to stop Snape from taking you, but he wouldn't listen."

Hermione then remembered how she had come to be in Professors Snape's study. "It's ok, he helped me. I feel much better."

Her two best friends looked at her in disbelief. "He helped you?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Yes, and I feel better and I enjoy his and Draco's company. So everything in fine."

Harry shook his head at her in stunned disbelief. "What are you thinking, Hermione?"

Ron joined in on the lecture. "With everything going on, and what you've been through, why in the name of Merlin would you want to be alone with them? For all you know, they were in on it with Blaise."

Hermione felt her anger rising. "It's Professor Snape. He's a teacher! Draco is my friend...and frankly, maybe more!" She looked from Harry to Ron. "They are helping me deal with all this. Professor Snape has been wonderful and supportive."

Harry and Ron were staring at her like she had lost her mind. Harry whispered, "Hermione, use that magnificent brain of yours and think! And, we're your friends too, Hermione. We've been your friends for a long time!"

She looked at them both and smiled. "Look, I'm not stupid. I'll be careful, and I love you both

and appreciate your concern , but you are wrong about Draco and Professor Snape." She exhaled. "Where's McGonigall?"

Harry got a confused look on his face and then said, "oh, she's not really looking for you. We just said that to get you away from Malfoy."

Hermione rolled her eyes and started walking towards Gryffindor tower, Harry and Ron in tow continuing to argue with her.

When Hermione got back to her dorm, she felt exhausted. She didn't sleep well the night before, the big breakfast and the rebound effect of the clarifying potion had her feeling tired and headachy. She laid down and was asleep within minutes of her head hitting the pillow.

When she woke up, it was 12:30 and she felt much better. She thought back on the morning and couldn't escape the feeling she was missing something, something big. She pulled the piece of paper out of her pocket. The clarifying potion was magnificent. It really helped her think and she would like to get her hands on some more. It was a potion she knew nothing about and had never heard of before today.

Hermione went down to the common room to find it full of parents with their Gryffindor daughters. Molly Weasley among them. She saw Hermione and dashed over to her, giving her a hug.

"Are your parents here, dear?" She asked, looking around the room.

Hermione shook her head. "No, Mrs Weasley. I told them not to come. I'm fine."

Mrs Weasley looked at her, concern in her eyes. "Are you sure? Have you been to the infirmary to be checked. I know it's scary but it's best to know."

Hermione hated to lie, especially to Mrs Weasley. "Yeah, I went." Hermione left it at that.

Mrs Weasley looked at her with relief. "Well, that's good then. This is all such a nasty bit of work. Arthur says the whole ministry is in an uproar."

Hermione wanted to be alone and said, "I need to head to the library." Mrs Weasley smiled at her and headed back towards Ginny and Ron who were sitting on the sofa with Harry. Harry waved her over but she pointed to the portrait door and mouthed, "library." Harry nodded in understanding.

Just as Hermione was about to leave the common room, Professor McGonigall walked in.

"Can I have your attention please." She looked around the room, giving everyone a chance to stop their conversations and look at her. "Effective immediately, no student is allowed to walk in any of the castle corridors alone. You must travel in groups of 2 or more. Also, there is now a 7pm curfew."

There were mumblings and groans of protest on that last part.

"Until the investigation is concluded and we are confident all guilty parties have been apprehended, we must practice safety in numbers."

"Why do we have a curfew? Even if we are in pairs? What about Chess club? I have an astronomy assignment." The questions were coming at Professor McGonigall from all directions.

She stood her ground. "These new rules have been put in place for your protection. If you have a specific reason why you need to be somewhere other than Gryffindor tower after 7pm, please see myself or a prefect. Prefects, you may grant access at your discretion, but students may not be out alone."

Hermione decided to go back up to her dorm room as she really just wanted to be alone. Having to have someone go with her to go to the library defeated the purpose.

When she got back to her dorm she laid on her bed. Crookshanks curled up next to her. Hermione tried to think what it was that was bothering her. Her mind had been so clear earlier. It had become muddled again after the rebound of the clarifying potion. She started to make a connection. It was the same muddled feeling earlier today as the times in the room of requirement. It was also the same muddled feeling when she left the library the other night, and as she thought back, didn't she have this same feeling several nights in a row a few weeks ago when she had been trying to follow Draco? Back when she thought he was up to something?"

Her mind made another connection. Did her underwear disappear on any of those nights? She pushed herself up in bed.. Realization dawning. Yes! She had missing underpants on those nights she tried to follow Draco as well as one of the nights she had become muddled while in the room of requirement. If she could narrow down those dates, perhaps she could find a witness. Someone who might have seen her with Blaise, or another wizard. She would have to look at a calendar.

She looked at her watch and saw it was 1:30. She was supposed to meet Draco at 2 in the potions classroom. She would need someone to go with her. She walked into the common room. Everyone was engaged in conversation. Ron was talking to Lavender and Harry and Ginny weren't around. She spotted Neville reading in a corner chair. She walked over to him. "Hey Neville."

He smiled at her. "Hey Hermione. Are you feeling better?" His question threw her but then she remembered hearing his voice when she was having her mini breakdown on the sofa earlier.. "I'm much better, Neville..thanks."

He smiled. She asked, "Hey, Neville. Would you mind going with me to the potions classroom? I'm supposed to meet Draco at 2 to work in our project, but I can't go down alone."

Neville looked like the very last thing he wanted to do was head to the potions classroom. He asked her, hesitantly' "will...will Professor Snape be there?"

Hermione smiled at him. "I highly doubt it. If he shows up, I'm sure he'll leave you alone. Just bring your books and you can study at one of the desks."

He thought for a minute, "ok, sure."

She beamed at him, "Thanks, Neville."

Draco was in the Slytherin common room. Severus had just announced the new curfew and

traveling in pairs rule. This could present a big problem for him. He was losing patience. He knew that Saturday was only 2 days away and after a day of romancing her she would finally be his, but he wanted her with him now. He was furious when Harry and Ron had showed up and taken her from him. She was his! Once she acknowledged it, he would keep her away from them. He still needed to work out how to turn them against her. She didn't need them. He would be all she would ever need.

Chapter 17

Thanks for reading and reviewing. A reviewer commented about Snape in the last chapter. Yeah, he was super creepy and extra pervy, but don't worry, there aren't any Snape molesting Hermione moments in this story. Draco is the only one who lays hands on Hermione.

Thursday Afternoon

Hermione and Neville arrived in the potions classroom to find Draco and Professor Snape sitting at his desk. Hermione felt Neville stiffen at her side and turned to him, offering a reassuring smile.

Professor Snape stood, "Ahh, Miss Granger. I see you found someone to come to the dungeons with you. I was going to come retrieve you if you didn't show."

Hermione smiled, "yes, Neville was kind enough to walk down with me."

Snape gave Neville a disapproving glance, "Yes, how helpful to have such a.. capable wizard by your side."

Hermione could hear Neville's breathing quicken. "He's going to study while Draco and I work on our potion."

Professor Snape started to walk towards the door. "That is...acceptable. Draco, come next door to my study when you are done and I'll escort you back to Slytherin."

Professor Snape turned towards Hermione and nodded his head, "Miss Granger, please send for me if you are in need...of anything."

Hermione thought there was something odd in the way Professor Snape was looking at her, but she couldn't place it. The Professor then looked towards Neville and didn't say anything as he left.

Hermione and Draco made a new brewing schedule and narrowed down the recipes they were going to attempt. They didn't trust that Blaise had been keeping up with the current potion in the classroom, so they dumped it and started it fresh. By 4:30 their hands and arms were tired from slicing and chopping.

Hermione was pleased with their progress and smiled at Draco, "It's like a fresh start. And, with only one cauldron, it will be easier to keep our notes organized."

He smiled back. "Yeah, I just hope we can figure this thing out. It would be such an

accomplishment."

Draco took hold of her hand under the table and held it. Hermione gave him a small smile.

"Hermione, are..are you guys about finished? I need to go the library before dinner and..."

Hermione turned toward Neville and smiled at him. She had practically forgotten he was even there. "Sure, Neville. All done, thanks."

Hermione started to stand but Draco still had her hand. He held it firmly. She looked at his face to see he looked angry but he wasn't looking at her. He was looking at Neville. His face livid. This confused her. "Draco? Everything ok?"

His face immediately relaxed and he smiled at her, as if nothing was wrong at all. It struck Hermione as very strange and she tried to think of what Neville had done or said that would make Draco mad. The way his face morphed from anger to a friendly smile was bewildering.

After they packed up their bags, Hermione and Neville walked Draco to Professor Snape's study and then the two of them went to the library. Dinner wasn't until 6, so they had some time. Once in the library, Hermione wanted to see what she could find out about clarifying potion. She knew there was nothing about it in her potions book, so she assumed it was either a NEWT level potion or higher.

She finally found it mentioned in a book of potent and addictive potions. "Clarifying potion, while very effective, is also very addictive. It includes ingredients that are illegal in the muggle world and highly restricted in the magical world. One such ingredient being from the coca plant, is a stimulant which gives a euphoric feeling. When this stimulant is used in small amounts, with the proper co-ingredients, including powdered dragon claw and armadillo bile, and is stirred and mixed properly, it brings great clarity of thought. This clarity of thought, while extremely useful and advantageous, can lead to repeated use of the potion, ultimately leading to addiction and dependence. For this reason, it's use should be limited and used in only extraordinary circumstances. Side effects can include decisiveness, rapid speech, headache, dilated pupils, and a sense of wellbeing or euphoria."

Hermione sat back in her chair. It was surprising the Professor had given this potion to her. It definitely helped her and she was grateful, but she was surprised all the same, given it was restricted. She also noticed the article mentioned nothing about the rebound effects Professor Snape had mentioned and she had experienced. She was hesitant now as to whether she should use the potion again. She really felt it would help her figure out whatever it was she was missing. It might be worth the risk if the potion could help her concentrate and focus enough to figure out or remember more details about the times she felt "off" and/or her panties disappeared. This in turn might help her figure out when she was attacked and by whom. While she was sure Blaise was the main culprit, she couldn't shake the feeling that others were involved. She began to feel guilty as she remembered her priority list. If she used the potion again, it should be to help Harry or to work on the project potion. Clearly, she couldn't use it very often, and using it for the purpose of the greater good would be more responsible. All this debate of proper usage was moot anyway because she didn't know how to make the potion and doubted Professor Snape would let her take it again.

It was almost 6pm, so Hermione and Neville packed up their bags and headed to the Great Hall.

They arrived at dinner to find Harry, Ginny, Ron and Lavender all sitting together. Hermione and Neville joined them. Hermione watched her friends and her heart filled with love for them as she looked around the table. Her list drove home the fact that they were what was important. Harry defeating Voldemort...her helping him, as well as her friends get through this war unscathed... That was what was the most important! She felt the pull of being watched and caught Malfoy staring at her again. He gave her a small smile and a wave as she looked at him. Pansy Parkinson and Daphne Greengrass both saw it and gave Draco a strange look, then looked at her and started whispering to each other. Draco just kept watching her, seemingly oblivious to the slytherins starting to notice. It was very odd, and if she was honest, just a bit creepy the way he was watching her. She gave him a small smile and turned back to her friends.

Friday

Friday found Hermione wanting to spend time with Harry, Ron and Ginny. They spent their day in Gryffindor tower doing classwork. Hermione was disappointed in herself because she realized her work had been sub par the past couple weeks. She looked over her notes and felt they were sloppy and not as detailed as they should have been. Her charms essay she had completed a few nights before was unacceptable and she would have to redo it. Thank goodness classes had been cancelled for three days so she hadn't handed it in yet.

She thought back to the clarifying potion and couldn't help but to wonder if it was still helping her somehow. She had that brief rebound period of feeling off and being unable to concentrate in Professor Snape's study. But, when she woke up from her nap the day before, as well as last night and today, she still felt more aware and clear of thought than she had before taking the clarifying potion.

She remembered she wanted to look at a calendar and try to figure out the dates her underwear had disappeared. She pulled out her planner and looked over the past few weeks. Perhaps she should start with figuring out the days she had episodes of feeling off. She wrote down the dates as well as she could remember and then she added the days she had underwear disappear. She was stunned to realize she actually had her underwear disappear 5 times, not 4. But Harry only had 4 pair. Where was the 5th pair? While she wasn't 100% sure her dates were all correct, she felt fairly confident they were.

She took calming breaths and remembered.. her panties had disappeared three times before she started working on the potion with Blaise and twice since. Underwear disappearing coincided with the three times she had been following Draco a few weeks ago and twice on nights she had been in the room of requirement and had felt off... There had been other nights she had felt off in the room of requirement as well but had not lost panties and there had been the other night when leaving the library and then yesterday in Snape's study. The room of requirement episodes had been explained by the potions ingredients not being cleaned properly. Yesterday's episode was the rebound effect of the clarifying potion. But why did every single episode, no matter the cause and no matter when they were or where they were, leave her feeling the exact same way? Shouldn't there be differences? Maybe something was wrong with her? Maybe it wasn't the potions ingredients or the rebound effect..What if she was sick? What if she had a brain tumor? What if her 'episodes' were unrelated to the underwear? No, she didn't believe that. They had to be related. Perhaps she should visit Madam Pomfrey again though..just to be sure.

Hermione went down to the common room to find Tonks talking to Ginny and Harry. Tonks smiled at her. Ginny turned to Hermione, "Tonks brought me back my sneak-o-scope."

"Yeah, it's been wiped of the recording, but the ministry made a copy first. So, you can have it back." Tonks then looked at Hermione. "Hermione, you got a minute?"

Hermione was quite pleased to talk with Tonks. They put on their cloaks and headed outside to the lake where they would have privacy. Tonks asked Hermione a lot of the same questions she had already answered.

"What's going to happen to Blaise, Tonks?" Hermione finally asked.

"Well, that all depends. He confessed to the attacks against Trixie and against Susan Bones, and insists he didn't attack anyone else. But, between you and me, there are other witches who have come forward suspecting they may have been attacked, and he's denying them all. We think he's only admitting guilt for Trixie and Susan because we have proof of one and you as a witness to the other two."

Hermione started to tear up. "Tonks can I tell you something as a friend and not an Auror?"

Tonks's expression became one of concern and then sadness. "Oh no, don't tell me."

Hermione wiped the tears on her cheeks. "Madam Pomfrey checked me and I'm not a virgin, Tonks." She took a breath and exhaled to help her maintain her composure, "I've been raped and I don't know by how many, but I think I've figured out when." Hermione proceeded to share all her notes about her "episodes" and when she lost underwear.

Tonks listened to Hermione and asked many questions. She then gave Hermione a long and hard look. "Hermione, I think you're right to go see Madam Pomfrey, but I don't think you have a brain tumor. I think you've been obliviated many more times than you realize. Your 'episodes' as you call them, sound like the after effects of obliviation and I wouldn't be too sure my cousin isn't a guilty party as well." She continued. "I'm sorry Hermione, but I don't think you were reacting to unclean surfaces in that lab. I think my evil little cousin.."

Hermione interrupted her. "But, he likes me. He asked me to go to Hogsmead this weekend." Hermione went on to explain all the conversations she and Draco had about everything and his confession about his feelings for her.

"Hermione, I could be wrong. But, what if I'm right? We are talking about Draco Malfoy!"

Hermione started to feel uneasy. She wanted to defend Draco. But, was she being naive? And if she was... Her mind started to race. Had Harry and Ron been right? Could Draco be involved in all this? She was with him far more than Blaise. But, Draco had been nothing but kind to her...attentive and sweet...but, if she was completely honest, just a touch odd as well. The thing with Neville and then at dinner last night. And those nights she was trying to follow him...what if he caught her spying on him but she doesn't know because he obliviated her... She began to feel sick to her stomach.

Tonks and Hermione went to see Madam Pomfrey together. Hermione explained her symptoms she had been having. The inability to concentrate, the feeling of having lost time, the queasiness and the exhaustion. She also explained about her sub par homework which she just discovered and how her class notes were not to her usual standard. She did not mention the clarifying potion as she didn't want to get Professor Snape in trouble when he had been so

helpful.

Madam Pomfrey listened to Hermione very carefully and then told her plainly, "you are describing classic obliviation symptoms, Miss Granger." Hermione felt like the walls were caving in around her. If she was obliviated after the library as well as all those times in the room of requirement, Draco had to be involved. And she had believed him! She had trusted him! She...she had liked him. She wanted Tonks and Harry and Ron to be wrong. There just had to be another explanation.

"I would like to run some diagnostic tests on you. It won't take long and it won't hurt, but you will need to..."

Just then the door to the infirmary opened and Professor Snape walked in. "I brought you this months potions." He said as he walked in and then paused at the sight of Tonks and Hermione sitting with Madam Pomfrey.

He gave a small bow. "Forgive me, I did not mean to interrupt."

Hermione gave him a small smile. Madam Pomfrey stood and rushed over to him. "Thank you, Severus. I'm almost completely out of calming drought." She took some of the potions from him and he followed her, helping her get them on the shelves. With a wave of his wand, all the potions organized themselves and were lined up perfectly. Madam Pomfrey smiled at him. "Wonderful, thank you."

"Certainly, Madam Pomfrey. Always happy to help." He looked toward Hermione and Tonks and then back to Madam Pomfrey. "Is everything alright?"

Madam Pomfrey was about to answer when Hermione interjected, "Professor, actually I would like you here. I, I." She paused because Tonks was staring at her and slightly shaking her head.

But it was too late. Snape walked over and replied, "I am at your disposal."

Madam Pomfrey took Hermione's invite as a go ahead to bring him up to speed on their conversation. He stared expressionless as Madam Pomfrey relayed all of Hermione's symptoms. He turned to Hermione. "There were other times you had these symptoms besides when you were in the lab with Draco?"

Hermione nodded. "Yes, sir. Three times before I started helping Draco and Blaise with the potion, as well as the other night after leaving the library and .." she paused.

Tonks jumped in and finished her sentence, "and again yesterday in your study." Tonks maintained eye contact with him, watching for a reaction, but Snape was talented at deception and his face gave nothing away.

He merely replied, "that was a reaction to a calming drought and mild clarifying potion I gave to Miss Granger to help her clear her mind of a hysterical state."

Hermione smiled at him. "And I remain grateful to you Professor. I think that potion is still helping me. I felt 'off' in your study and for a little while after, but when I woke up from taking a nap, my thoughts and concentration remained much clearer than they had been in weeks. I can't explain it. Is it possible the potion could still be affecting me?"

Madam Pomfrey looked from Hermione back to Snape. "Hmmm, I've never heard of a rebound from a calming draught or a clarifying potion." Her tone was not accusatory. It was academic, as if she were curious. "Of course, my experience with clarifying potion is minimal."

Professor Snape looked at Madam Pomfrey with a pleasant expression, "it is..my own personal recipe. It has less dangerous side effects than the versions that can be found for purchase." He then turned to Hermione, "I would be surprised to learn it is still helping you Miss Granger, but perhaps it has somehow cleared your brain of some of the residual effects from being obliviated."

"Well, let's not waste any more time." Madam Pomfrey gestured for Hermione to lay down. Hermione sighed as once again she found herself being examined by Madam Pomfrey. Madam Pomfrey whispered several spells, waving her wand in between and hovering her wand over Hermione's head. She stopped and looked at Hermione and then at Professor Snape. She shook her head.

"Hermione, it is just as a Tonks suspected. We will have to do some concentration exercises to determine the extent, but you are suffering from obliviation dysfunction."

Professor Snape stepped closer to Hermione, looking at her with concern as he responded. "Are you quite sure, Madam Pomfrey?"

She nodded her head yes, and responded, "quite sure, Professor." She shook her head. "She must have been obliviated at least 4 or 5 times within the past 2 weeks, possibly more." She noticed Hermione's panicked look. "Don't you worry my child, we will start treatment right away to minimize or prevent altogether any permanent ...side effects."

Hermione looked at a Professor Snape. "Malfoy!" She said the name with venom. She felt the anger rising within her and sat up on the side of the cot. She looked straight ahead, at nothing in particular. "I'm going to kill him. How could I be so stupid!" She wasn't sad, she wasn't even shocked, she was furious. It all fell into place. All of it. It had to be him, maybe Blaise and others as well, but he had to be involved. The nights she followed him, all those times in the room of requirement.. the library the other night. Even yesterday. Doubt crept into her mind as she looked at Professor Snape. She shook that off. No, he was a teacher. Even if he was Draco's Godfather, he would never harm a student. He would never harm her...she looked at him. Would he?

Chapter 18

Ok, all you clever readers. I have it figured out in my head how this is all going to end, but I'm not loving my ending. It's good, but not great. If I give it some time, something better will come to me, which is what I'll prolly do. In the meantime, please feel free to private message me if you have a particularly juicy outcome for all this madness. If I use your idea, I'll give you credit in the author's note. But, please don't post your idea as a review, because it won't be a surprise to the other reviewers or readers if you do.

Also, I'll prolly only be posting chapters weekly or so going forward. Have a lot of personal stuff going on, but it won't be any less frequent than weekly and I'll post more often as able. Once again, all of the Harry Potter universe belongs to JKR and I make no money from this fanfic.

Friday Afternoon

Hermione watched Professor Snape as her mind reeled. No, she didn't believe Professor Snape was involved in any of this, but she would keep her eye on him, just the same. The episode in his study the day before felt exactly like the others. Perhaps it was exactly what Professor Snape said it was, a reaction to the clarifying potion. But, Hermione now found herself incapable of putting her trust in him completely.

Madam Pomfrey looked at Hermione, surprised in the girl's change in demeanor and accusatory tone. "Now, now dear. It's best not to jump to conclusions with accusations such as this, I realize you and your friends don't get along with Mr. Malfoy, but..."

Professor Snape, maintaining his gaze on Hermione, interrupted Madam Pomfrey, "No, Poppy, I'm afraid I have to agree with Miss Granger. Mr. Malfoy could very well be involved."

Hermione was completely shocked at Professor Snape's statement. She expected him to rush to the defense of his Godson and favorite Slytherin. Her faith in him was renewed.

He asked Hermione, "Miss Granger, if you are able to remember the specific times and dates you felt..."

"I have it right here, Professor. I was showing them to Tonks." Hermione pulled her notes from her pocket she had made about everything she could remember.

Hermione was about to hand Professor Snape her notes when Tonks, stopped her. "Not so fast, Hermione. I think you should consider discussing and disclosing this information with my department...in an official capacity. It would be best not to discuss your notes with anyone else."

Hermione looked at Tonks and then back at Professor Snape, her expression uncomfortable.

The Professor reassured her. "Yes, Miss Tonks is quite correct, Hermione. Perhaps you could just share with me the generalities of your memory's and leave the specifics for the Aurors."

Hermione gave her Professor a small appreciative smile. "Yes, professor. I would appreciate your opinion. Could we talk later though? I feel a bit overwhelmed right at the moment."

She looked at Madam Pomfrey, "Is there anything you can do to help me recover faster from the obliations? I really need to be able to concentrate and while I feel more like myself than I have in weeks, I still feel like I'm not able to piece everything together as well as I should be able to. Now that I know I've been obliated, I can recognize that I'm not myself."

Madam Pomfrey looked from her to Professor Snape and back again. "Well, not really, dear. Time is the best healer and we can work on concentration exercises, which will help a great deal as well, but they take time." She gave Hermione a word of caution. "It is imperative that you not be obliated again. Make sure you are always with someone you trust and are never alone."

Hermione nodded. "I will. I'll make sure I'm always in a group or with a teacher." Hermione looked determined. "When can we start the concentration exercises?"

Madam Pomfrey replied, "It would be best to start as soon as possible. How about tomorrow morning. If you could come every morning for about 15 or 20 minutes before breakfast, I feel that would be a good start. We will build up to twice a day."

Tonks stood and looked at Hermione. "I think you should make an official statement, Hermione. Let me go get the rest of my team working on this from the Auror office. Give us your statement so that it can be investigated properly. I can get them right now."

Hermione thought about Tonks's words, but it didn't sit well with her to file a report with the Aurors, at least not yet. She took to heart what Professor Snape had mentioned to her before about needing evidence, and she had no evidence against Draco. There was no true evidence she had ever even been attacked. Yes, she had been obliviated, yes she was missing underwear and was no longer a virgin, but that didn't mean that Draco as well as Blaise and who knows who else, had raped her. Everything would be considered circumstantial. If only she were herself and could think more clearly. She might be able to remember something that would prove to be solid evidence.

Hermione looked at Professor Snape and then at Tonks. "I need to think about it Tonks. I need to be sure and have some kind of evidence before I accuse anyone. Otherwise, I'm just giving that person a chance to cover his tracks. Best he not know I'm on to him."

Hermione looked at Professor Snape. "Professor, I realize Draco is your Godson, but can I trust you to not mention my suspicions to him?"

Professor Snape considered for a minute and then replied, "If Draco is guilty of such horrendous acts, he deserves whatever punishment he has coming his way...However, please be sure before you levy such heavy accusations against him or anyone else. Reputations and lives can be ruined by false accusations of this nature." He looked at a Tonks and then back at Hermione, "I will not alert Draco of your suspicions, but I will be watching him very closely. If he is in fact guilty, we must stop any further attacks against you or any other witches he has his designs on." He paused and then said, "I really hope you are wrong about him, Miss Granger. I agree it seems likely he's involved, but he has intimated to me that he has feelings for you and a desire for more than friendship. This kind of behavior contradicts what he has shared with me where you are concerned."

Hermione considered Professor Snape's words. He was right. She needed to be sure, sure 100% before she accused Draco. If she was wrong, it would be terribly unfair to accuse him. But, in her heart of hearts, she knew Draco was guilty. It explained that dream she had a couple weeks ago. "Yes, Professor. I agree and will not accuse anyone without being quite sure."

Tonks looked at Hermione and then Madam Pomfrey. "We need to alert the headmaster attacks might still be occurring. I know he implemented the curfew and the corridor rules for the student's protection just in case Blaise wasn't the only perpetrator, but what Hermione has presented, means there is no question. There is someone else attacking witches and we need to protect the students."

Professor Snape and Madam Pomfrey nodded in agreement. Madam Pomfrey spoke up. "I shall alert him that witches, who wish to remain anonymous, are still complaining of possible attacks with evidence of obliviation." She then looked at Hermione. "He will want names, but he won't hear them from me." She gave Hermione a small smile. "Please come back in the morning

before breakfast for the start of the concentration exercises and see me immediately if you have any episodes of lost time, bad headaches or feeling off in any way."

Hermione stood. "Yes, Madam Pomfrey. I promise I will."

Tonks walked Hermione back to the Gryffindor common room where she found Ron, Lavender, Harry and Ginny all waiting for her. She sighed as she walked over to them and Tonks bid her farewells to the group.

Ginny saw the look on Hermione's face. "What's wrong, Mione? I mean...aside from the obvious."

Hermione wasn't ready to share with Harry and Ron what she had figured out, at least not yet. She would tell them soon, but right now she just wanted to keep it to herself while she was still figuring things out.

Hermione smiled at her friends and said, "I'll be back down in a minute, I just need to write down some things that Tonks and I talked about... you know, girl stuff. Ginny can you come with me?" She grabbed Ginny's hand and pulled her up the steps to talk to her in the girl's dorm.

Ginny shut the door and followed Hermione to her bed, sitting down next to her. "Oh, Ginny. You're the only friend I feel I can really share everything with." Ginny reassured Hermione that she was there for her and then Hermione proceeded to tell Ginny everything. She told her about the clarifying potion, the rebound effect, the night after the library, all the episodes in the Room of Requirement as well as the nights she had followed Draco. She showed her the piece of paper with all her notes with narrowed down dates and corresponding dates of missing panties. She told her what Madam Pomfrey said about being obliviated and, last but not least, her suspicions about Malfoy."

Ginny looked at her friend in total shock. "Oh Mione. If it's him, if it's Draco...he's...you've been alone with him so much!" She paused and looked at the floor, in thought and then back up at a Hermione. "It does seem kind of obvious it's him." She said softly.

Hermione sighed. "The worst part is, I really liked him. And, I believed him." Hermione stared at the wall, determined. "I need proof, Ginny." She turned to her friend. "We need to set a trap."

"How?" Ginny was in deep thought as well. "When do you see him again?"

Hermione thought for a minute, "well, he wanted to see me today, but I said no because I wanted to work on other homework assignments and spend time with you, Harry and Ron. So, I guess I'll see him tomorrow when we go to Hogsmead."

"Hermione, you can't go with him to Hogsmead! It's too dangerous!"

"Well what would you suggest then?" Hermione snapped. She immediately regretted it. "I'm sorry, Ginny. I don't mean to talk to you like that. I'm just so...so angry and confused and...hurt." She dropped her head into her hands.

Ginny wrapped her arm around Hermione's shoulder. "It's ok, Mione. You've had a shock figuring all this out." Ginny chewed on her lip for a minute. "How about if Harry and I follow you and Draco around in the invisibility cloak?"

Hermione turned to her friend. Ginny continued, "you could just act like everything is normal. If he's been attacking you as much as you think, he's bound to do it again tomorrow. But, Harry and I will be there to stop him."

Hermione thought for a minute. "Well, it does have merit. You would have to stay close..all day."

Ginny smiled. "The minute he does anything to you, we'll be there to stop him and act as witness."

Hermione thought for a minute. "I don't know, Ginny. Let me think about it."

Ginny pointed out, "if you break your date with him, he'll want to know why and might become suspicious you are on to him."

Draco was irritated. He hadn't seen his witch all day. Severus was being a pain as well. Draco had managed to avoid him since the prior evening. Ever since he had potioned Princess the day before in front of Severus, Severus had been all over him about being reckless. Now he couldn't avoid him any longer. Severus had left him messages that he needed to speak with him about an urgent matter. So, now he was having to wait for Severus to come get him and take him to Severus's study so they could talk. This whole buddy system while in the corridors, it definitely shouldn't apply to him and he resented having to wait for Severus to come get him.

15 minutes later, Severus and Draco were in Severus's study.

Draco was stunned when Severus turned to him and bluntly said, "Miss Granger knows, or at least strongly suspects, you have been attacking her and obliterating her. She is going to try to gather evidence against you."

Draco's heart started to race as panic started to set in. "What? How? How could she possibly know?"

Severus shook his head. "It's amazing she didn't figure it out sooner, Draco." Severus sat in one of his wingback chairs, rubbing his temples. "She is seeing Madam Pomfrey for concentration exercises starting tomorrow and as her mind starts to clear, over time, it is possible she will remember more. She has figured out dates she was attacked, and she has reconciled those dates to be when she was with you. I do not have the specifics yet as Tonks prevented her from confiding in me completely, but I intend to get more information out of her tonight."

Draco smiled at Severus. "I love her, Severus. I think, I think she loves me too, but she doesn't know it yet" Draco's forehead crinkled as he thought and started pacing. "I just need a day with her. Tomorrow in Hogsmead... I can...she's mine, Severus! She won't care about any of it, because she'll love me and then it won't matter that I gave her that stupid potion. She won't care because she loves me!" Draco's expression was frantic and for the first time, Severus saw how truly mad Draco was.

Thanks for reading! Please review :)

Chapter 19

Friday Evening

Severus poured himself a firewhiskey as he contemplated this mountain of a mess Draco, and potentially himself had landed in. After Draco had professed his love for Hermione and insisted she loved him as well and would forgive him, Severus did the only thing he could do. He obliviated the blonde and escorted him back to Slytherin. It was time he distanced himself from the blonde. He needed to come out of this blameless and that meant Draco and Blaise would take the fall alone. He used occlumens on Draco before obliviating him, and got a first hand look at all the interactions and sexual encounters with Hermione. After much deliberation, he performed specific memory obliviations on Draco and removed all Draco's memories of their conversations about Hermione. Many obliviations were only parts of conversations. For instance, Draco would remember Snape waking him and telling him about Blaise being arrested, but the part where Snape told Draco to hide the potion would be lost to Draco. Draco would not remember ever confiding to Snape about using the potion on her. Snape also obliviated the memory of seeing him with McGonigall. There was nothing in Draco's memories linking Snape to any of it. This meant he also had to obliviate Draco's memory of having sex with Hermione in his study the day before. It was risky obliviating so many memories, but it was necessary. Snape was skilled at the art of obliviation and was convinced he could do so without harming the boy.

Snape walked to his favorite wingback chair and continued pondering the situation. He had only used the potion himself one time and that had been on Professor McGonigall. It really was a remarkable potion and the Dark Lord had already started incorporating it into his revels. The Death Eaters relished raping and maiming females only to have them beg for more.

Perhaps Lucius should be informed about Draco? No, best to let the chips fall where they may. The Malfoy's had received the same owl as everyone else, but Draco had owled them insisting he was not involved and for them not to worry. Going forward, Snape would be Hermione's ally and now that Draco couldn't implicate him in any way, he should be in the clear. He knew Blaise wouldn't say anything, not after the threat Snape laid at Blaise's feet. What a mess.

After dinner, Hermione and Ginny pulled Harry and Ron aside and headed to the room of requirement so they could talk without being interrupted. The girls filled Harry and Ron in on everything. To say Harry and Ron were upset would be an extreme understatement. They were furious and heartbroken for their friend. They were more convinced than Ginny or Hermione that Draco was guilty. Harry, was also incensed at the thought that Draco might have attacked Ginny. He didn't mention this to her, as he wanted her forget she had ever been raped, but he would avenge her. He would avenge her if it was the last thing he did.

The foursome discussed their plan. Part one was gathering evidence and part two was seeking revenge. Draco would pay dearly for what he did.

Saturday Morning

Draco woke up feeling strange. He had gone to bed the night before with a terrible headache. He felt like something was off, but he couldn't quite place it. He remembered that today he had a date with Hermione. This made him quite happy and he dressed with care. He would look

handsome for his witch. He went to breakfast to see Hermione sitting with her friends at the Gryffindor table. He was surprised they all turned to look at him as he walked in. Hermione must have told them about her date with him. It was a good sign that she did that. She had feelings for him and clearly wanted her friends to know she had a date with him today. By the end of the day, she would be his completely, he was certain.

He decided that since they know, he would approach her. He walked over to the Gryffindor table and smiled brightly at her. "Hi Hermione." She turned to look at him. He was surprised by her expression. It wasn't the warm smile he was used to, but an awkward smile. She looked tense. Draco felt she was probably really nervous.

"Hi, Draco." She responded. Her voice didn't sound normal. She almost sounded irritated.

"What time do you want to head to Hogsmeade?" He asked as he looked around the table to see Harry and Ron looking at him with hate in their eyes. That was fine, he knew they hated him and it didn't matter. Hermione would want nothing to do with them soon enough. He would turn her against them or them against her. One or the other.

Hermione looked at Ginny and then back at Draco. "Ummm, 10?" She responded.

"Great, I'll meet you at the front door of the castle at 10." He smiled at her and turned, walking back to the Slytherin table to the shocked faces of his fellow Slytherin classmates.

Hermione watched him walk away. Her stomach was in knots. She wanted to be wrong about him. But, she knew she wasn't and she was nervous about being alone with him. What if he had a room set up like Blaise? Maybe he was planning to whore her out today to a group of adolescent boys. She felt nauseated at the thought.

Ginny took her hand. "It's ok. Harry and I will be shadowing you closely. You won't be alone with him. When he starts to give you the potion, Harry and I will be there to intervene. We'll grab you and the potion and take it to Dumbledore. You'll be safe. We'll have evidence against him, he'll be arrested and that will be the end of him."

Hermione looked from Harry to Ron and back to Ginny. "I want revenge Ginny. Sending him to Azkaban isn't enough."

Harry smiled at her. "Don't you worry about that, Mione. We'll have revenge." Hermione nodded at him and then looked back at Draco to see he was staring at her.

Hermione dressed for her date with care. She wore a pretty, blue cashmere sweater her mother had sent her with her newest jeans. She walked down to the main castle door at 9:55 with Ginny and Harry close behind under the cloak. Ron and Lavender were already in Hogsmeade where they would be tailing from a distance. She tried to make her expression as normal as she could so that Draco wouldn't catch on that she was on to him.

Draco was already there when she arrived at the entrance. He smiled and greeted her, "I've been looking forward to this all week."

She gave him a shy smile in return as Professor Snape walked up behind them. The Professor nodded to her and then Draco.. "Miss Granger, Mr. Malfoy."

"Good morning, Professor." Hermione replied. Draco turned back towards Snape and offered him a nod in reply.

The Professor walked with a quicker pace and moved on ahead of them as the couples and small groups of students made their way toward the village.

"So, where do you want to go first?" Draco asked her.

"Um...Honeydukes?" She asked tentively, realizing she was acting completely unlike herself and needed to snap out of it or the cat was going to be out of the bag. She took a breath, and then, trying to sound more like herself added, "And I definitely want to go to Tomes and Scrolls."

Draco laughed. "Of course you want to go there."

Draco started walking towards the candy store. "So, what did you do yesterday?" He looked at her with a perfectly normal expression.

Hermione felt so off. He was acting so normal. He was being nice and what if she was wrong about him? What if he had never attacked her? She sighed internally and answered his question. "I, umm, I studied and hung out with Harry, Ginny and Ron."

Draco nodded. "Yeah, I did the same... Finally got that Charms essay done. I also swung by the potions lab and peeked on our potion. It was still that dark green color. I'm thinking we can add the daisyroot tomorrow."

Hermione was feeling guiltier and guiltier the longer she was with him. By the time they left Honeydukes and then Tomes and Scrolls, it was lunch time. Draco had been nothing short of a gentleman all morning. He had not acted weird, he had not touched her and had not tried to get her to eat or drink anything. He had been considerate and engaging and as the morning had progressed she had fallen back into the easy conversation she was used to with him. She knew Harry and Ginny were close and as their date progressed she felt less and less like she needed them. But, she knew she could not risk sending them away. The day was still young.

Draco had noticed Hermione was acting strangely and had noticed her constantly looking back over her shoulder. It didn't take him long to figure out they were being followed. He had spotted Ron watching them from a distance and had thought he heard someone directly behind them at one point, but turned to not see anyone. He was fairly certain Harry was following under that invisibility cloak that Draco had caught Hermione under a few weeks before. He didn't know why they were being followed, but he wouldn't let it deter him from his goal for the day. And, if Hermione hadn't succumbed to his charms by the end of the day, he would potion her and enjoy her just the same. Willing or not, she was his and he could wait for her to fall for him if necessary, but he was fairly certain she would be his by the end of the day.

They headed into The Three Broomsticks and Draco was thrilled to grab a booth at the back of the pub. Hermione had tried to grab a table by the door but another group had grabbed it before she could claim it. The only table left, was the one Draco desired. it was in the very back of the pub and in the corner.

They sat down and ordered a couple butterbeers. Neither of them were really very hungry so

they sipped on their drinks while discussing their potions project.

Draco was fairly certain Harry and Ginny weren't too close at the moment. The area their table was in was a small space and it would be hard for two people hiding under a cloak to maneuver through the obstacles to the small space without being caught. Draco noticed Hermione looking over her shoulder, back towards the rest of the restaurant.

Draco jumped at his chance. "Hermione, can we talk?"

Hermione looked back towards him and gave him a shy smile. "Um, sure Draco."

He gave her a small, nervous smile. "Hermione, I just want you to know, that I'm crazy for you. I meant everything I said in my room the other day. I also respect that something terrible happened to you. If I could lay my hands on Blaise, I'd kill him for what he did." Draco took Hermione's hand in his and gently ran his thumb over hers. "Also, I'm worried there might be someone else attacking witches."

Hermione's eyes shot up to his. "Wh..what?" She did not expect him to say this.

He looked her in the eyes and continued. "A couple Slytherin witches think they've been attacked since Blaise was arrested. I told them to go to Dumbledore or Madam Pomfrey, but they won't."

"Why not?" Hermione asked, curious.

He sighed. "It's stupid, I know, but pureblood witches have to be pure on their wedding night or their marriages can be dissolved. Even if a witch has been raped, a lot of pureblood wizards won't marry them. The Slytherin girls that confided to me don't want anyone to know they aren't virgins. One of the witches is engaged!"

Hermione scoffed. "That's so hypocritical and ridiculous." Hermione felt her temper rising at the injustice.

Draco looked ashamed. "I know..and I used to be one of those pureblood hypocrites. I'm ashamed to have ever been like that. But, I don't believe in all that pureblood stuff anymore. And, I certainly don't think a witch isn't worthy because she's been raped or isn't a virgin. Anyhow, the point is, there might still be attacks going on. Just be careful and don't let yourself be at risk by being alone."

Hermione studied his face. He seemed so sincere. But, he was probably lying to protect himself and he was probably guilty. She was totally unprepared for what he said next. "Hermione, please don't get mad. Please let me finish before you go ballistic on me when I tell you this."

"What?" Hermione was dying to know what he was about to say.

Draco sighed and looked into his glass of butterbeer before continuing with hesitation. "A witness saw Potter come out of a classroom alone with another witch who later found out she had been attacked."

Hermione looked at Draco incredulously. "Oh please! There is no way Harry has anything..."

He interrupted her. "I'm not saying he does, Hermione. I may not be Potters biggest fan, and

even I find this unlikely. However, the witness saw him come out of a classroom on the third floor with a witch who later figured out she had been attacked. it was at night..after curfew. The witness said it looked like he obliviated the witch and then ran off under his invisibility cloak."

"Why didn't the witness come forward..or the witch?" Hermione asked disbelievingly.

Draco looked at her like she was daft. "Come on Hermione. Do you think anyone would have believed that Harry Potter would do something like that? And if a Slytherin came forward, it would be assumed it was just someone working on behalf of "you know who" to get him expelled." He paused and continued. "The witch doesn't want to come forward because she cant let it be known she's not a virgin and the witness isn't coming forward without the witches consent." He looked around and continued. "He stole her underwear, to."

Hermione was dumbfounded. Could this be true? "I don't believe it." She sat back and crossed her arms. "Harry would never do something like that.

Draco looked at her and shrugged. "Well like I said, I find it hard to believe as well. But...regardless...be careful, Hermione!" He reached forward and took her hand again. "You're really important to me. I know you don't feel the same about me, but..but I.."

Hermione was confused. This was the Draco she had grown to care about. He was so sweet and so concerned about her. She interrupted him. "I like you as well, Draco." She sighed. "But truthfully, I just don't know who to trust or what to believe anymore."

He looked at her, sadly. "I know Hermione. Blaise is such an animal. Just be careful.. because Blaise might not be the only animal out there."

Chapter 20

Thanks to DEANNA_SILVER for leaving a review! I really appreciate it!

Saturday Mid Day

Draco was looking over the menu as Hermione watched him. She couldn't help questioning her convictions about Draco. But, all those times she had felt "off" in his presence, particularly in the room of requirement...they matched exactly how she felt the other times when she wasn't in the room of requirement. The logical side of her brain screamed that Draco was lying. He attacked her when she was following him, in the room of requirement and after the library that night. But, what if all that was wrong? What if someone else attacked her the nights she was following Draco? She hated herself for acknowledging it, but Harry did know she was out with his cloak...alone. What if those times in the room of requirement it was exactly as she had originally thought, it was a reaction to the ingredients. And...Harry did have all those panties in his bag. Oh Merlin... this was too much.

Hermione suddenly noticed movement to her side as another couple of students that had been sitting at a table not too far from theirs, stood to leave. She then noticed Ginny and Harry sliding into the now empty seats. Harry shot her a look of concern and mouthed, "sorry." She figured they had been unable to stick close under the cloak. This was the next best thing.

Draco put the menu down and smiled at her. She noticed him glance at Ginny and Harry. "Your friends just sat down over there." He said.

Hermione followed his gaze over to Harry and Ginny, who were pretending not to notice.

"Yeah, I saw." She picked up the menu and pretended to read it, her mind whirling with everything.

"I don't mind if you want to invite them to join us. I mean.. I would like to get to get to know your friends." He shrugged dismissively. "But, they probably want nothing to do with me. I mean, Potter and I don't have the best history." He looked up at her. His expression earnest. "I would make an effort though.. you know, to be civil, if it would make you happy."

Hermione literally felt ill. What was she to make of this? "Draco, I appreciate that. I really do..but, not today. I'm actually not feeling very well." She had actually had a slight headache all morning since she had visited Madam Pomfrey before breakfast. The concentration exercises hadn't taken long, but they had been taxing.

His look became one of concern. "What's wrong?"

"I just don't feel very well. Can we just go back to the castle? Or, you stay and I'll go back. I don't want to keep you from having fun in Hogsmeade."

"Don't be ridiculous, Hermione. Like I'm going to let you walk anywhere alone!"

She didn't know what to do. If they left she would be alone with him until Harry and Ginny could catch up. She knew she shouldn't let herself be alone with him. But, a bigger part of her was starting to trust him again. She needed to think and she needed to get away from everyone to do that.

Draco threw enough coins on the table to cover their drinks as well as leave a generous tip for the waitress. He stood and held his hand out to her. She didn't want to make a scene by refusing to leave with him, so she took a leap of faith and took his hand, letting him lead her out of the restaurant. She could feel Harry and Ginny's eyes on her as she left.

Draco kept holding her hand as they walked through Hogsmeade and headed back towards the castle. They were drawing a lot of attention from the other students who were shocked to see the duo holding hands.

Professor Snape approached them from across the street. "Heading back to the castle so soon?" He asked.

Draco responded. "Hermione's not feeling well, so I'm taking her back."

The Professor gave her a concerned look and she knew what he was thinking. After their discussion the day before in the infirmary, he was certainly wondering why she was with Draco and was probably concerned as to why she wasn't feeling well. He would likely think she might have been attacked again. She needed to let him know it was ok.

She looked up at her concerned professor's face. "I'm fine, Professor. I don't feel as badly as I have felt on occasions in recent weeks. This is just a mild headache and I don't feel like being

out in the crowds."

He studied her for a minute. "I would be happy to escort you to the castle, Miss Granger." He looked at Draco. "That way Mr. Malfoy can continue to enjoy the day."

Hermione felt Draco hold her hand a little tighter. "It's alright, Professor. I've seen everything I came to see. I'm ready to go back as well." Draco said reassuringly to his Godfather.

Hermione looked around. More than likely Harry and Ginny were caught up with them by now. Certainly it was safe to go back with him. She really was beginning to doubt Draco had attacked her, anyway.

She smiled at Draco. She turned back to Professor Snape. "Thanks for your concern, Professor. Have a good day." She said as she turned away, Draco leading her back to the castle.

As they walked Draco would look at her and smile softly ever so often. "I'm sorry you don't feel well. Do you want to go by the infirmary?"

Hermione shook her head, no. "I just think I just need to go where it's quiet."

They entered the castle and Draco led her up to the Gryffindor tower. As they got closer to the portrait of the fat lady, Draco pulled her aside. He looked up and down the hallway. No one was around. He pulled her up close by the waist. She bit her lip as he looked down at her. She felt her stomach do a flip. He tilted his head down to hers and gave her a soft kiss. It felt nice. She reached her hands up into his hair and his hands started to rub her back as their kiss deepened. They heard the sound of voices and footsteps and Hermione backed away.

Draco let out a sigh and tried to hide his frustration as Harry and Ginny came walking down the hall.

Hermione smiled shyly up at Draco and then turned to her friends. "Hi guys."

Harry was looking at Draco with an expression of loathing as he said, "Hi Mione."

Ginny and Harry stood off to the side as Hermione said goodbye to Draco and thanked him. Suddenly it dawned on her. "Wait, Draco. You don't have any one to walk you back to the Slytherin! You can't walk by yourself."

Harry chimed in with a scowl. "I'm sure Draco will be just fine and can take care of himself." Hermione turned and gave Harry a disapproving look.

Draco shrugged. "It's ok, Hermione. I'll be fine. I don't think any wizards have been attacked."

Harry harrumphed and rolled his eyes. Hermione found herself getting really irritated with Harry. She looked from Harry back to Draco. "Draco, let's go to the library. I'll run in and grab my books and then we can grab yours."

He brightened immediately. "Really? Do you feel up to it?"

She smiled. "Yeah, I want to touch up my notes and read ahead for transfiguration. Plus, I haven't done anything on the ancient runes project due next month."

Draco grimaced. "Oh yeah, I forgot about that. I need to start working on that, too."

Ginny stepped up to Hermione. "Uh, Hermione. You mind if I tag along? I've got some work to catch up on as well."

Harry immediately stepped up behind Ginny. "Well, if you're going, I'm going." There was no way Harry was letting Ginny be anywhere near Draco without him being there as well.

Hermione looked from her friends back to Draco. "Is that ok, Draco?" She asked hesitantly.

His face showed no sign of irritation. "Sure, Hermione. I told you I wanted to get to know your friends." Draco turned to Harry and Ginny. "I know there has been bad blood between us, but I like Hermione and that means if I want to spend time with her, I should get to know you two. I'm willing to make a fresh start if you are."

This was too much. "Hermione, what the hell are you doing?" Harry yelled. He couldn't take it anymore and wasn't going to pretend. "Malfoy, I don't know what you did or said to her, but we all know you've been attacking her and who knows who else."

"Harry, that's enough!" Hermione said firmly.

Draco's look became livid. "Oh, that's rich coming from you, Potter. You were witnessed obliterating a witch after curfew. A witch who later found out she had been attacked."

Harry's jaw dropped. "How dare you!" He grabbed Hermione's hand. "Hermione, you are not having anything to do with this filth anymore." Harry's words were so full of loathing. She had never heard him talk like that or be this angry.

Hermione pulled her hand from Harry's. "Stop it! Both of you!" She looked from Draco to Harry and back again.

Ginny was looking uncomfortable and was looking at Harry, contemplating. Probably thinking about what Draco had said.

Hermione sighed a sigh of exasperation. "You know, I don't know what to think anymore. I honestly don't think either one of you would do such a thing. But, this yelling and accusing doesn't prove anything or help the situation." She took a calming breath. "I'm going to the library. Anyone who can be civil is welcome to join me." With that she walked through the portrait to grab her books. Ginny ran after her leaving Harry with Draco in the hall. Hermione walked back out a couple minutes later to find Draco standing alone with a busted lip and a torn shirt.

She rushed to him, "Oh Merlin! Did you two fight?"

Draco was dabbing his lip with one of his monogram handkerchiefs. He shrugged. "He just hit me. I didn't fight him back." He shook his head. "That boy has anger issues, Hermione."

Hermione turned as Ginny and Harry stepped out of the portrait. Harry looked perfectly fine. No evidence of having been in a fight. "Did you hit Draco? Why did you do that? What's wrong with you?" Hermione's look was one of disbelief.

Harry looked confused. "What?" he looked at Draco and back at Hermione. "I didn't touch him, Mione!" His look went from innocent to outrage. He gave Draco a hateful look. "You sneaky, slimy, asshole."

Hermione had enough. "You know what. I'm fine, guys. I'm gonna go study with Draco. You two go do your own thing." With that she grabbed Draco's hand and headed down the hall, leaving a shocked Harry and Ginny behind.

As Hermione held his hand and led him towards the dungeons, Draco was beyond happy. This day could not have gone any better. It was a stroke of brilliance on his part to rip his own shirt and give himself a charmed busted lip.

"Hermione, slow down. It's ok. I'm ok."

She turned to him. A worried look on her face. "I'm sorry Harry did that, Draco. He's...he's just worried about me. He thinks you're the one who attacked me, and truthfully...I thought that as well..for a while. Until today, actually."

He froze. His look was one of hurt and shock. "I would never, EVER hurt you, Hermione."

She looked up at him. "I..I think I know that, Draco, it's just.."

Time to turn the tables. He hoped this would work. "You think?" He interrupted her. "That's not good enough, Hermione." He shook his head. "I can't.. I can't pursue a friendship or, or anything more with you if I'm constantly worried you don't trust me." He ran his hands threw his hair and looked like he was figuring something out. "I'm sorry, Hermione. I can't do this." He looked back the way they came. "Come on, I'll walk you back to Gryffindor."

Hermione panicked. She liked this wizard. She really liked him..and she believed him. "Draco! Stop!"

He kept walking.

She said softly, a small sob escaping her. "Please, Draco."

He stopped and turned back to see the look of anguish on her face.

He rushed to her, picking her up and crashing his mouth to hers. She flung her arms around him as he pushed her up against the wall. She kissed him back, fiercely. It felt so good in his arms, familiar somehow. His kiss, his mouth, his body. She couldn't get enough.

He pulled back and set her back down on her feet. Catching his breath, he leaned his forehead against hers. "I need you to trust me, Hermione." He whispered.

"Oh, Draco. I do...I do trust you!"

Please don't hate me... More to come...

Chapter 21

Saturday Afternoon

Draco took Hermione by the hand and walked quickly toward his dorm. He needed to move fast before she had a chance to change her mind. He stopped halfway there and looked up and down the hall before pushing her against the wall again. Her face was still flushed. He kissed her again, more gentle this time. "Hermione...I ..I"

She looked up at him. "Sshhh. Just kiss me, Draco."

He did as his witch asked and kissed her passionately and with urgency. He was terribly aroused and needed her...now. He stepped back and took a breath. This was a delicate moment and he had to handle her just right. "C'mon." He smiled at her and took her hand. She followed him to the Slytherin common room. He told her to wait for minute and was disappointed when he stepped in and found the common room was full of first and second year students. He would not be able to take her to his room after all.

He grabbed his books and dashed back to the corridor where she was waiting, her look pensive and tense. Clearly she was starting to think everything through. His chance had passed. Fuck it. He would just potion her later. He would find a way to get her alone. But, not now. Now he needed to keep the game in play.

He smiled softly at her. 'Let's go get some studying done in the library, ok?"

She looked relieved and smiled back at him. "Sounds good." They held hands as they walked towards the library.

Hermione started to panic when Draco disappeared into the Slytherin common room. Perhaps she had overreacted towards Harry? She couldn't believe he had hit Draco, and then to deny it! Harry's temper today was much more volatile than she had ever remembered. She hated herself for it, but found herself wondering if Harry had been involved with any of the attacks. He definitely didn't seem like himself. But, Harry and Blaise weren't friends. It would be exceedingly unlikely that they were both attacking witches and stealing underwear and not be in on it together. Did Harry somehow have access to Blaise's potion?

She scolded herself. No, Harry wasn't involved. That witness who saw Harry, either didn't see Harry and was lying...or maybe they saw a polyjuiced Harry? If polyjuice were in any way involved in all this, then it just took things to a whole new complicated level. She was tired of thinking about it.

Just then Draco walked out and gave her a small smile. It was reassuring. She was convinced that Draco wasn't lying. She said she trusted him, and she was going to. She was relieved when he suggested they go to the library. Ten minutes earlier she was in such a state that she might have had sex with him, but now that she had a minute to stop and think, she realized that would be a mistake. She needed to not rush into anything.

As she held his hand and they walked, she felt a sense of calm. This was right, she just felt it.

They walked into the empty library and headed to a hidden table in the back. Hermione was relieved to see that Harry and Ginny weren't there. They could be hiding under the cloak, but she found she didn't care either way.

She and Draco tossed their books on the table and sat next to each other. She looked at him as he spread his books and notes out and lined up his quills, just like she did. She laughed to herself and kissed him on the cheek. He beamed at her and kissed her back, only on the lips. His mouth lingered a bit on hers and she kissed him back, shyly. He turned more towards her and pulled her towards him, deepening their kiss. She knew she should stop. They were in the library for Merlin's sake! But she found she didn't want to stop.

Their kiss deepened and then he pulled back. "We should stop." He said tenderly.

Hermione swallowed and looked from his mouth to his eyes. "Yeah, you're right. Sorry." She turned away, slightly embarrassed.

"Hey, believe me, I could kiss you all day long, but I don't want to..."

Hermione waited for him to finish.

He thought and then said in a rush, as if it made him uncomfortable, "I don't want to do anything that will trigger anything for you...for what happened to you. I...I want to kiss you, Hermione. I mean, of course I do, but...I also respect you and don't want to rush anything and I.."

Hermione interrupted him, speaking slowly, figuring out her thoughts as they came out of her mouth. "Oh Draco.. You're so considerate. The truth is, I wish I could just forget what happened to me, but I don't think I ever will. And, spending time with you, like this, studying...and doing normal things..it helps somehow. It just proves that what happened isn't life ending. The earth continues to spin on it's axis and the sun continues to rise in the east.. you hold my hand and I feel like I might be able to be normal after all..You kiss me and I feel my stomach flip with excitement. It just, it feels good to be able to feel that way. Despite what happened, despite the unknowns about it all, I know I can be happy again...because I'm happy with you, Draco." She said that last part shyly, almost in a whisper.

Draco swallowed. He loved this witch and she was finally becoming his...the right way. Maybe he wouldn't have to potion her again. Maybe he could put all that behind them. He started imagining her naked, her mouth, her tightness...He had to stop or he would act impulsively. He had her on the line but he needed to keep reeling her in.

He took a breath and willed himself to maintain control. "Hermione, I'll do whatever I can to help..you just have to trust me! You have to tell me if I pressure you into something to soon or something you don't want. This is new..what we have between us and I don't want to move too fast. But, but you're mine now...right? I mean..you're not seeing anyone else? You just want to be with me, right?" His look was so vulnerable, it made her heart melt.

Hermione smiled and bit her lip. "I'm yours, Draco. I'm not dating anyone else."

Hook, line and sinker..Draco internally smirked. She admitted it! She was his. Take that Potter! If only he could fuck her right here on this table. The surge of adrenaline going through him right now was intoxicating.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Hermione...and amazing and brilliant and you just said you're mine! I'm so happy right now."

Hermione was watching him with anticipation as his look became predatory. He grinned at her. "You're mine." He pulled her to him with force, but not enough to hurt her. She felt his strength as he essentially lifted her out of her chair and onto his lap. He held her face as he kissed her aggressively.

Hermione kissed him back with as much intensity as he kissed her. He started rubbing the bare skin on her back, under her sweater. Her hands were in his hair. One of hands was on her waste, inching around to her stomach when there was a loud crash from a few rows over.

Remembering herself and where they were, Hermione leapt off his lap and into her chair. She was breathing hard and her heart was racing. She could see Draco collecting himself out of the corner of her eye.

She said softly, looking at her books in front of her, "we best start doing schoolwork."

He exhaled. "Yeah, that would probably be wise."

They spent the next 3 hours working on schoolwork, while occasionally stealing glances at each other. Every now and then, Draco would reach out and take her hand or kiss her cheek. Hermione was able to get a lot done, but really enjoyed Draco's sweet attentions.

They packed up their bags and started to leave the library. "I'll walk you back, Hermione and then I'll head right to the Great Hall. I won't be by myself very long."

Hermione didn't like the thought of him walking alone. "No, lets both go to the Great Hall, then we can head back to our common rooms with our classmates after dinner."

He smiled at her, "ok".

When they walked into the Great Hall, there were whispers and catcalls. They had created quite a stir in Hogsmeade being seen holding hands.

He smiled at her and then walked to the Slytherin table on the right and she walked to the Gryffindor table on the left. None of her friends were at dinner yet, so she sat alone at their usual spot and read over more of her notes from potions class.

She heard the sound of laughter and looked up to see Ron and Lavender walk in holding hands and Harry and Ginny following behind, but with tense expressions. Ron and Lavender sat across from her and Ginny sat to her left. Harry sat to Ginny's left and didn't say anything to Hermione. It was silent. No one was speaking and the tension was so thick, a knife could have cut it.

Hermione didn't want to be at odds with Harry. "Harry, can we talk?" She said just loud enough for him to hear as she leaned over Ginny.

He ignored her and didn't answer. Ginny gave Hermione a sympathetic look and shrugged as Hermione pulled back from leaning over her and sat up straight. Hermione found she wasn't very hungry and really wanted to go back to her room and just be alone. She spotted a couple

4th years standing to leave and Hermione stood to leave as well.

"Wait, can I come with you?" Ginny asked, hesitantly.

Hermione looked at her curiously. "Of course! Why would you ask such a silly question!"

Harry's eyes shot up at Ginny in disbelief. She turned to him and said in a scolding tone, "You're the one being a brat. She just tried to talk to you and you ignored her! I'm not ignoring her just because you are." With that, Ginny took Hermione's hand and led her out of the Great Hall.

Ginny led Hermione back to her dorm instead of Hermione's. She knew for a fact her dorm mates had plans that evening and wouldn't be back till much later.

Ginny pulled Hermione over to her bed. "Spill, Hermione! What's going on?"

Hermione collapsed back on Ginny's bed. "Oh, Gin. Draco didn't attack me. I just know it. I know the evidence points otherwise, but it's all circumstantial and I know he wouldn't hurt me like that. He's crazy about me, Gin...and the truth is, I'm crazy about him, too."

Hermione sighed heavily and rolled onto her side, facing her friend who was still sitting up, looking down at her. "He was so sweet today. If he hadn't put the brakes on at one point, I probably would have had sex with him."

"Hermione, Harry swears he didn't hit Draco. He swore on the graves of his parents! And, you know that's not something he would do...think!"

Hermione looked at her friend, cautiously, debating whether she should share her minor suspicions. Or, if not suspicions, what Draco said anyway. After a moments contemplation, Hermione told Ginny everything Draco said about the witness seeing Harry, about the Slytherin witches who won't come forward and about the Slytherin witch who won't speak out against Harry.

"Hermione, that witness is lying! You know Harry wouldn't do that."

"Yeah, I know..I also considered someone was polyjuiced to look like him, you know to frame him." She hesitated.. "But, Gin, it would explain the underwear."

Ginny wasn't having it. "A polyjuice frame job would explain the underwear as well!"

Hermione had to admit that was a very real possibility.

"It's neither one of them, Ginny. I just wish we knew who it was!" Hermione sat up. "I wonder if we could set a trap somehow?"

She turned to Ginny. "Do you have the sneak-o-scope Tonks brought back?"

Ginny looked at Hermione, curiously. "Yeah, its in my trunk. You need it?"

Hermione's mind was whirling. "Well, I think I was attacked when leaving the library last week. There's a closet right next to where I felt strange and got that signature headache. What if.." she thought for a second. "What if I hung out in that spot, we put the sneak-o-scope in the closet

and you hid under the invisibility cloak. We'll let it be known to both Draco and Harry that I'm going to be alone...I don't know how, without making it obvious, but we'll figure out something. If it's one of them, they'll likely jump at the opportunity."

"I trust Draco, Ginny and I trust Harry...but I want to rule them both out. What do you think?"

Ginny thought for a minute, staring intently at Hermione. "Let's do it! Let's do it, Hermione. It will put this all to rest where Harry and Draco are concerned."

Ginny jumped out of bed and grabbed the sneak-o-scope.

Hermione picked it up. "So how do I use this thing anyway?"

Ginny took it from her. "It's easy. To make it record you say 'cartus'. To make it play you say 'Canto'. You wave your wand like this,"

Ginny waved her wand with a little swirl and said, "canto" over the sneak-o-scope.

Hermione nodded in understanding and smiled at her friend. "I like this plan, Gin." Hermione's shoulders sagged and she collapsed back on the bed again. She thought for a minute. "Either Draco or Harry is lying about Draco's torn shirt and busted lip."

Hermione continued, "I've never seen Harry as angry as he was this afternoon when Draco accused him of attacking that Slytherin witch."

Ginny chewed her lip. "Yeah, it takes a lot for Harry to lose his temper like that."

Hermione thought back to Grimmauld place between 4th and 5th year and how angry Harry had been when he thought he had been excluded from everything and left at his aunt and uncles completely in the dark about everything. "He got really mad that time at Grimmauld Place."

Ginny's eyes lit up. "Oh yeah! I forgot about that! But that was nothing compared to earlier today."

Ginny and Hermione sat in silence for a minute. They were interrupted by the sound of a familiar man's voice. "If you tell anyone, Blaise, and I do mean anyone at all, I will polyjuice your mother into a captured muggle, give her the lust potion and set her loose at the Dark Lord's next revel. Don't think I won't! Not a word. You take the blame for this and I had nothing to do with it. Am I clear?!"

The shaky voice of Blaise Zabini responded. "Yes, Sir. Crystal."

The voice of Dumbledore could be heard next. "Severus! What's going on in here? Miss Granger and Miss Weasley came and...ohh, boys. How could you! Severus get a blanket for Trixie. Cover the poor girl." There were scuffling sounds. "Miss Weasley, Miss Granger, please get Professor McGonigall and tell her to contact the Auror department. A student has been raped."

Ginny and Hermione stared at each other in total shock. "Ginny!" Hermione exclaimed. "That was Professor Snape's voice!"

"Oh, Merlin! Hermione! Snape! Oh my God!" Ginny grabbed the sneak-o-scope and waved her wand over it. They listened to the recording again, which didn't start for several minutes after the incantation.

Hermione understood. "Ginny, when we ran to get a Dumbledore, we left the sneak-o-scope. It kept recording after we left. And it kept recording until we took it with us to get McGonigall!"

Ginny looked at Hermione in total shock. "The Aurors, they erased the recording."

Hermione interjected. "They erased the recording of the attack, but clearly they stopped the recording too soon. They must not have heard that last part!"

Hermione grabbed her friend's hand. "Come on! We have to go to Dumbledore right now!"

The recorded attack happened in chapter 12 if anyone feels the need to go back and read it again after this revelation :)

Chapter 22

Sunday Evening

Just as Hermione and Ginny ran out of Ginny's dorm, Hermione froze. "Wait, Ginny. We need to think this through."

Ginny looked at her friend with a confused stare. "What is there to think about? C'mon let's go!" Ginny started to walk but Hermione held her back.

"Ginny, no..wait. Think about this!" Hermione dashed back into Ginny's dorm, pulling her friend with her. Hermione shut the door and walked to the window, looking out in thought.

"I don't understand. What are we waiting for?"

"The greater good, Ginny." Hermione turned back to Ginny. "Ginny, if we turn this in to Dumbledore, what do you think will happen?"

"Umm, the Aurors will come and arrest Snape?" Ginny said impatiently.

"And, if that happens, what happens to The Order of the Phoenix? What happens to Harry?"

Ginny sighed heavily, clearly impatient. "What are you getting at, Mione? Spit it out!"

"There is no way Dumbledore will let the Aurors take Professor Snape away. He's too important. He's Dumbledore's double agent who has the ear of Voldem...you know who." Hermione couldn't bring herself to say the name. Hermione collapsed on Ginny's bed. "If we go in there, with this evidence, Dumbledore will probably confiscate the sneak-o-scope and then obliviate us."

Ginny looked at her friend like she was crazy. "What are you talking about? Dumbledore's first priority is this school and his students! Snape is probably still attacking witches!"

Hermione shuddered at the thought, thinking back to the episode she had in his study the other day. She thought back to all the interactions she had lately with her potions Professor, including how all of a sudden he was being nice to her... Letting her confide in him...Advising her and offering his assistance with handling Blaise. Even agreeing that Draco might be guilty of attacking her. All the while, it was him! He had known all along. Oh Merlin! That first night she heard Blaise and Theo raping Susan and he was the one she had run into when going for help. He had run ahead of her and said the room was empty! She realized with disgust that he was probably on his way to rape Susan as well when she ran into him.

She ran her hands through her hair. "Oh Ginny, this is bad. This is so bad. We have to stop him, the question is, how?"

"I still don't understand why you think Dumbledore won't do anything?" Ginny sat next to Hermione, looking at her friend with pleading eyes. Willing her to see the sense of going to the Headmaster.

"Ginny, my gut tells me that if we take this to him, he'll obliviate us and destroy the evidence against his most important spy. Without Snape, Dumbledore knows nothing about the Death Eaters or about 'you know who'. There's no way he risks that." She sighed as she stared at the floor. "It doesn't mean he won't do anything to Snape, but whatever he does, we'll never know about it."

"Well, maybe that will have to be good enough! We need to trust that Dumbledore will handle it, even if he does obliviate us."

Hermione turned and stared at Ginny. "There's one way to find out, Ginny." Hermione got an excited look. "We need to find a way to copy the recording." She thought for a minute. "Owl your brothers and ask them for another sneak-o-scope or recording device. We'll record the recording so we have a copy." Her eyes lit up as her plan began to take shape. "Then you take the original to Dumbledore and explain that you just discovered it and that no one else knows. Tell him you came to him right away. Tell him you forgot about needing a buddy in the halls in your excitement and haste to come to him." Hermione chewed her lip as she stood and started pacing. "I'll wait for you to come back. You'll either come back remembering or you'll come back obliviated."

Ginny gave her friend a horrified look. "Why do I have to be the one who might get obliviated? Why can't you go to Dumbledore."

"Ginny, it's your sneak-o-scope! What would I be doing with it? Also, I've suffered enough obliviation damage. I'm already having concentration therapy with Madam Pomfrey."

Ginny sighed. "Ok, ok. You're right. It should be me."

Hermione resumed her pacing. "If you come back obliviated, I'll play the recording for you and bring you back up to speed. If I'm wrong and Dumbledore calls the Aurors, then that's even better."

Both girls were quiet as they thought through everything. Ginny turned to Hermione. "So, what do we do if Dumbledore does obliviate me? What do we do about Snape?"

"I don't know, I guess we'll owl Tonks. I'm not sure if we should go behind Dumbledore's back though." Hermione started twisting a strand of her hair. "We'll have to think about it. I wouldn't mind a little revenge seeing as Blaise is in Azkaban and there is little we can do to him, at least right now."

Ginny looked at her friend, the reality of the possibilities settling in. "Oh Hermione. What if Snape raped you, or me or who knows who else?"

Hermione felt queasy at the thought. "Ginny, we now know Snape knew about the potion. We have no evidence he used it on anyone. It's possible he only knew of its existence. However, common sense begs to reason he did use it given how he threatened Blaise. And he probably used it on me the other night when I left the library and in his office the other day. But, there could be others involved as well. I hate to say it, but Harry had all those panties and there's that witness who saw him."

Ginny chimed in, "Yes, and Draco is a possibility as well. Even if the evidence is all circumstantial, we can't rule him out..AND, he is Snape's Godson. They could have been in on it with Blaise. Also, it would be very unlikely Harry would be involved in anything with Snape seeing as they hate each other."

Hermione sighed in resignation. "I know what you're saying makes sense, but I just don't think Draco had anything to do with this."

"And, I don't think Harry had anything to do with it." Ginny replied.

"Then, we need to rule them both out. We'll lay our trap as planned and I guess I'll be the bait. " Hermione and Ginny shared a determined look.

Monday Morning

Hermione woke very early, unable to sleep. She tossed and turned as she thought about everything. She and Ginny had agreed not to share the sneak-o-scope recording with Harry or anyone else for the time being. When they were 100% convinced Harry wasn't involved, they would share the intel.

She willed herself to go back to sleep, but it was pointless. She started thinking about Draco. She didn't believe he was involved and realized she was taking a leap of faith in trusting him implicitly. But, she really believed he wasn't involved in any of this. However, she would set the trap for him and Harry. Of course, even if neither took the bait, it wouldn't mean Draco or Harry hadn't attacked her in the past. It really didn't prove anything, unless one of them showed up and tried to attack her.

Her watch said it was only 4:45 am. She was due to meet with Madam Pomfrey at 7 and then breakfast at 7:30. She really wanted a bath in the prefects bath. She sat up and contemplated. It was too late, or too early for anyone else to be up and about. She quietly went to her trunk and grabbed her toiletry bag and clean clothes for the day. She slipped on her robe and slippers and headed down to the quiet common room. No one was down there, even the fire was almost burned out, with only a few orange embers left. The house elves would be around soon to rekindle it and get it roaring again.

She headed out into the castle, the fat lady scowling for being woken at such an indecent hour

and rambling about her interrupted beauty sleep.

Hermione kept to the shadows of the already dark corridors as she quickly made her way to the prefects bath. She was able to step right in as thankfully, it was unoccupied. In her haste to dash in unseen, she failed to shut the door all the way and therefore anyone else who arrived, would consider the bathroom to be unoccupied.

The tub, or more accurately, the pool, rapidly filled with hot water set at just the temperature Hermione preferred, her favorite verbena bath oils making the water silky and full of luxurious bubbles. She quickly undressed and eased her way into the soothing water. She was finally able to relax as the hot water soothed the tension through her shoulders and her neck. She sat on the underwater bench and rested her head against the padding along the side of the pool. She closed her eyes and felt herself drifting off to sleep.

Draco couldn't sleep. He hadn't fucked his witch in days and he needed her. He had really wanted to find a way to potion her the day before but it just didn't work out. He came such a long way with her though. She was finally his. Now he just needed her to put out willingly. He could feel the arousal stirring in himself as he thought about her naked, on her knee's pleading to let her touch him. He closed his eyes and slipped his hand under the elastic of his pajama bottoms, and then down to his hardening member. He began stroking himself as he imagined her full lips and soft, hot tongue on him, sucking, licking, stroking...

"Uhhh, it's not the same." He said to himself out of frustration. He didn't want to wack off to the thought or memory of her, he wanted her..now...in the flesh. He sat up on the side of his bed. A relaxing bath or shower, that's what he needed. He grabbed his toiletry kit and his clothes for the day. He threw a towel around his shoulders and headed towards the prefects bath.

When he got there, the door was cracked and not closed all the way. He pushed it open and froze. There, just about 15 feet in front of him was his witch. Her eyes were closed and she didn't stir when he walked in. He quietly shut the door so as not to wake her and make his presence known. She was so beautiful with her hair pulled up and soft tendrils of hair falling and framing her face. Her skin was flushed from the hot water. The oils in the bath water made her skin glisten and her breasts were floating at the surface of the water, surrounded by bubbles, but her nipples peaked through.

It was too much. He was going to have her and it was going to happen now. He slowly put his things down, contemplating how to proceed.

He stepped backwards, towards the door and made a noise. Then he threw his hands over his eyes. "Oh Merlin! I'm so sorry!" He exclaimed.

Hermione jumped from her nap and covered her breasts with her hands as she submerged deeper under the water. "What the?!" She yelled in shock.

Draco turned his back to her. "I'm so sorry! The door was open. I didn't know anyone was in here."

Hermione realized he must be speaking the truth because of how the bathroom was charmed to not allow anyone of the opposite sex into the bathroom when the door is closed. "It's ok, it's ok, I'm finished." She looked up to see Draco had his back to her, with his hands over his eyes. She

couldn't help but notice how nice his back was. It was muscular but not bulky and he was toned. His skin looked smooth. The pajama bottoms were low on his hips and she found her eyes taking him in.

She swallowed and looked around the room. 'Give me a sec, ok? Don't turn around.' She swam over to where her towel was and turned her back to him.

There was a mirror in Draco's line of vision that gave him a clear view of her naked form as she stepped out of the pool, wrapping the towel around her glistening body. His hands were over his eyes but the fingers were cracked and he felt himself harden at the view.

Hermione wrapped the towel around herself and turned back to him. "I'll just grab my clothes and step into a stall to change, then the bathroom is all yours." Hermione waved her wand over the tub/pool and whispered the incantation to drain the water.

Draco still had his back to her. "What are you doing here all alone, Hermione? It's not safe."

"Um, I could ask the same of you." She said, slightly irritated.

"I'm sorry. You're right, but so far I haven't heard about any blokes being attacked, but you, on the other hand.."

Hermione knew he was right. "I know, I just wanted a bath and no one else was up. So I figured I'd get down here and back before the castle started to stir." She grabbed her things and started to walk. She had to walk by him to get to the bath stall.

"Are you decent?" he asked, still pretending to be the gentleman.

"I have a towel on. You can turn around."

He turned around and looked at her. She was only a few feet away. She stopped walking when he turned, meeting his eyes. Her gaze went down his chest, taking him in. He was beautiful. There was no question about it.

He swallowed at the sight of her. Her shoulders were wet and glistening. The towel was wrapped around her and tucked just at her breasts, but he could see cleavage as the towel was wrapped tight and her breasts were pressed against her body. Water dripped down her neck and he watched as the drip went between her breasts. He felt his cock twitch.

"Is it bad that I really want to kiss you right now?" He asked, his voice soft and his face innocent as he looked at her in her brown eyes.

She swallowed and paused for a minute before responding. She took a small, hesitant step closer. He took that as a yes and stepped up to her quickly, wrapping his forearm around her waist and pulling her to him. She gasped and looked up at him as he tenderly gave her a soft kiss on the mouth.

He rested his forehead against hers and whispered. "Gods, Hermione. You are so beautiful."

She knew it was wrong. She was naked with only a towel on, but she let him kiss her. He was so sweet and gentle, and beautiful and perfect. She hesitantly and shyly lifted her mouth back

up to his and kissed him. His response was immediate as he kissed her back hungrily. She wrapped her hands in his hair and he pulled her up tight against him. His mouth moved to her jaw and he breathed in the smell of her as he trailed kisses to her neck and then down to her shoulder.

Hermione knew she should step back and put a stop to this. It could get out of hand. But, she didn't. His hands started to rub her back, over the towel and the towel started to loosen. He trailed kisses back up to her mouth. His hands were rubbing the towel over her waist and the towel shifted, slipping from her. She was pressed up against him enough that it didn't fall completely but her breasts became exposed. She immediately reached to stop the drop of the towel but Draco was too quick for her. He spun her back against the wall and dipped his mouth to her right breast. He touched the tip of his tongue to her right nipple, giving her goose bumps and causing her nipples to pucker and harden.

She was all sensation and threw her head back as he started to suck her nipple. His hand reached up to caress her left breast. Her voice was breathless, "Draco, we should stop. This is too much."

He didn't stop. He continued to massage her breasts and he looked up at her as he fell to his knees. He responded, his face flushed, his voice raspy with desire. "Let me touch you, Hermione. We don't have to have sex. Just let me make you feel good." He was looking up at her earnestly. Before she could refuse him, he pulled the towel off her body and buried his face into her sex. She shuddered and gripped his head with her hands as he licked her folds and then took her hardening nub into his mouth. Hermione moaned as she had never felt anything like this. He forced her legs further apart as he buried his face in her, drinking her in.

She felt like she was going to fall to the floor as her knees felt weak. As Draco feasted on her, he reached into his bag, pulling out his wand. He cast a cushioning charm under her. He gently used his strength to bring her to the floor, laying her back on the now cushioned tile. He forced her legs open and continued to work her, licking, sucking and nibbling on her clit. She felt her climax building and yelled out his name as she came. As she caught her breath, Draco kissed her inner thighs, then her stomach and then he worked his way back up to her breasts.

Hermione's mind was whirling. She had just let Draco Malfoy go down on her! And it had been spectacular! She looked down at him as he devoured her breasts. "That was...that was incredible," she whispered. Her breath was finally coming back to normal.

He smiled a sexy grin at her. "Oh was it, now?" He chuckled and she laughed. He pulled back from her and she pulled the towel around herself as she sat up. As he started to stand, she noticed his erection under his pajama bottoms. She had never seen, much less touched a man's erect penis before, but she felt it would be wrong to not try to reciprocate. She grabbed his hand as he stood and looked up at him as she came to her knees. The cushioning charm was still in effect and her knees were comfortable as she looked up at him shyly.

Draco looked down at Hermione as she looked up at him, as she had so many times before. Only, this time she wasn't potioned. He had enjoyed tasting her and feasting on her pussy. She had just bathed and she had tasted like verbena oil. He had hoped she would want to reciprocate and that had been his end game all along if fucking wasn't in the cards. When she had told him they should stop, he knew this was his only option. He couldn't pressure her into sex after she had said that. So he gambled and made it all about her. Now he would find out if his plan worked. If it didn't he would imperius her and just fuck her.

"Draco, can I touch you?" She asked shyly, insecurely.

He looked down at her and smiled. "Hermione just because I did that, doesn't mean you have to do anything. I wanted to make you feel good," he said softly, looking at her with pure adoration.

'But, I want to make you feel good to, Draco," She was reaching for the elastic of his pajamas and started to pull them down. Her eyes stayed on his as she maneuvered his pajamas over his erection and then down his legs. She inched up to him and said shyly, "I've, I've never done this before. You'll have to tell me if I do something wrong."

He internally chuckled. If she only knew she had been sucking him off for weeks and had actually become quite good at it. He was curious to see if her subconscious would remember the techniques she had picked up. He watched her as she gingerly licked the tip of his cock. It twitched and she paused. After a second she looked back up at his face and then took as much of his cock as she could into her mouth. She was only able to take about two thirds of him, but it felt great and he sighed, throwing his head back as she began to work him. He held her head with his hands as she started going up and down on him more quickly. He whispered, "you can use your hand for the rest of it if you want."

She did as he instructed and brought her right hand up to the root of his cock. He placed his hand over hers and guided her hand up and down as she got a good rhythm going with her mouth. Draco's eyes rolled back as she worked him. She was definitely good at this, she was just a little tentative and shy about it. He looked back down at her as she worked him and he felt his climax building. "I'm gonna cum, Hermione. Pull back if you don't want it in your mouth." As he said that, he held her head in place gently, willing her to want to swallow, but she used more force and pulled back. Just as she pulled away, he came spectacularly all over her face.

It was beautiful and he internally loved it as he got it all over her. He even managed to get some on her tits which added to the enjoyment. "Oh Merlin, Hermione! I'm so sorry!" He reached down, pulling the towel loose from her and wiped her face with it. Then he wiped her chest before handing the dirty towel back to her, relishing that he got one more look at her naked body.

Hermione took the towel and looked at it before it occurred to her she could cast a cleansing charm on it. She pulled her wand out of her toiletry bag and cast the charm before wrapping it around herself. She felt like she needed a bath again. Draco helped her to stand and kissed her on the cheek. Then he walked towards the tub in his naked glory and started his bath with the sandalwood oil he liked. He turned back to her and smiled as she picked up her things and headed into the stall to get dressed.

She realized it was silly to get dressed in the stall after he had just seen every bit of her, up close and personal, but she did it just the same. She cast the cleansing charm on herself and then got dressed. When she came out, Draco was soaking in the tub with his head laying back against the edge of the pool, sitting just like she had been when he came in earlier, on the underwater bench.

"I guess I'll see you later in Potions," she said. He opened his eyes and looked at her and smiled. "Ok, see you later then." He closed his eyes.

Hermione found she was slightly irritated. The least he could do is thank her, or tell her that he

enjoyed it. She had just given him a blow job for Gods sake, the very first blow job she had ever given! He could have kissed her goodbye as she left. He also didn't seem to concerned that she was leaving to walk the corridors by herself. She looked at her watch. It was 6:30. She threw the door open and pulled it closed behind her and made her way back to Gryffindor tower.

Thanks for reading! Please leave a review!

Chapter 23

Thanks to everyone who reviews!

Monday Morning

Hermione made it to breakfast at 7:30 and found her friends were already there. Harry still wasn't looking at her, much less talking to her. She sat down next to Ginny and Ginny shrugged.

After a few bites of toast, Hermione whispered to Ginny, "Did you owl Fred and George? About a recording device?"

Ginny nodded and whispered back, "yeah. Hopefully, they'll send something."

Ginny turned to Hermione and studied her friend's face. Something was different. "What's up, Mione? Everything ok?"

Hermione grinned. "I'll tell you later." Hermione looked around the table. Ron and Lavender were talking quietly amongst themselves across the table from her and Dean was on her right talking to Neville. Harry was sitting on the other side of Ginny and was staring at his plate with a frown.

Hermione decided enough was enough. She stood up and stepped a couple steps around Ginny and leaned between Ginny and Harry. She said quietly but firmly, "Harry James Potter, you are going to come talk to me right now."

He turned to her and shot back, "Oh I am, am I?" He made no move to stand.

She said more softly, "Well, if my friendship means anything to you, anything at all, you'll come with me so we can talk through this." He had turned away again and wasn't looking at her. She added, her voice sounding defeated. "I miss you, Harry." She turned and walked out of the Great Hall.

Draco was watching his witch with great interest from across the Great Hall. He could tell that Harry wasn't talking to her. This was all going perfectly. He had won his witch and soon enough she would be his completely. Another week and he would be fucking her regularly. His cock twitched at the thought. Then he would use influence and manipulation to keep her away from her friends. She didn't need them.

He had been thinking about how his parents would react to him fucking a mudblood. It was

unfortunate that she wasn't a pureblood, or even a halfblood for that matter. But it was no matter. He would marry Pansy or Astoria, or whomever his parents deemed appropriate, but Hermione would be in his heart. She would be his mistress and he would take good care of her. She would want for nothing. Once she realized just how much she loved him and needed him, she wouldn't mind being the spoiled mistress of a Malfoy. Being the mistress of a Malfoy was a step up from being married to another mudblood or halfblood. Hell, it was a step up from being married to most purebloods for that matter.

His interest was peaked when he noticed Hermione stand and then lean down and whisper something to Potter. Draco felt the anger rising within him. Why was she speaking to him? She had no business having anything to do with him. His anger escalated further when he saw Potter stand and then race out of the Great Hall after her.

Hermione couldn't help the tears that were forming as she dashed out the Great Hall. Was Harry really dumping her as his friend? She had just made it to the steps leading upstairs when Harry caught up with her.

"Mione, wait!" She turned back to him and he saw the tears in her eyes. "Oh, Moine." He grabbed her and hugged her. "I'm sorry." He pulled back. "But, Draco is scum, Hermione. How can you believe I would hit him? He's manipulating you! You need to stay away from him!" Harry was adamant. His face was turning red and Hermione was becoming very wary of his temper.

She wanted to calm him down. "Ok, Harry. I'll stay on my guard around him, ok? Just calm down. Let's go get our books for potions."

This seemed to placate him a little bit. As they were walking up the stairs, he continued. "I can't believe you're his potions partner. Maybe Snape will reassign partners with everything that happened. Theo was Ron and Daphne's third. Maybe, maybe he'll put the four of you together."

Hermione secretly hoped this wasn't true. She liked working with Draco. They worked well together and both worked hard. Ron was not very good at potions and she hated herself for feeling this way, but she felt Ron would hold them back, as would Daphne. Daphne wasn't a good student and only got average grades. From what Hermione knew about Daphne, she had no aspirations for a career. She was engaged and would probably be spitting out little wizards and witches within a year of marriage. Hermione just didn't understand witches who felt that way. Hermione wanted a career when she graduated. She would think about marriage in another 20 years...maybe.

As Harry, Ron and Hermione headed to potions, Harry tried to pry information out of her about her relationship with Draco.

She felt it would just anger him too much if she told him anything. She tried to reassure him. "Harry, I don't really know yet, ok? I really like him, but I'm not going to jump into anything and I'm going to be on my guard as you asked. I don't think he attacked me but I'll be smart, I promise."

"Hermione, I don't want to fight with you anymore about him. But, I wish you would snap out of whatever spell he has you under." His voice sounded defeated.

Ron was being unusually quiet and didn't say much until right before they walked into potions. He looked at Harry and then at her. He grabbed her arm and she stopped walking, turning back

to him. He said quietly and determinedly, "Mione, we love you. We'll always love you and be your friend. Just, please trust us and think long and hard about what you're doing." He looked at Harry and added. "We'll stop fighting you on this, because we don't want our friendship to suffer...and frankly, Draco isn't worth losing your friendship over."

Hermione looked at her two best friends and pulled them each into a hug. "I love you both, and I appreciate your concern. And I'll be careful.. I promise." They nodded at her in acknowledgment and the three headed into the potions classroom.

Draco was already there when they arrived. He was smiling at her as she walked over to their table. "Hi Hermione." He took her hand and held it under the table. He leaned over and whispered in her ear. "I can't stop thinking about this morning. That was amazing, Hermione. You're amazing."

Hermione felt the irritation she had toward him ebb away. He was finally saying the words she had wanted to hear earlier.

She bit her lip and smiled shyly. Hermione didn't normally fish for compliments, but she really wanted to know if he enjoyed it. "Really? I was worried you weren't, I don't know, maybe I didn't..."

He interrupted her, leaning in. "Oh stop it right now. You were amazing." He grinned devilishly, "but, I mean, if you feel the need to practice, I'm happy to help out. You know, whatever you need."

His devilish smirk made her laugh. "Well, if I can fit it into my study schedule maybe I'll do just that."

Draco clutched his hand over his heart and leaned back in his chair. "Oh, I think I've died and gone to heaven." He then sat up and beamed at her, surprising her when he leaned in and kissed her cheek.

The kiss on her cheek had not gone unnoticed and the catcalls started up again. Hermione turned pink as she looked around the room. Her smile faltered and her face paled at the look of disgust on Harry's face. What she didn't see was Draco giving Harry an evil stare and then a smirk before leaning in to kiss her cheek a second time. When he gave her the second kiss, she turned back to find him giving her a warm smile. She smiled back.

Just then Professor Snape walked into the class room. "Quiet down, quiet down." He paced through the tables and continued. "In light of recent...events. I realize the groupings in the class may be...unfair." He turned to Ron and Daphne and then Draco and Hermione. "Grow up. Life isn't fair. You will continue in your groups as assigned." He walked towards his desk. "Get to work."

Hermione and Draco exchanged looks of relief and started working on their most current recipe. Three hours later, they had made progress. They had ruled out several ingredients and had started 2 cauldrons of two different recipes. Both were simmering and coming along nicely. Draco had volunteered to come by and check on them daily as he was in the dungeons regularly and it would be easy for him to swing by. Hermione felt that was unfair as more responsibility was placed on his shoulders than hers, but he insisted it was easy for him and he didn't want her worrying about having to find a hall buddy to accompany her.

They were packing up their books when Professor Snape approached them. "Miss Granger. Please stay behind class for a minute. I wish to speak with you." He looked at Draco. "Draco, please wait at the the back of the classroom, you may then accompany Miss Granger to the Great Hall for lunch."

"Certainly, Professor." As Draco sat, watching Hermione follow the Professor to his desk, he found himself curious why Snape would want to talk to her. He contemplated his Godfather. Perhaps he would confide to Snape his usage of the potion on Granger. Draco knew Severus wouldn't care if he used the potion. Severus even helped him develop it. But, then he thought better of it. His Godfather had come and gotten him the night Blaise was arrested and had been less than pleased that Blaise had been abusing the potion and whoring out witches. Severus would advise him that now was not the time to be using it in light of recent events. And the fact was, he probably wouldn't be using it to much anyway, now that Hermione was his and would be meeting his needs willingly. Although, the potion did have its appeal. He internally acknowledged there would likely be times he would still want to potion her. He was crazy about Hermione, but Princess had her appeal as well.

Hermione didn't want to be alone with the Professor. She was glad Draco would be in the room, but wasn't sure if that actually helped or not. Snape would probably just obliviate Draco as well. She hesitantly followed her Professor to his desk.

He turned to her and said soothingly and quietly, so Draco couldn't hear. "I just wanted to be sure you are alright, Miss Granger. I'll admit I was quite surprised to see you alone with Draco in Hogsmeade on Saturday." He looked over her shoulder towards Draco and then back at her.

Hermione would not show fear but she also would not show her hand. "Thank you, Professor. I appreciate your concern. I no longer suspect Draco. I don't know who's still attacking witches, but I don't think it's him." She looked up at him and unable to stop herself added, "It could be anyone, Professor. It's probably someone whom no one would ever suspect would do such a thing."

Snape studied her face. She had a certain look of defiance about her and it peaked his interest. It seemed like she wasn't being entirely forthcoming. "Well, my offer stands, Miss Granger. If you wish to talk, my door is always open." He really wanted her to confide in him. He gave her as earnest a face as he could muster and it shocked him when she seemed to cringe a little.

Hermione was disgusted with her Professor. She was more convinced than ever he was involved in all this. He wanted her to confide in him. She could picture the chain of events perfectly. He would lure her into his study, encourage her to confide all her memories and pretend to care and act like he was on her side. Then he would rape her, and then obliviate her, as he likely had, at least a couple times before. Snape and Blaise...Those were her two attackers, and of course any others they might have whored her out to. She hated this wizard in front of her. She would see him suffer for what he had done. She tried to keep her expression neutral as these thoughts rushed through her mind.

"Well, I should probably go. I don't want to hold Draco up."

"Of course. Good day, Miss Granger." He watched as she walked away and took Draco's hand before walking out of the classroom. Snape sat at his desk staring at the now vacant door frame. Something was afoot and he needed to find out what it was.

"So, what did he want?" Draco asked Hermione curiously as they headed towards the Great Hall.

"He just wanted to be sure I was ok. He knows I was attacked."

This was news to Draco. "Oh." Draco was trailing through his memories. He couldn't recall any discussions between himself and his Godfather about Hermione, other than discussions about the potion he was working on with her for class. Draco realized there would be no real reason for Snape to discuss with him the fact that Hermione had been attacked, other than for just gossips sake, and Snape wasn't a gossip.

As he held Hermione's hand and walked beside her, he started remembering the morning in the prefects bath, then he remembered the thrill of the first time he had fucked her. While it was regrettable she didn't have the memories of their many times together, it was probably for the best. He recalled, with a twinge of guilt, how rough he had been with her the first time when he took her virginity.

"So, you wanna study after dinner? I could meet you in the library," Draco offered.

"Actually, yeah. That sounds good." She smiled at him and he smiled back.

When they walked into the Great Hall for lunch, he kissed her on the cheek and headed to his table as she headed to hers. They were drawing less attention now as it was no longer breaking news that they were together.

She walked over to Harry, Ron, Lavendar and Ginny at the table and sat beside Ginny. Ginny had an excited look on her face and whispered, "Fred and George sent me a recording device."

"Brilliant, Ginny." The wheels started spinning. "What's your next class?"

"Um, I actually have a free period." Ginny responded.

"Well, I have History of Magic, but I'll claim a headache so that we can work on our plan. Does that work for you?"

Ginny nodded eagerly, "yeah, let's do it."

The girls inhaled lunch and dashed up to Ginny's dorm, eager to get started.

Ginny shut the door to her dorm and pulled out another sneak-o-scope. "This is what they sent, with their blessing," she giggled. "They said they were proud their little sister was developing an interest in mischief and trickery."

"Wait, you didn't tell them why you needed this, did you?"

"No! I just told them I had a mischievous scheme at play and asked if they had a recording device I could borrow."

Hermione smiled, "perfect, Ginny. They would have never said no to that."

Ginny and Hermione copied the recording of Snape from the original sneak-o-scope onto the extra.

Hermione tucked the extra sneak-o-scope into her school bag. "Best if I keep this one, just in case Dumbledore comes looking for anything."

Ginny shook her head at her friend. "I still don't think Dumbledore will obliviate me."

Hermione ignored her. "So, I told Draco I'd meet him at the library tonight."

"Does that mean you want to set the trap tonight?" Ginny asked.

Hermione contemplated. "I think I'll lay the groundwork tonight." She thought for a minute. "I'll tell Draco I can't see him tomorrow night because you and I got permission to work late in the library. I'll then add that you are actually going to run off with Harry for some alone time, but that I told McGonigall you'd be with me so that she would give permission. I'll tell him that I'll be perfectly safe as everyone will be in their dorms after 7 and that I won't stay in the library past 9. I'll tell him I need to use a couple references that can't be checked out." She paced. "You'll be with me under the cloak and will follow close with the sneak-o-scope, ready to record if anything happens."

Ginny thought for a minute. "What about Harry?"

Hermione considered. "I think it would be better to lay the trap for one wizard at a time. We'll do Harry the next night."

Ginny added, "in fairness, one or both of them might show up just to walk you back to Gryffindor out of concern for your well being."

Hermione smiled. "Well, that would be really nice if they did that." She sat on Ginny's bed. "The truth is, even if neither attacks me, it doesn't mean they haven't in the past. Really, the only way we get a definitive answer is if one of them tries to attack me."

Ginny sighed, "that's true." She layed back on her bed and stared up at her canopy. "So, when do I go to Dumbledore?"

"How about tonight. Right after curfew?"

Ginny looked nervous. "Ok. I really hope he doesn't obliviate me."

Hermione put her arm around her friend. "Don't worry, if he does, I'll give you some headache potion and bring you back to speed."

Ginny nodded and rethought through their plan, suddenly remembering breakfast when Hermione had seemed distracted.

"So, Mione. You told me at breakfast you'd tell me why you seemed distracted. What was up with that?"

Hermione felt the familiar rush of warmth to her face and neck as she blushed from the memory.

"Umm, I um, ran into Draco in the prefects bath this morning."

Ginny didn't find this odd. "And?"

"Well, it was really early..like 5:30 and apparently I didn't shut the door all the way and he walked in on me in the bath." Hermione said the last part really fast and collapsed back on the bed.

"He what?" Ginny shrieked.

"He was a perfect gentleman and covered his eyes. It was an accident. Obviously, I hadn't closed the door all the way or he wouldn't have been able to walk in. You know how the charm works!"

"So, what happened? Something happened, right?"

Hermione turned beat red. "Um, we uh, we gave each other oral sex."

Ginny's eye grew huge. "Mione!" Ginny's mouth was hanging open in shock. "Wait, at the same time, like 69?"

Hermione looked at her friend confused. "69?" Then she got it. "Oh Merlin, no. He did it to me and then I did it to him."

Ginny grinned. "How'd you like it?"

Hermione grinned back. "It was amazing."

Ginny nodded at her friend. "It is, isn't it? Harry has this little trick he does with his tongue where.."

Hermione threw her hands over her ears, "Stop! Don't tell me. Dear Merlin stop!" Hermione shook her head. "Too late. You've planted a visual.. oh make it go away!"

Ginny laughed and then a look of surprise came over her face. "Wait, you went down there alone?"

Hermione just shrugged. "I went down at 5am. I knew no one would be up that early."

Ginny gave her friend a reprimanding look. "Well, clearly you were wrong since Malfoy was up."

"Yes, he ran into me ALONE in the bath and didn't attack me. It would have been the perfect opportunity. I'm telling you, he's innocent. "

Ginny shot her friend a smirk, "I wonder what he would have done if you hadn't given him that blow job?"

Hermione had to concede the point.

And, I'll concede that I hate this chapter! It's why it took me almost a week to post it. I just

can't get it right. But, I'm ready to move on to the events that are unfolding, so I went ahead and posted it. I'll try to do better next chapter!

Chapter 24

Monday Evening

Hermione and Draco left the Great Hall after dinner and headed for the library. Draco held her hand as they walked.

"Is it wrong that I can't get this morning out of my mind?" He had a shy smile and his voice was soft.

Hermione shyly smiled back. "yeah, it's been on my mind today as well."

Draco decided to push a little bit. "So, does that mean you might be up for a repeat performance?" He had a grin on his face and was wagging his eyebrows.

Draco watched his witch's reaction. He had been thinking about her mouth on him all day and was eager to have her do it again. The sooner she was comfortable with giving head, and the more routine it became, having sex wouldn't be far behind.

Hermione smirked at him. "Well, not tonight...but never say never." She said the last part teasingly and then laughed when he sighed heavily and pretended to stumble in exaggerated heartbreak. After his little performance, he laughed and pulled her to him, kissing the top of her head.

They walked into the library and headed to the same back corner table they had used Saturday afternoon. He sat to her left and they each spread out their books, scrolls and quills.

After a few minutes, Hermione was in deep thought, as she read her History of Magic textbook, when she felt a warm hand on her knee. She decided to ignore it for the time being as she continued to read. The hand slowly inched its way up her leg and under her skirt. When it got to the top of her left thigh, she placed her hand over it and turned to the blonde, whom to all appearances was deeply engrossed in his Herbology textbook.

She smiled flirtatiously at him. "Just what is it that you think you are doing, Mr. Malfoy?"

She started absently chewing on her quill and when Draco turned to her, his eyes were drawn to her mouth and then back to her eyes. "Hmmm?" He asked. The picture of innocence. "Just studying, Miss Granger." He answered quietly, but matter of factly. His eyes went back to the textbook in front of him.

She smirked. "Really?... so, studying involves your hand inching up my thigh?"

He tried to suppress his grin and maintain a serious façade as he replied, still not looking at her. "Oh, I'm just keeping you warm. I uh, thought I noticed goose bumps on your knees." He turned back to her and added with an innocent expression. "You know, just trying to be the attentive boyfriend."

"Oh, I see. Well, you are very attentive indeed. Perhaps a tad, too attentive." She said with a playful, admonishing tone. She slid his hand off her knee and went back to reading her text.

He started to slide his hand back up her thigh as he turned and leaned into her, whispering in her ear seductively. "You know, It's very important you let your boyfriend do his due diligence to take care of you and see to your needs." He kissed her ear lobe lightly and then bit down on it playfully.

Hermione let out a small laugh, unable to deny the flush of warmth that overcame her. His hand continued to slide up her thigh. She started to push his hand away again when his other hand stopped her. "Cmon, Hermione...Where's that Gryffindor courage?"

She looked at him and then around them. Their table was quite secluded and there was no one near them or looking at them. She felt brave and reckless as she leaned back in her chair and spread her legs slightly as his left hand inched up and between her thighs. She let out a soft breath of air and shivered as a few fingers slid under her panties and began rubbing her. He was turned toward her, so that it would look to an observer like he was simply whispering in her ear. His thumb rubbed her clit and he slowly slid one and then two fingers into her warmth.

Hermione had never felt anything like this. His fingers were moving in and out of her as his thumb rubbed her deliciously. She spread her legs wider as he started to work her vigorously. Her breathing became ragged and she closed her eyes.

Draco whispered, "I wish I could climb under this table and bury my head between your thighs. It's utopia down there."

He continued his vigorous attentions and after a couple minutes, Hermione shook slightly and let out a small squeal as her orgasm hit. Draco whispered, "Shhhhh, my brave little Gryffindor. You'll give us away."

Hermione's heart was racing and her breathing was fast as she started to come down and look around her. She couldn't believe she had just let Draco do that to her...in the library! She sat up straight and closed her legs as her breathing became normal.

Hermione watched in shock as Draco slid two fingers from his left hand into his mouth and drew them out slowly. He then resumed reading his text as though nothing had happened.

She looked down at her textbook and was much to distracted with what they had just done to be able to concentrate. She internally scolded herself. What is wrong with you? You are acting like a slut! She swallowed and another part of her brain responded. You are not a slut! You are an almost of age witch who is finally doing what most of the other witches your age have been doing for over a year! As she pondered, she tended to agree with that second and more logical part of her brain. She turned to look at Draco who was reading his textbook.

She looked around them nonchalantly and saw that just like a moment ago, there was no one around them or paying them any mind. A thought came to her and she went with it. She dropped her quill and leaned down to pick it up, pausing for a second before throwing caution to the wind and dropping under the table.

She noticed Draco jerk in surprise and then he stilled. She spread his legs and crawled up between them. She noticed the growing bulge in his trousers as she ran her hands from his

knees to his thighs. She cautiously and shyly began to unsnap his pants but was having difficulty. Suddenly Draco's hands came down in front of her and unsnapped and quickly unzipped his pants. He maneuvered his hard member so it sprang from the confines of his clothing. His hands then disappeared back to the top of the table as Hermione took him in her mouth and began to suck him vigorously. She moved her hands and her mouth up and down him, willing for this to all be over quickly as she was becoming worried about being caught. It was when one of her hands starting playing with his balls that she felt his cock harden a touch more before her mouth was suddenly receiving spurts of hot fluid. He had reached under the table, holding her head still as he pumped his hips slightly, emptying the last of his load down her throat. She had no choice but to swallow the offensive liquid and found it didn't taste quite as bad as she thought it would.

She started to crawl backwards, away from him and she noticed his hands quickly tuck his now soft member back into his pants before quickly re zipping and re snapping them.

Hermione slowly and cautiously climbed out from under the table and pulled herself into the chair next to him. She let out a breath and a sigh of relief at having gotten away with it before she turned to him and saw the smile on his face.

He leaned into her and kissed her cheek and then whispered. "I thought I should hold your head on me so that we didn't make a mess like earlier. I would have hated to ruin your sweater."

She nodded and smiled back at him.

"That was amazing", he added. He then looked at his watch. "It's 6:45. We need to get back before curfew."

They gathered up their books and headed towards the library exit. Fortunately for both of them, there were a couple other Slytherins and Gryffindors leaving at the same time so they were each able to head back to their respective dorms with others.

Thirty minutes later, Hermione was in Ginny's dorm. "Just do it now, Ginny. It's 7:30. Tell him you were messing with the sneak-o-scope and the minute you heard the recording, you knew you needed to bring it to him right away."

"You make it sound so simple." Ginny was pouting but when she saw the determined look on Hermione's face. She sighed. "Ok, I'm going, I'm going."

Ginny grabbed her backpack and tossed the sneak-o-scope into it and dashed out of the dorm. For authenticity sake, she dashed down the steps and through the common room quickly like she was truly in a mad rush. Once through the portrait and into the corridors, she ran as fast as she could towards the Headmasters tower.

When she reached the gargoyle, she froze. She stared at the gargoyle and started sprouting off the names of candies as quickly as they came to mind. "Lemon drop. Bertie Botts Every Flavor beans. Acid Pops. Cockroach clusters. Choco.." She didn't get to finish the last type of candy because the gargoyle moved and Professor Dumbledore appeared in front of her.

He smiled down at her, his blue eyes twinkling. "Miss Weasley. I was just leaving for a staff meeting, but it would appear, judging by the desperate look on your face that you are in need of my assistance?"

"Yes, Professor..please." She looked around to make sure no one was coming. The twinkle in his eye dulled as he recognized the seriousness of her deameaner and slight fear in her behavior.

"Come, Miss Weasley." He gestured up the stairs and she dashed up them, to his office.

He entered behind her and gestured for her to sit. He walked around his desk and sat, looking at her with concern. "I'm all yours, Miss Weasley," he said as he gestured to the candy dish full of lemon drops.

Ginny shook her head, denying the desire for a lemon drop. "Professor, I...I just discovered something and ran up here immediately. I should have grabbed a hall buddy, I was in such a rush, I just didn't pause to think."

Professor Dumbledore leaned forward over his desk, his fingertips of each hand pressed to the corresponding fingertip of the opposite hand as he looked at her.

Ginny quickly looked away, knowing his skill at legillimency and not wanting him to figure out her scheme. "Sir. I was cleaning out my bag and I pulled out the sneak-o-scope. I was waving my wand over it, practicing making it record and play and then tossed it aside as I finished going through my bag." Her words had come out quickly in her nervousness and her mouth became very dry.

"I, I heard...Sir, the Aurors. I don't think they heard the entire recording from that night...or, at least, they didn't erase all of it." She swallowed again as she placed the sneak-o-scope on his desk.

He looked at the scope and then back at her. "By all means, Miss Weasley." He gestured for her to continue.

Ginny waved her wand over the scope and said, "Canto."

There was silence and Professor Dumbledore raised his eyebrows as if questioning her. She responded, "It will be a couple of minutes before it plays. The Aurors erased what would be playing now."

Professor Dumbledore nodded at her and looked at the scope. Snape's voice could suddenly be heard. "If you tell anyone, Blaise, and I do mean anyone at all, I will polyjuice your mother into a captured muggle, give her the lust potion and set her loose at the Dark Lord's next revel. Don't think I won't! Not a word! You take the blame for this and I had nothing to do with it. Am I clear?"

Blaise could be heard responding, his voice shaky. "Yes, sir. Crystal."

Dumbledore's voice could then be heard. "Severus, what is going on in here? Miss Granger and Miss Weasley came and..ohh, boys. How could you! Severus get a blanket for Trixie. Cover the poor girl. Miss Weasley, Miss Granger, please get Professor McGonigall and tell her to contact the Auror Department. A student has been raped."

When the recording stopped, Ginny watched as the elderly Professor in front of her leaned back in his chair. His lips pursed and his eyes closed as he let out a heavy sigh. He opened his eyes

and looked at Ginny. "Who else heard this recording, Miss Weasley?"

Ginny shook her head, her mouth now dry as sawdust as she lied to the Headmaster. "No one, Sir. I ran to you the minute I heard it."

Professor Dumbledore watched her for a few seconds and then stood. He walked to his large picture window and looked out over the Hogwarts grounds, clearly in deep thought.

After a moment he turned back to her. "I need to speak with Professor Snape. He very likely has an explanation for this." He paused and looked at her. "It is unfortunate.."

"Miss Weasley, are you alright?" Professor Dumbledore was leaning over her.

Ginny looked up at her Professor, confused. "Sir, what am I doing?" She looked around the room, confused.

Professor Dumbledore smiled down at her. "I apologize Miss Weasley, but I just obliviated you. You came to me with some information you recently obtained, which I am beyond thankful for. However, it was dangerous for you to retain this information and for your safety, I obliviated you."

He sat on top of his desk, in front of her, his face expressing kindness and concern. "I want you to know you have not been attacked, and you have come to no harm. I merely erased about 30 minutes of your memory. I am admitting this to you, because I don't want you to go back to your dorm feeling off and having lost a chunk of time, thereby coming to the wrong conclusion that you were attacked. No harm came to you." He paused and walked to a side table where he poured her a glass of water.

He handed her the glass and she drank the water greedily as her mouth was very dry. She handed him the empty glass and stood. "Thank you, Professor."

He studied her closely. "Are you alright, Miss Weasley?"

She gave him a small smile. She understood perfectly what had happened and she was eager to get back to Hermione. "I'm fine, Sir. I understand and thank you."

He smiled down at her, the twinkle returning to his eyes. "I shall escort you back to Gryffindor, Miss Weasley."

She nodded. "Thank you, Sir."

Please review!

Chapter 25

Sorry for the delay. It's been a crazy February. Thanks for reading and reviewing!

Monday Evening

Hermione shook her head in frustration. "I knew it, but it irritates me all the same." She sighed heavily and looked back at Ginny, laying on her bed.

"Well, at least he had the decency to tell me he had obliviated me." Ginny responded, letting out a yawn.

"Get some sleep, Ginny. We'll make a plan tomorrow." Hermione smiled at Ginny and then left the room, heading to her own dorm and her own four poster bed.

When she got to her room she quickly changed and climbed into bed. Her mind was spinning, deliberating the next course of action. She was certain professor Dumbledore would be keeping a close eye on Ginny going forward, which really isn't a big change as he always watched the students closely whom Harry associated with.

She rolled on her side and Crookshanks jumped up next to her, curling up behind her knees. Her mind wandered to her boyfriend. Hermione couldn't help the small smile and warmth that flushed through her at the thought of him. Draco Malfoy...her first boyfriend. She felt like it was a right of passage that she should be excited about and sharing with her friends. Unfortunately, none of her friends trusted Draco. Not even Ginny, for that matter. Until whomever was still attacking witches was caught, Draco would be under suspicion and she had to admit, even if to no one other than herself, that despite all her assurances otherwise, there still existed the small possibility Draco was guilty. She shuddered at that thought. She didn't believe it and trusted him, but there was a small part of her that admitted it was a possibility.

Tuesday morning Ginny walked Hermione to her morning appointment with Madam Pomfrey and studied while Hermione performed her memory exercises.

Madam Pomfrey smiled at Hermione when they were finished. "You are already improving, Hermione. Even though we just started, I have seen vast improvement since our first session a few days ago." She continued, reassuringly. "I have every reason to believe you won't suffer any permanent obliviation damage."

Hermione let out a breath of relief and smiled back at the medi-witch. "Thank you Madam Pomfrey. I'm feeling more like myself every day." Hermione gathered her things and said goodbye as she and Ginny headed out into the corridor to head to breakfast.

Hermione turned to Ginny. "How are you feeling this morning? No headaches or fuzziness? Did you feel like you were able to concentrate when you were studying just now?" Hermione didn't suspect Ginny had been obliviated enough to have any lingering effects like she had experienced, but she did feel concerned and rather guilty for sending the redhead to Dumbledore the night before.

"I'm fine, Mione. Stop worrying." The girls walked in to the Great Hall where Harry, Ron and Lavender were already eating and laughing. Hermione looked to her right and spotted Draco watching her as she walked in. He smiled and gave her a small wave. She smiled back and followed Ginny to join the Gryffindors. She was anxious to see if Professor Snape would appear at breakfast. She wondered if Dumbledore had confronted him about what he heard on the sneak-o-scope recording and if anything would come of it.

She watched the head table as she put butter and jam on her toast. So far, neither Dumbledore

nor Snape had made an appearance.

While she had originally planned to turn the extra sneak-o-scope over to the Aurors, she realized now that it would complicate things. Dumbledore would know Ginny had lied to him and would probably suspect that Hermione and Harry were in on it as well. Hermione didn't want to do anything that would cause a strain between Harry and Dumbledore. In the grand scheme of things, Harry's defeat of Voldemort was the the most important task at hand.

She stared into her eggs thinking about Harry. What if what Draco said was true. What if Harry had raped a student. What if he had raped several students and had taken their underwear. She sighed heavily. Harry just wouldn't do that. And clearly the Aurors didn't find him capable of anything sinister either as they had believed him completely when he had said the panties had just appeared in his bag.

Hermione arrived in class to find Draco had saved her a seat in Ancient Runes. He greeted her with a smile and when she sat down, he took her hand. "So, you wanna meet up in the library after dinner tonight. We can get some studying done before curfew." He asked her, hopefully.

Perfect. Her mind raced with the plan she and Ginny had discussed. "Sure. But, I'll actually be staying in the library past curfew tonight." He got a questioning look on his face and she continued. "It's for Muggle Studies. I have a paper due and I need to use a book that can't be checked out. Ginny will stay with me." Hermione then lowered her voice and continued. "At least, that's what we told McGonigall. Ginny's actually going to be with Harry. But, I'll be fine by myself. "

Draco just nodded at her, his mind spinning with the possibilities. It would be the perfect opportunity to potion her. No one would be in the library after curfew. He could lure Hermione out of the library to a classroom. He was enjoying Hermione's blow jobs, but he was missing Princess and he was missing fucking her. But, he had something else he had intended to do after curfew, so he would have to think about it.

Hermione had a hard time concentrating in class as she thought about what would happen tonight. She had planted the seed. Only time would tell if Draco would take the bait.

The rest of the day went quickly. Hermione and Ginny whispered to each other at dinner as they reviewed their plan. Hermione turned as Draco approached them at the Gryffindor table. He had just opened his mouth to say something when he tripped and fell into the table between Ginny and Harry, although more on Harry than on Ginny.

"Watch it!" Harry declared angrily as the blond grabbed Harry's shoulder, using it as leverage to lift himself.

Draco looked apologetic. "So sorry. Accident." He lifted his hands off the Gryffindor and held them up in apology. "Sorry."

He turned to Hermione, his face flushed with embarrassment at having slipped.

She smiled at him, reassuringly.

"Just was thinking of heading over to the library and thought maybe you were ready to go now as well." He asked.

No one around them said anything, everyone suddenly interested in their plates. "Uh, yeah. Sure. I just finished eating. Let's go." She spun around on the bench and grabbed her book bag. She gave a small wave and smile to her fellow Gryffindors. "See you later."

They responded in kind and as she started to walk away from the table, she couldn't miss the look of disgust on Harry's face.

Draco grabbed her hand as they walked to the library. He turned to her. "I think we might be making headway on our potion. I stopped by to check it on my way to dinner. The second one isn't doing much, but the first one is developing a pearly sheen." He looked at her excitedly. "I think we might be able to test it soon."

Hermione turned to him in surprise. "Really? Already? That's great!"

He added. "well, I'm sure we'll have to make adjustments. It would be a miracle if we have it not only finished, but perfected so early in the process."

She smiled. "Still, even having a potion already at a testing phase is quite an accomplishment." She squeezed his hand.

They walked back to their favorite table and spread their things out.

After a few minutes of studying, Draco's hand landed on Hermione's knee, giving it a squeeze before starting to move up her thigh.

She pushed his hand away and turned to him, saying softly but adamantly, "Draco, I really have too much to do tonight. I need to focus. I'm sorry."

"No problem, Princess." His was smiling but the way he said, 'Princess' bothered her. She had not forgotten her dream and for some reason whenever he called her that, it made her feel slightly shaky and ill.

She and Ginny had discussed the importance of not giving in to his advances tonight. It was important he was left wanting more when he left her in the library at curfew. He would be more likely to attack her if he wasn't already sexually sated.

Before long, it was 6:45 and curfew was just about upon them. "I guess I should go." Draco said hesitantly. "I really don't like you being left here all alone." He added, his face crinkled with worry lines on his forehead .

"I'll be fine. Ginny will be here soon and will stay for a little while before running off with Harry." She said, reassuringly.

He stood, gathering his things, his look of concern not going away.

She smiled up at him warmly and placed her hand over his. "Hey, I'll be fine."

He looked down into her beautiful brown eyes and leaned down to kiss her goodbye. Just as he pulled back, Ginny arrived, out of breath.

He nodded in greeting to Ginny and smiled at Hermione as he waved goodbye. He walked over to the small group of Slytherins who were waiting for him to walk back to the Slytherin common room.

Ginny sat down, and said quickly and quietly, "I don't have the cloak! I can't find Harry and the cloak is gone as well. I don't know where he is." Her voice was strained and mildly panicked.

Hermione thought for a minute. "Well, it is his cloak. And, it's not unreasonable for him to use it." She sighed, "it's just unfortunate he's using it tonight as it means we can't carry out our plan." She looked at her friend. "We need to decide if we are taking the recording to Tonks or not."

Hermione shared her concerns with Ginny and the two witches agreed they would go ahead and share all their intell with Harry. Hermione and Ginny agreed they did not feel Harry attacked anyone and now that Hermione's concentration was improving and her mind was clearing, she knew now more than ever, Harry was innocent. She was disappointed in herself for doubting him. Although, she did still believe he had anger management issues and still believed he had hit Draco on Saturday.

The witches agreed they wanted Harry's opinion on the next course of action because Snape being arrested could very well prevent Harry from defeating Voldemort. Hermione knew Harry felt Snape was actually Voldemort's man, but she would let Harry make the final decision. He needed to be involved. But, if they didn't turn Snape in to the Aurors, Hermione would seek her own revenge. Snape would not get away with his crimes and his betrayal.

Draco left the witches behind, his plan hopefully working perfectly. When he got back to Slytherin, he changed into his black shirt and black jeans and dissolutioned himself. He had slipped the note into Harry's pocket during his pretend trip and fall. Now, he would find out if Harry would show or not. Draco stuck to the shadows and made his way out the castle and to the quidditch pitch building. He walked in and was happy to find Harry already there, waiting for him. Draco didn't hesitate as he wasn't really there for the reason Harry thought. "Petrificus totalis" he said quickly as he lifted his wand at the Gryffindor. Harry had lifted his wand and tried to cast "expelliarmus", but it was too late.

Draco shook his head. "You make this too easy, Potter." He walked over to Harry and reached in his pocket, pulling out the marauders map. Draco looked at the parchment and his face lit up when he saw what it was. "What is this? I can see where everyone in the castle is. Well, this will come in very handy." He tucked the parchment into his own pocket.

Draco reached in Harry's pocket again and found the note asking Harry to meet him. Draco burned the note with a flick of his wand. "We don't need evidence that I requested your presence tonight, Potter." Draco sat back and studied the frozen Gryffindor. "So, I'll just need your wand and some of your hair, Potter." Draco took Harry's wand and pulled some of his hair. He pulled the larger black flask out his pocket and dropped two strands of hair into the liquid. He then pulled a smaller silver flask and put one of Harry's hairs in that one. He put the silver flask in his pocket. He waited the required two minutes and then sipped the potion out of the black flask, cringing as his body morphed into that of the Gryffindor. "You taste disgusting, Potter." Draco made a face of disgust. "So, I'll be back in bit, Potter. Don't go anywhere." Draco cast another petrificus totalis on Harry for good measure with Harry's own wand this time. "I like your wand, Potter. It seems to like me too." He grinned evilly at the frozen Gryffindor and took his glasses. He then pulled Harry's stiff form into a closet, pushing him in and shutting the door.

Draco grabbed Harry's invisibility cloak, pulled out the map and thought about who the victim would be. Romilda Vane was walking out of Gryffindor tower alone. Perfect.

Draco put the glasses on as he really couldn't see very well without them. He threw the cloak over his head and dashed to the castle. He stopped when he entered the castle and rechecked the map. Hermione and Ginny were leaving the library and Romilda was heading his way. He ran up a flight of steps and hid in an alcove. He heard Romilda coming and cast a silencing charm with Harry's wand as he grabbed her and pulled her into a classroom. Her scream was muffled. He pulled off the cloak and stepped back from her.

Her look became confused. "Harry! What are you doing? Why did you grab me?"

He smiled at her, flirtatiously.

She turned pink. "Harry, what is this?"

He knew his voice wouldn't sound like Harry's so he tried to speak as little as possible. "I want to fuck you."

Her face became alarmed. "What?"

"I've wanted you for ages, and you're next on my list." He stepped towards her and grabbed her before taking the little silver flask out of his pocket and prying her mouth open, dropping some of the solution on her tongue. He had added Harry's hair to the lust potion so that whoever drank it would lust after him or in this case, Draco polyjuiced as him.

As usual the response was immediate. He was curious what she looked like under her robes and had been curious if her tits were as big as they looked. She was all over him. He had her undress and fondled her a bit, but just didn't feel the desire to fuck her. She wasn't Princess. But, he wasn't there for his own satisfaction. He was there to frame Potter. So, he had to do what he had to do.

He stroked himself and was shocked to find Potter was quite endowed. He wondered if it would feel different fucking a witch as someone else. He had Romilda suck him for a couple minutes and then bent her over a desk and fucked her from behind. It felt good, he had to admit it. He didn't enjoy himself as much as he enjoyed being with Princess, but it was a rush fucking this witch as Potter.

When he was finished, using Harry's wand, he cast a contraception charm but not a cleansing charm. He took her panties and then had her dress. He gave her the antidote and next, with Harry's wand, he cast an obliviation charm, but he didn't do it properly, not wanting it to work completely. He wanted her to remember being grabbed, remember being forced to take the lust potion, remember giving him head and remember at least part of him fucking her. As she was recovering he gave her a minute before throwing the cloak back on, hoping she was alert enough to catch a glimpse of him. Then, as soon as he was under the cloak, he ran out of the castle.

Adrenaline was coursing through him as he dashed back to the quidditch building under the cloak. He pulled Harry out of the closet, putting the panties in Harry's bag. Then he put the Marauders map back in Harry's pocket as well as the silver flask with the lust potion. He then

disillusioned himself and cast a hover charm on Harry after tossing the invisibility cloak over him. He guided Harry back to the castle and took him inside through one of the hidden entrances.

Once they were closer to the main hub of the castle, Draco pulled out his own wand and reversed the *petrificus totalis* spell. Before Harry had a chance to react, Draco used Harry's wand to cast an obliviation charm on the Gryffindor. As Harry stood there, dazed from the spell, Draco tucked Harry's wand back in the Gryffindors pocket and then ducked into the shadows, still disillusioned.

If all went according to plan, Harry would remember nothing but would have the potion, the panties, a wand that would show he cast the spells on Romilda and Romilda would remember most of Harry raping her. By morning, Harry would be in Azkaban.

Chapter 26

Was able to get this written and posted quickly. I hope it makes up for the delay of the last chapter. Thanks again for reading and reviewing.

Late Tuesday Night

There was commotion and noise and Hermione was awakened just as she had fallen asleep. She and Lavender looked at each other as they threw on their robes and slippers. Pavarti was still asleep, as she could sleep through anything. They dashed to the common room. Hermione was shocked at the vision before her. Harry was being taken away by Aurors. Dumbledore looked shaken and was arguing with the Aurors that there was clearly a mistake. Professor McGonigall was almost in tears.

Hermione and Lavender ran down the steps, Lavender rushing to Ron, who's face was red as he said, "Harry, we'll get this straight. Whatever this is, we all know you're innocent," his voice breaking.

Hermione was stunned and held Ginny who had dashed to her side. She broke from Ginny and ran up to Harry, just before the Aurors pulled him through the portrait. He looked at her, panic on his face. "Harry," was all she managed to say before he was gone.

Hermione turned back to her friends, who were all in tears. She looked at Dumbledore. "Professor, what happened?"

He let out a breath, "He's been accused of attacking a witch."

"What?" She asked in shock, a feeling of dread washing over her. "I..I don't believe it!"

Dumbledore had turned to leave. He looked back towards her, "Neither do I, Miss Granger. Neither do I."

The Gryffindors all stared at the portrait door after Dumbledore walked through it into the castle. Ginny turned to McGonigall. "Professor, please! Tell us what happened."

Professor McGonigall looked at the stunned faces of the Gryffindors. She sighed heavily. "All I can tell you is there is evidence against him...significant evidence, that he attacked and raped a student tonight. They are taking him to Dumbledore's office now for preliminary questioning and unless he tells them something that makes them change their minds, he'll be taken to Azkaban where he will stay until the Aurors finish their investigation and either release him or charge him."

Ginny collapsed in sobs on the sofa. Hermione and Ron sat on either side of her, Ron holding her hand and Hermione rubbing her back.

Professor McGonigall straightened up and said resolutely, "Miss Weasley, I do not for one minute think Mr. Potter is guilty of these charges. Professor Dumbledore will get to the bottom of this. Mark my words." She then said in a softer tone, "Try to get some sleep. Tomorrow will be...well, it won't be easy dealing with the backlash as this gets out." With that she turned and left Gryffindor tower.

Hermione wanted to speak with Ron and Ginny alone. "Um guys? Do you mind giving me some time wit Ginny?" She looked around at Neville, Seamus, Dean and Lavender. The boys nodded and started up the stairs, talking amongst themselves. Hermione spoke to their retreating backs. "Guys, don't say anything about this to anyone. Not until Dumbledore or someone else makes it public knowledge." The three of them turned back to her and nodded.

Hermione grabbed Ron's hand when he started to stand. "Ron, you stay." Lavender looked put out so Hermione smiled softly at her. "You can stay as well, Lavender. I don't mean to exclude you."

Ron smiled softly at Hermione, clearly appreciating the gesture toward Lavender. Lavender walked around the sofa and sat on the other side of Ron.

Hermione looked them each in the eye. "Listen, we all love Harry. And I find it very hard to believe he would attack or rape anyone. It goes against everything I know about him...But, there was a witness who saw him obliviate a witch after walking out of a classroom with her after curfew a couple weeks ago. The witch later confirmed with Madam Pomfrey she was no longer a virgin."

"Hermione, this is Harry!" Ron exclaimed.

"Ron, I know! Just hear me out." She took a calming breath and continued. "The witness didn't come forward because he wouldn't do so without the witch's consent and the witness didn't think he would be believed anyway because it was Harry Potter." She leaned back on the sofa and rubbed her eyes. "So, this attack isn't the first I've heard against him and he did have all those panties."

Ron looked at Hermione with disgust. "I can't believe you, Hermione. How could you even think he could be guilty."

Hermione responded defensively. "I don't want it to be true, Ron! I don't want to think it's even possible! But the truth is, it is! But, it's also possible he's been framed, and frankly that's where I'm leaning. I have to believe in him, because he's my friend and I love him and would want him to believe me and fight for me if the tables were turned."

Ginny nodded at Hermione. "We need to know what evidence they have against him and who was attacked."

Hermione stared into the fire. "McGonigall is right. Dumbledore will not let this go. He believes in Harry and will fight for him. We need to help Dumbledore. We need to ask him what we can do to help."

Hermione turned to Ginny. "That means we can't do anything that would make Dumbledore not trust us." Ginny looked at Hermione in understanding. They would not be telling the Aurors about the recording of Snape, at least not until the mess with Harry was cleared up.

Ron looked at Hermione, confused by her comment. "Why would we do anything that would make Dumbledore not trust us?"

Hermione just shrugged and replied, "Good. We're all on the same page."

Lavendar stood, pulling Ron up with her. "C'mon. We all need to get to bed. Tomorrow we'll focus on this, but we'll be no help to Harry if we are too tired to think straight."

Ginny shook her head. "I'll never get to sleep."

"Well, we have to try." Hermione stood and held her hand out to Ginny, pulling her up.

Wednesday morning the quartet walked into the Great Hall, not knowing what to expect. Would there be another big announcement? Would classes be cancelled again? They were surprised to find nothing out of the ordinary. Professor Dumbledore was jovially smiling and laughing with the professors at the Head Table. Hermione felt anger rise at the sight of Professor Snape sitting amongst them.

"Ok, something isn't right. Why is Dumbledore acting like nothing has happened?" Ron whispered to Hermione. Everyone at the Gryffindor table was looking normal and Seamus, Neville and Dean were just talking quietly amongst themselves and eating. It seemed everything was just like any other morning.

"I don't know, Ron. It's odd Dumbledore is behaving this way and hasn't made an announcement." Just then Dumbledore stood and started to walk out of the Great Hall, cutting a glance at Ron and then her as he left.

Hermione turned to Ron. "C'mon Ron."

Ron looked at her confused. "I haven't eaten yet!"

"Ron, come on! You can eat later!" Hermione demanded, impatiently.

Ginny stood, "I'm going with you."

Lavender started to stand, and then stopped, admitting to herself it was not her place to be overly involved. "You guys go on. Let me know what I can do."

Hermione smiled at her. "We'll fill you in, Lav. See you soon." She took Ron's hand and led him and Ginny out of the Great Hall.

Draco was glued to the events unfolding at the Gryffindor table. He was perturbed his witch hadn't even glanced his direction in the Great Hall, but he also noticed Potter was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps Hermione was too distracted by events unfolding. He grinned internally. Potter had clearly been arrested. He looked up at the Head Table and was confused by Dumbledore and McGonigall's demeanors. He thought for sure they would both be crying in their porridge over the arrest of "the chosen one." It didn't make sense that they were so unbothered. He watched Dumbledore stride merrily out of the Great Hall.

He looked back at the Gryffindor table and felt his anger start to rise at the sight before him. Hermione was holding Ron's hand, walking out of the Great Hall! What the fuck! He had just gotten rid of Harry. Was he going to have to deal with Ron as well?

"Where are we going?" Ron asked. Hermione pulling him out of the Great Hall.

She replied impatiently. "To see Dumbledore. Didn't you see the look he gave us?"

Ron gave her a confused look and Hermione rolled her eyes. When they arrived at the Headmaster's tower, the stairs appeared for them right away. They didn't have to provide a password.

Dumbledore was sitting at his desk as they walked in. Three chairs were already placed in front of Dumbledore's desk. He gestured for them to sit.

Ginny couldn't wait. "Professor, please! What's going on? Where is Harry?"

Dumbledore looked grave. "He is at the ministry, being held in the Auror office. I was able to convince them it would be very unsafe for Harry in Azkaban given Voldemort's possible dealings with the dementors."

Ginny's voice was shaky. "Professor, I know he didn't attack anyone! I just know it!"

Dumbledore looked at her, sadly. "Unfortunately, Miss Weasley, neither yours, mine or anyone else's belief in Harry is enough to get him out of this mess."

Hermione cut to the heart of the meeting. "What can we do, Professor? Whatever you need, we'll help."

He smiled at her. "Well, firstly..Did any of you see Harry last evening between 7pm and 8:30 pm?"

The three Gryffindors looked at each other and then back at the Professor. Hermione shook her head. "No, sir."

Dumbledore leaned back in his chair. "Mr. Weasley, where were you last evening between 7 and 8:30?"

Ron's ears turned pink. "I was with Lavendar." He paused and then mumbled quickly. "In the room of requirement." Hermione and Ginny both turned and looked at him, realizing what he and Lavender had probably been doing.

Professor Dumbledore wasn't fazed. He thought for a minute. "I'll need to check with Seamus, Neville and Dean. Perhaps one of them will recall him being in his dorm."

Ginny spoke up, quietly and hesitantly. "Actually, Professor, I looked for him at around 6:45 and then again at around 7:45." She swallowed. "He wasn't in his room either time."

He looked at her, his disappointment obvious. "I see."

He looked at the three of them, one at a time, in the eyes before continuing.

"I can not stall telling the student body much longer. The Board of Governors is being informed this morning what has happened." He continued. "It is my belief that Harry has been framed. I am hopeful that by acting normal and not giving anything away, the culprit will show his hand...perhaps out of frustration."

Ron interjected. "He was probably framed by Malfoy!"

"Why do you say that, Mr Weasley?"

Ron shrugged, "Because he hates Harry. Because he is probably working for Voldemort to destroy Harry." He looked at Hermione. "Tell him, Hermione. Tell him what we all thought, including you, until he bewitched you!"

Hermione couldn't believe Ron had just said that. Her look made him cringe.

Professor Dumbledore looked at Hermione. "Miss Granger? Something you wish to share?"

She looked at the elderly professor before responding. "Ron, is bringing up something that I no longer believe to be true. There was a time I thought Draco had...had attacked me."

Professor Dumbledore's jaw dropped. "Miss Granger? Were you attacked?"

She thought before answering. "Professor, are you held under the same obligation as Madam Pomfrey to not share personal information about a student without that student's consent?"

Professor Dumbledore leaned forward. "You have my word, Miss Granger. I will not share anything you tell me that is of a personal nature, to anyone without your consent. Please tell me what you know. I can only help Harry if I have all the information."

Hermione contemplated for a minute. She didn't trust Dumbledore, but she did trust that he cared about Harry and she owed it to Harry to do anything she could to help him.

Hermione proceeded to tell Dumbledore everything. She told him she had confirmed she had been raped. She told him about her conversation with Tonks. She told him about all the times she thought she had been obliviated, including the nights she had been following Draco. She told him about working on the potion with Blaise and Draco and the several times in the room of requirement lab she had felt off, but went on to clarify she thought that was from the lab not being cleaned properly. She also told him that Draco had passed out as well and how they had gotten Snape to check out the potion after that happened. She told him about the night she thought she was attacked when leaving the library and about her possibly being obliviated in Snape's study and about the clarifying potion. She told him about Harry hitting Draco and then

Harry's denying it. She reluctantly told him about her prior suspicions she had held against Draco but added that she believed him innocent. For good measure, she also shared Snape's sudden friendliness and interest towards her and all the times she had confided in him. In short, she left nothing out except her knowledge of the recording of Snape on the sneak-o-scope. That she couldn't tell him.

When she was finished, Dumbledore didn't say anything.

As Hermione ran through everything in her mind that she had just told Dumbledore, she secretly and internally, once again started to question her faith in Draco. She knew she believed him but she also knew there was an awful lot of circumstantial evidence against him. She was starting to get a headache.

"Miss Granger, thank you. Thank you for confiding all this to me." He spun his chair around and looked out the window. He was facing the window but said, "Is there anything else you three think I should know?"

The three of them looked at each other before responding that they couldn't think of anything. Dumbledore turned his chair back towards them, but before he could speak, Ginny asked, hesitantly, "Professor, who is Harry accused of attacking?"

Dumbledore waited a second and then responded, "Romilda Vane."

Hermione asked, "Can you tell us any more, Professor? Please? We won't tell anyone outside of this room anything you tell us not to."

The professor contemplated and responded, "Since you placed your trust in me, Miss Granger, I will place my trust in the three of you." He sighed heavily and continued. "I can't tell you everything, but suffice it to say, she remembers him grabbing her and forcing potion into her mouth, she remembers being under the influence of the potion and most of the physical attack on her person. She even remembers him casting his unsuccessful obliviation charm on her before hiding under his cloak and running off." He paused before adding, "they also tested his wand with *priori incantatem* and the most recent casts of his wand had been two obliviation charms as well as spells that corroborated her story. He had her undergarment in his bag and the antidote and the lust potion in his pocket."

Hermione, Ginny and Ron all exchanged worried glances. Hermione looked questioningly at the professor. "Why would he cast two obliviation charms?"

Professor Dumbledore smiled at Hermione. "That's an excellent question and it's the reason the Aurors aren't more convinced of his guilt. It seems Harry himself was obliterated. The Aurors think he might have accidentally obliterated himself, or maybe even on purpose if he thought he was going to get caught. But, there is also the possibility that someone else used his wand. Maybe someone took polyjuice to look like him and carry out this attack." He then added, "it's all being looked into."

He smiled at the three of them. "Now, I have told you much more than I should have and the Aurors will not be pleased."

"We won't say a word, Professor." Ron declared. "Please tell us anything we can do to help."

Professor Dumbledore smiled. "Continue believing in and supporting your friend. He'll need you now more than ever. Also, keep your eyes and ears open." He looked at Hermione. "Miss Granger, if you remember anything else, please come to me. I'm going to look into Mr. Malfoy. What you have shared is worth exploring. I know you and he have become...close and I know you trust him. But, all possibilities need to be explored."

She smiled back at him. "Yes, of course, Professor." Hermione actually felt relieved she had confided in Dumbledore. He would find out if Draco was involved in any of this and she could stop secretly doubting him. Dumbledore would also do everything possible to help Harry. She might not agree with his handling of Snape, but right now she needed to trust him, so trust him she would.

Chapter 27

Ok, I'm seriously on a roll now.. Three chapters in three days! But, this is a short chapter so it didn't take long to write. Thanks for reading and reviewing! Story will be wrapping up soon.

Wednesday Morning

By the time they left Dumbledore's office, classes were underway and they had missed the first half of first period. They headed back to Gryffindor tower, realizing there was no point in going to their first class so late. The three of them were physically, mentally and emotionally exhausted. They collapsed on the large sofa, staring into the fire, each lost in their own thoughts.

"Hermione, I know Malfoy is responsible for this. It makes the most sense." Ron said this in a low voice but a pleading tone, willing her to snap out of her denial where the blond ferret was concerned.

Hermione didn't become defensive, but just responded simply. "Dumbledore is on it now. He'll find out the truth." Hermione felt uneasy as she started to really think about that. She had no doubt he would do whatever was needed to protect Harry, but how far would he take that? Would he let someone else take the fall if he finds that Harry really is guilty? Is Draco going to be treated fairly by Dumbledore? The answer to her own question left her uneasy. He obliviated Ginny to keep the truth about Snape from getting out. How far would he go to protect Harry?

Suddenly, she was doubting herself for confiding in the old, powerful wizard. She sighed internally realizing there was nothing she could do about it now. She had already told him everything and had to hope Dumbledore would not only find out the truth, but see to it that the guilty party was punished, no matter who it was. The problem was, she really didn't believe either Harry or Draco would attack anyone. So, who was it then? Snape? Perhaps someone who had never entered her mind? Her head was really starting to pound as she thought about it.

Thirty minutes later Ron and Hermione walked into the potions classroom. Draco was looking at her and gave her a soft smile, holding out her chair for her. "Hi." He said.

"Hi," she responded, giving him a half smile.

He asked, "I was surprised I didn't see you in History of Magic this morning. Everything, ok?"

She hated lying to him, or keeping secrets, but she had no choice. "Yeah, just had a headache and didn't feel I could stand listening to Professor Binns droning on and on this morning." She rolled her eyes.

Draco gave her a surprised look. "Since when do you complain about a teacher?!" He smiled at her. "You sure you're ok?"

Hermione was tired and cranky and overwhelmed by everything happening, not the least of which was her boyfriend who might or might not have raped her. Her response was short and had a tone of irritation. "I'm fine, Draco."

Draco's face fell and he seemed to shrink beside her, making her feel guilty. She turned to him and took his hand. "I'm sorry. I just don't feel very well, that's all." She sighed, "I've got this headache and I'm tired and.." Then it hit her. It hit her hard and the room started to spin. She put her head in her hands.

Draco wrapped his arm around her. "Hey..seriously. You are not ok! Do you need to see Madam Pomfrey?"

She looked up, panic on her face. "Yeah, I think I do." He dashed up to Snape at his desk and whispered something before dashing back to her. He put her books she was just unpacking back into her bag, picked up her bag and took her hand, leading her out of the classroom.

Neither noticed the concerned look on Ron's face as he watched Hermione leave with the Slytherin. Ron was fed up. His best friend was accused of raping a witch and his other best friend was dating the actual rapist. Ron knew it was time he did something and his mind started to reel as he contemplated courses of action.

"Are you ok to walk?" Draco asked her, concern in his voice and etched on his face.

"Yes, Draco..I'm ok. It's ok." She replied, but Draco could tell by looking at her that she was far from ok. She looked very pale. He felt his own panic rising within himself at the thought that something could really be wrong with her.

He wrapped his arm around her and held her close as he walked her to the infirmary. She leaned in to him and he held her tight. She felt safe when he was protective of her like this. She could smell him and the scent gave her comfort.

Madam Pomfrey rushed up to her as soon as she and Draco came through the door. She was surprised to see Draco holding her so close. "Mr. Malfoy, I've got her. You can let go."

Draco dropped his arm, hesitantly. Hermione turned to him and smiled reassuringly at him. "I'm fine. I'll find you later, ok?"

He nodded and watched as Madam Pomfrey led Hermione to a cot and pulled the curtain.

"I was surprised you didn't show up for your concentration exercises this morning," the medi-witch said as she assisted Hermione onto the cot. It was not said in an accusatory way. It was more like she was thinking out loud and her tone was reassuring. "That's it. Lay back and tell me what's wrong. You haven't had another spell of confusion or loss of time have you?" Her

voice now with an edge of panic.

Hermione had completely forgotten to come that morning with everything that had been going on. It was all too much and she couldn't help the tears that started streaming down her face.

Madam Pomfrey conjured a box of tissues and handed Hermione one. "Dear child, what's wrong?"

Hermione took the tissue and dabbed her eyes. She looked up into the kind face of the medi-witch. "I think...I think I might be..pregnant!"

Draco had not left, but had quietly sat in a chair in the corner. He inched the chair closer to the curtain, wanting to hear what was being said. He wasn't leaving until he knew for a fact she was ok. But, when he heard what Hermione said, panic bubbled up inside of him like a volcano about to erupt. He stood and quickly dashed out of the infirmary and quickly made his way through the castle and down to the dungeons.

He went to his dorm and collapsed on his bed. He forced himself to take deep breaths and willed himself to calm down. Calm down. She can't be pregnant! You were diligent and used the contraception charm every time. There's no way she's pregnant! But, then his mind started to explore other possibilities. Had his witch lied to him? Had she been sleeping with someone else? He found that very unlikely, considering he had just taken her virginity last month. But, maybe once she found out she wasn't a virgin, she slept with someone else? Willingly? He sat up on the side of the bed, anger overcoming him as he imagined her in the arms of another wizard. Who would she have fucked? Harry? Ron? Both of them? He slammed his fist onto the bed. That fucking slut!

Madam Pomfrey performed the diagnostic spell and then smiled at Hermione. "My dear. You are not pregnant." She sat down next to Hermione. "Stress my dear. Stress will cause periods to become irregular. And, potions can have side effects. If you were given a... Well, nevermind. You understand."

Hermione felt relief course through her like she had never felt. "I was so sure. It just hit me in class. I've been so tired and I've had a headache all day. And then...then I remembered that I hadn't had a period in almost 6 weeks!" She stared up at the ceiling and let out a slow breath of relief. "I was so sure!"

She turned and smiled at the medi-witch. "Thank you! Thank you, Madam Pomfrey. it feels good to finally get a piece of good news from you." Hermione smiled at her and the medi witch laughed.

"Yes, well..it feels good to give good news as well." She opened the curtain and then opened a wall mounted cabinet over the bed. "Now, about your headache. I'm going to give you a potion. It's more than a headache potion, it's also a mild sedative and has a little sleeping potion mixed in as well. I am sure you were up all night." Madam Pomfrey looked down at Hermione, knowingly.

Hermione swallowed. "You heard about Harry?"

Madam Pomfrey nodded and then shook her head. "It's all so terrible. He's such a fine young man. I just find it hard to believe he could do such a thing."

Hermione pulled herself up and sat on the side of the stretcher. "I don't think it was him."

Madam Pomfrey shook her head in disagreement. "The witch was quite sure. I examined her and she was definitely attacked. She provided memories for the pensieve and the aurors confirmed it was him"

Hermione just shrugged. "or a polyjuiced version of him."

Madam Pomfrey shrugged back. "Yes, that's true. But that's quite terrifying as well. It means there is still a rapist in the castle."

Hermione nodded in agreement. "I always thought Hogwarts was the safest place in the world. Now, well...it doesn't quite feel that way anymore."

Madam Pomfrey called Dobby and the house elf appeared instantly. "Dobby, please take Hermione back to her dorm and make sure she takes the potion I gave her."

Dobby replied earnestly. "Dobby will do as the good medi-witch says and will help Harry Potter's friend who makes beautiful socks." He beamed at Hermione and Hermione noticed he was wearing a knitted hat she had made as well as two socks.

She smiled back at him. He took her hand and snapped. Suddenly they were in her dorm. Hermione's jaw hit the floor. "Dobby! How did you do that? No one is supposed to be able to apparate on Hogwarts grounds."

Dobby beamed up at her. "House elves is not following the same rules as wizards and witches. House elves is able to apparate where is needed."

He watched her for minute and then said, "Dobby will stay until young miss takes her potion as the good medi-witch instructed."

Hermione smiled at him and pulled the potion out of her pocket. She pulled the cork and poured the contents of the vial into her mouth. Dobby then bowed and snapped his finger, disappearing with a pop.

Hermione kicked off her shoes and climbed under the covers. A sense of calm came over her and she felt tension leave her body as she drifted off into a deep sleep.

Draco arrived at lunch but didn't eat. There was still no sign of Potter. He scanned the Gryffindor table. Hermione and Ron were missing as well. She was probably fucking him right now. Just then Ron walked in holding Lavender's hand and Draco exhaled, feeling a twinge of relief. Still, who was she fucking? Who had gotten her pregnant?

He thought about marching up to the infirmary and demanding answers from her, but he had other ideas. He hadn't seen Princess in quite a while and he was missing her. He would have her and have her often. He started to imagine her pregnant with swollen breasts and found it turned him on. He would dump Hermione's cheating ass and continue fucking Princess. That was just fine with him.

Chapter 28

Thanks so much for reading this story. Your encouragement and reviews were so helpful and inspiring. This was originally two chapters, but I put them together into one big, final chapter.

Wednesday Late Afternoon/ Early Evening

Hermione awoke late afternoon and was starving. She sat up on the side of the bed and stretched. Dinner would be in 15 minutes. She felt like she needed a shower, though. She grabbed some clean clothes and walked down to the common room where Ginny was sitting with Ron and Lavender.

"Hermione! You're up!" Lavender exclaimed. "You've been sleeping all afternoon!"

"Are you ok?" Ron asked, clearly concerned. He then added, a bit irritated, "I saw Draco wisk you out of class this morning."

"Uh, yeah. I wasn't feeling well and Madam Pomfrey gave me a headache potion that also had some calming draught and sleeping potion mixed in. I feel a lot better. Everything just, well... I'm better now." She looked at Ginny. "Gin, would you mind coming to the prefects bath with me? I wanna take a quick bath before dinner."

Hermione and Ginny arrived to dinner 45 minutes later. Hermione felt good. Her hair and body were clean and she was rested. She was worrying about Harry, though. She wanted to know what was happening. She wanted to know he was alright.

She looked toward the Slytherin table and saw Draco chatting animatedly with Daphne and Pansy. She felt a twinge of jealousy when Pansy leaned into Draco laughing and he kissed the top of her head. She knew she shouldn't be jealous, she kissed Ron and Harry on the cheek or head all the time. But, she had gotten used to finding the blonde's eyes on her whenever she looked his way. He was always watching and she frequently caught him doing so. But, not tonight. Tonight he hadn't looked her way even once. She was sitting facing the Slytherin table so she was able to keep an eye on him.

Hermione made herself look away and focus on something else. She looked at Ron and asked, "Did you ask your Dad about Harry? Is there any word at the Ministry?"

Ron shook his head. "I owled him, but he hasn't responded yet."

Hermione looked up as Professor Dumbledore walked into the Great Hall, his face grave. "Uh, Oh. Here we go." Hermione said quietly. As Dumbledore walked in, she spotted Draco, who's attention was suddenly on the elderly wizard. He had still not looked her way once, that she was aware of.

Draco watched as Dumbledore walked into the Great Hall. He had purposely avoided looking at the cheating slut. It wasn't easy as he was so used to watching her.

His spirits were lifted when he saw the look on Dumbledore's face. Finally! Maybe now something would be said about Potty.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "Can I have your attention, please." The chatter slowly died down as the attention of the students and teachers gravitated towards the Headmaster. "I'm afraid I have grave news. Hogwarts will be cancelling classes for the rest of the week and possibly next week as well. Another student has been attacked and another suspect arrested."

Draco worked hard to conceal his glee as he looked around at the shocked faces of the student body. He was still avoiding Hermione, so he hadn't seen her reaction.

Dumbledore continued. "Aurors will be arriving at the school tomorrow morning and will be questioning each and every student individually. Voluntary veritaserum will be offered during questioning. Students who agree to the serum, will be questioned first and allowed free access of the castle once questioning is concluded. Parents must give consent, of course. Students who decline the serum will be put through a more vigorous line of questioning and will be confined to certain areas."

He sighed as he looked around. "Aurors will also be searching the castle and they have obtained permission from the Ministry, as well as the Board of Governors, to go through student's trunks and dorm rooms." He pulled off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. "It breaks my heart that it has come to this and it breaks my heart that any wizard at this school, no matter the age, could be capable of such cruelty, maliciousness and violence." He put his glasses back on. "Classes will not resume until the Aurors are convinced there are no more perpetrators of these violent acts in the castle. Owls started being dispatched to parents about an hour ago." With that he stepped off the podium and walked out of the Great Hall.

Draco sat back in his chair. This was not good. He had not foreseen this. Clearly, he couldn't take the veritaserum, but that would make him look guilty. Without thinking, he looked up and at Hermione. She was looking at him and gave him a small wave and a smile. He swallowed and tilted his head at her in acknowledgment, before turning away. He lost his resolve and quickly looked back at her. She had turned away, but looked upset. Was she upset because he was ignoring her or was she upset about Harry? ... Or, maybe she was upset because whoever she had been fucking got her fucking pregnant! His day just went from shitty to shitstorm. His girlfriend was pregnant and had been cheating on him and he was about to face Aurors who would probably figure out what he had been doing with the slut.

Draco stood to leave. He needed to think and come up with a plan. The plan would probably involve help from his father, which he hated the idea of. Maybe he could go to Severus. Severus wouldn't care he had been using the potion on the Gryffindor slut. He would help him figure out a plan. It's what Severus was good at, deception and espionage. He would go see Severus this evening. He began to relax, confident he could work his way around this.

Draco stood back and sighed as he waited for the masses to make their way out of the Great Hall. He noticed movement on his right.

Hermione was approaching him. "Hi, Draco."

"Oh, hey. You feeling better?" He asked, not looking at her and appearing disinterested in her answer.

She hesitated. "Much. I, uh.. had a scare.. but it's all good."

His curiosity was peaked and he looked at her. "A scare?"

She looked around them and said quietly. "Yeah...can we talk privately?"

Draco felt his hackles rise. She was probably getting ready to dump him. She was probably happy to be pregnant with the bastard in her belly. He nodded, but acted disinterested.

Hermione looked at him confused. "Is something wrong?"

"No. Just have stuff to do." He answered, not looking at her.

"Oh." She hesitated. "Well, it's not important. I don't want to keep you."

"Just say it, Hermione." He said impatiently, finally looking at her.

"What is your problem?" She stepped away from him and turned to walk away.

He sighed, curiosity getting the better of him. He followed her and grabbed her arm, gently. "Tell me, Hermione. What was your scare?" His voice impatient.

She turned back to him and said quickly, ripping her arm away from him. "I thought I was pregnant." She looked around again, to be sure no one was listening. "But, I'm not. I thought whoever attacked me had gotten me pregnant." She crossed her arms and wouldn't look at him. She felt like she was going to cry. She just couldn't figure out why he was acting like this, but it was upsetting her, more than she wanted to admit.

He stared at her. Letting the words sink in. NOT pregnant. oh. He felt the tension of the day slowly ebb away. He stepped closer to her and pulled her to him, hugging her against him. He felt her relax into him and he breathed in her scent. She smelled good...clean...fuckable. "I'm sorry you had that scare, Hermione. That must have been...awful." His voice was soothing and warm.

She sniffled. "It was. I just panicked in class. I realized I was late...you know... and I haven't been feeling well. I've had headaches and been emotional..But, Madam Pomfrey explained that stress and the obliiviations and all the rest of it is what has my cycle messed up."

Draco continued to hold her and sighed. She was his. He internally scolded himself for jumping to the wrong conclusion. Hermione was meant for him, he knew it. How could she cheat on the one she was created for? He felt warmth course through him with this epiphany. "I've missed you, Hermione."

She pulled back and looked up at him, her voice conveying the hurt and irritation she felt. "You sure about that? You seemed pretty disinterested in me two minutes ago."

He shook his head, and with an apologetic tone replied, "That wasn't about you. I'm behind on schoolwork and this whole thing with another attack.. It's just..upsetting. I'm worried about the witches in Slytherin, and I'm worried about you." He looked at her with affection and concern.

He shook his head in dismay. "I wonder who was attacked this time.. and I wonder who was arrested." He looked around the room, noticing no one else was left in the Great Hall, besides them.

Hermione swallowed. He would find out soon enough, so she may as well tell him. She said quietly, sounding slightly defeated. "It was Harry. Harry was arrested."

He turned to her in shock. His mouth fell open. "So, the witness came forward!" He chewed his lip and continued, a confused look on his face. "Wait, I can't believe she let the witness come forward. She was so worried about losing her marriage prospects."

Hermione was confused by what he was saying and then understood. "No. No, that witness didn't come forward. This was...this was another attack. Last night."

Draco looked at her in total surprise. "Another attack! Last night?" He paused and then let out a slow breath. "Thank Merlin he's been arrested! Hermione, I've been worried about you being around him. I haven't trusted him but didn't push the issue because I didn't want to tell you what to do." He pulled her back to him and held her close. He continued affectionately and tenderly, 'I would never tell you what to do. But, I'm so glad he's been removed from the castle and can't hurt anyone else.'

She contemplated what to tell him. She pulled back and looked up at him. "Well, from what I can gather, they aren't convinced of his guilt."

Draco let out a small laugh. "Well, of course they aren't. He's the 'chosen one'." Draco stepped to a nearby bench and pulled her down on his lap. He looked her in the eyes and said, "That's exactly why the witch and witness from Slytherin haven't come forward. No one would believe such a thing about Harry Potter."

She chewed her lip, staring at nothing as if in thought. "Well, the Aurors are going to be questioning everyone now. So, we'll see what they find out."

He brushed her hair aside and kissed her neck. "You smell really good."

She laughed. "Well, I just had a bath before dinner."

He grinned. "You did, did you?" He looked her in the eyes, a twinkle in them now. "Sorry I missed that." His grin morphed into a genuine smile.

She laughed and then smiled back and said, shyly. "I've missed you to, Draco."

He kissed her mouth tenderly.

After a minute she pulled away. "I need to get back to Gryffindor."

Draco looked from her eyes to her mouth and back again. "Why? Who knows when I'll see you again? Sounds like the Aurors will have control of the castle and who knows when we'll be free to move around again."

She hesitated, still looking in his eyes and then smiled. "Ok, maybe we could spend a little time together."

He beamed at her. His mind started to whirl. He really wanted Princess.

His look became shy and he asked, hesitantly. "How about if we go to the room of

requirement?" He added before she refused, "Just to spend some time together. We don't have to...do anything."

She thought for a minute. She knew she should say no, but as usual, where he was concerned, she had a hard time saying no. "Ok, but I need to grab my transfiguration book. Let's run by Gryffindor first. We can study while we spend time together."

She stood up and reached her hand out to him. He took it and rolled his eyes as she pulled him up. "Do you ever not study?" He asked, his tone teasing.

She started walking and in a haughty tone said, "Only when I want to fail."

They walked up to Gryffindor and Draco waited while Hermione ran inside and grabbed her book, at the same time dropping off the books she didn't need.

Ron and Ginny looked at each other and watched her as she dashed in and out. Ron had seen her talking to Draco in the Great Hall and he was frustrated in the knowledge she was probably spending time with him now. He jumped off the sofa and ran up to his dorm.

Hermione walked out the portrait and smiled at Draco. Slightly out of breath, she said. 'Ok, I'm all set."

Draco couldn't resist. She was so adorable. He bit his lip and gave her a boyish grin as he pulled her closer and kissed her. A group of students came out the portrait, causing them to stop kissing. Hermione blushed at having been caught and Draco laughed as he took her hand and started walking towards the room of requirement.

His mind was starting to run away with visions of her naked and under him. It had been too long. He was really missing Princess, but hoped tonight would be the night Hermione wouldn't stop his advances. No more blow jobs, he wanted in and he wanted in tonight.

When they arrived at the room of requirement, they were pleased to find it unoccupied. Hermione let Draco be the one to request the room and she was pleased when she walked in. The room looked like an intimate common room with a large plush sofa in front of a roaring fire. There was a table in front of the sofa for their books. The lighting was soft, but not so soft she wouldn't be able to read. There were tall bookshelves full of wizarding and muggle novels.

She walked over and picked out a Jane Austin book. "Muggle literature?" She asked him, surprised.

He shrugged. "I asked the room for a space you would like where we could relax, study and read to each other."

She beamed at him, putting the book back. "It's perfect. Thank you, Draco." Draco had been standing in the door, watching her. He walked in, the door closing behind him.

He sauntered over to her, in a predatory way. "Do you like the room enough to give me a kiss?"

She laughed. "Well, I guess a small one."

He smiled as he pulled her close and dipped his head, kissing her passionately. His tongue

forced it's way into her mouth as he deepened the kiss. His hands began rubbing her sides and she felt her blouse being pulled out from the tuck into her skirt. She pulled back and put her hands over his. "Let's sit on the sofa and get our books out."

Draco nodded and smiled, but he was irritated. He didn't want to study, he wanted to fuck.

He followed her to the sofa and sat next to her. He backed off a little and gave her a chance to get her books and quills layed out and organized. When she was finished and opened her first book, he leaned into her and started kissing her neck. His kisses were tender at first and his right arm draped around her waste encouraging her to lean back on the sofa. His kisses became more aggressive and his hands more assertive.

She sighed and closed her eyes, giving in to his affections. He kissed her jaw and then her mouth. She was kissing him back, but tentatively. As he became more impassioned, she pushed his hands away gently.

He could sense her hesitation. Time for plan B. He kissed her cheek and then pulled away sitting up. He smiled and said begrudgingly, "Ok. I know you want to study, so lets study." She smiled at him and kissed his cheek.

He shook his head and sighed in mock disappointment and she laughed. He turned to her. "Ok, I'm studying now." He opened his bag and pulled out his text book as well as a quill. He opened the book and looked at his watch. Five minutes. He would read for five minutes and then make his move.

Hermione watched him as he settled into reading his text. She turned to her own book and started to read, making notes on her parchment.

At the five minute mark, Draco looked up from his text and looked around the room. "Oh good." He said, looking behind them against the wall. "I'm so thirsty. That shepherds pie was good, but it always makes me thirsty."

Hermione wasn't paying much attention to him, her focus on her book. Draco stood and walked around the sofa to the pitcher. He poured water into 2 of the three glasses next to it. He nonchalantly pulled the flask out of his pocket, dropping two drops of the potion into one of the cups. He put the flask back in his pocket and walked around the sofa, sitting next to her. He placed the cups down and took a big swallow out of his own. She didn't pay any attention to the cup he placed next to her. He continued to drink his own as he read more of his text. Finally, several minutes later, she picked up her cup and took a swallow.

Draco rejoiced internally as the potion took hold of her. She was immediately on him, kissing him, pulling at his clothes.

He was desperate for her, accidentally ripping her blouse in his impatience. He quickly unfastened her bra and licked his lips in anticipation as her breasts were now on display. "Princess, it's been so long. Get those panties off. I want to be inside you." Hermione reached under her skirt, pulling down her panties as he unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans. "Lay back and spread your legs."

Suddenly, there was a noise as the door from the hallway was flung open. Draco jumped up and was startled as Professor Dumbledore, accompanied by Tonks and Ron, stormed into the room.

Ginny suddenly appeared next to Hermione, pulling off the invisibility cloak.

Ginny tossed the cloak over Hermione's naked form, but it slid off her as she crawled towards the blonde slytherin. "Draco, I want you!" Her plea was desperate. Ginny tossed the cloak back over her.

Draco was stunned to silence. He felt pressure in his chest and felt like he couldn't breathe as the panic from the realization at being caught set in.

"Where's the antidote?" Tonks demanded. Draco didn't speak. He couldn't think, couldn't move. Dumbledore approached Draco and started going through the frozen blonde's pockets. Hermione continued to claw at Draco as Ginny was trying to hold her back and keep her covered.

Dumbledore pulled out a black flask. "No," Ginny exclaimed. "That's the one he used in her cup... the lust potion." Dumbledore pulled out another smaller, silver flask and popped the cork, sniffing it.

Dumbledore asked Draco, his voice stern and demanding, "Draco! Is this the antidote?"

Draco slowly turned his head to Dumbledore, his expression changed from panic to one of pure joy. "I love her. I love my princess." Draco looked down at Hermione, who was still fighting Ginny to get to him. "I love you. This changes nothing. We belong together!" He was looking at her with pure adoration, smiling.

Dumbledore shook his head and sighed heavily. Tonks came around the sofa and grabbed the delusional blonde, pulling him away from the sofa and away from Hermione. Dumbledore tipped the small flask into Hermione's mouth as Ginny continued to hold the struggling witch.

Hermione slowly stopped struggling and stilled. The glazed look on her face morphed into one of confusion and then fear and then shock.

She looked down, her body now invisible under the cloak and a panicked sob escaped her mouth. She leaned back into the sofa and looked around the room at her friends as tears started to stream down her face. Ginny sat next to her and pulled her close, holding her as Hermione started to shake. Her breathing became rapid as she started to hyperventilate.

"Dobby." Dumbledore called out. The house elf appeared instantly, concern on his face as he saw Hermione in such a state. "Dobby, quickly. Take Miss Granger and Miss Weasley to Madam Pomfrey."

The house elf grabbed hold of each of their hands, and with a pop, the three were gone.

Ron walked over to Draco and punched him, hard, square in the jaw. Draco staggered, and Ron knocked him to the ground with another punch. Ron stood over him, his face beet red with anger.

"Ron," Tonks said sternly. "Stop."

Dumbledore put his hand on Ron's shoulder. "Ron, it's ok. Go to Professor McGonigall. Tell her to floo the Auror's. Draco will be in my office."

Ginny breathed a sigh of relief when Hermione's breathing slowed down. The calming elixir Madam Pomfrey had given her was doing the trick.

Ginny watched her friend closely and saw the despair on her face.

Hermione whispered, more to herself than to Ginny. "I am so stupid. And he is so..so evil". She stared up at the ceiling. "That potion...that potion just...I had no control. I would have done anything!" She turned to Ginny in shock. "Anything he asked. I just wanted to be touching him and pleasing him." She let out a breath and reached her hand out to the redhead and Ginny smiled softly at her, taking it.

Hermione's voice was small and weak. "Oh Ginny. I'm so embarrassed, I'm so ashamed. How could I ..how could I be so blind and stupid?" She said the word stupid with emphasis.

Ginny shook her head. "Hermione he lied to you...so brilliantly. I saw him with you. I saw how he treated you. Not just tonight, but other times..in the library, in the lab, Hogsmeade...he treated you like he totally adored you. Don't fault yourself for being human. Don't fault yourself for falling for what he presented to you. And most of all, " She leaned closer, "Don't be hurt, Hermione. He doesn't deserve your pain, he deserves your wrath. And my wrath, and Ron's and Harry's."

"Oh, poor Harry." Hermione's eyes watered as the guilt swept over her. "I didn't believe Harry attacked anyone, but I actually believed Harry more likely than Draco! How could I have even thought that!" She rolled on her back and looked up at the ceiling. "Draco must have set Harry up. Draco raped Romilda...and he raped me... oh God...how many times, Ginny? Seriously!"

The two witches just looked at each other for a couple minutes, each replaying the events of the past several weeks. Hermione's expression started to change. Where her eyes had been sad and doe like, they were now intense, her brow wrinkling, her jaw was clenched and her lips pursed. "I'm going to kill him!" Her words were spoken slowly, with conviction and intensity. She sat up on the side of the bed. Her face continuing to twist with anger. "I am going to destroy him...and Blaise and fucking Snape as well."

Ginny nodded and feeding off her friends fury, replied. "You aren't alone, Hermione. I'm going to help you."

Hermione's expression changed again. This time to a look of curiosity. She tilted her head to the side, studying Ginny. "Ginny, what made you decide to follow me tonight? What brought that on?"

Ginny smirked. "Ron" She shook her head and continued. "Earlier today, while you were sleeping, he was completely convinced it was Draco who was behind everything. Harry's arrest infuriated him and it sparked something in him. He knew Draco was manipulating you, as well as who knew how many others. He said he was finished being diplomatic and it was time for action."

She sighed and continued. "I broke down and told him about the Snape recording and he immediately owled Tonks. He ignored my reasons for why you and I hadn't gone to her yet." Ginny shifted in her chair. "Tonks came right away and Ron told her about the recording and he told her that he was sure Draco was manipulating you." She smiled. "I was really impressed by

my big brother. He wasn't his normal aloof and goofy self. He was a man with conviction and he had me and Tonks both convinced you were in immediate danger. After he told her about the Snape recording, she was furious and immediately went to Dumbledore." She paused. "About ten minutes later, you woke up and came into the common room."

"Why didn't you tell me that Tonks was in the castle and knew about the recording?" Hermione asked, slightly irritated.

Ginny replied hesitantly, "Ron told me not to. He said he had a plan." She bit her lip and thought. "Then, during dinner, you kept looking at the Slytherin table and Ron was getting more and more irritated. When Dumbledore came in and made the announcement, we knew it was because Tonks was involved. She was forcing Dumbledore to do the right thing." Ginny paused and took a deep breath. "Then after dinner, you immediately walked over to Draco. That's when Ron grabbed me and we started discussing ways to protect you."

Ginny looked apologetic. "Only it didn't go as planned. When you came back to Gryffindor after dinner, Ron said we should follow you under the cloak and that we should grab the sneak-o-scope. So he ran to grab Harry's cloak and the map and I ran to grab the extra sneak-o-scope out of your room. Only, when I grabbed the scope, I must have dropped my wand, because I later discovered I didn't have it. Anyway, under the cloak, we were able to follow you to the room of requirement. We fought about who would go into the room with you. In hindsight, it should have been him because I didn't have my wand. But I didn't find that out until it was too late."

Hermione's head was starting to spin, trying to keep up. "So, you followed us into the room under the cloak. What was Ron doing?"

Ginny shrugged. "Well, I'm not sure. When the the door closed, it sealed and probably disappeared, so Ron couldn't slide the sneak-o-scope under it." Ginny thought for a minute, "at least that's what I think happened. I never saw the sneak-o-scope appear."

Hermione was confused. "Well, how did Ron know to get Dumbledore?"

Ginny shrugged. "You'll have to ask him. Once I was in the room with you, I had no more contact with him." Ginny's face twisted with guilt. "Hermione, I'm so sorry. When Draco put the drops into your cup, I decided to wait and see what happened. I wanted to be sure it was the lust potion. I wanted to be 100% sure before I played my hand. When you drank it and I saw the effect it had on you, I reached for my wand, but it was gone. I started moving around the room looking for it. I couldn't find it. I was about to just jump on him and knock him to the ground when they busted through the door."

Hermione and Ginny both looked to the infirmary door as Ron walked in. He dashed to Hermione and sat on the cot next to her, grabbing her and hugging her.

She let out a sob, "Oh Ron, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry for not listening to you and Harry. I should have followed your advice and stayed away from him. I was so stupid."

He pulled back and looked at her. "Yeah, you were." He admitted, honestly. Then he gave her smile, "but you can't be perfect all the time. And you're my best friend, and I love you. So...I forgive you."

He pulled her close again and hugged her tightly as she softly cried. "It's ok, Mione. It's all going to be ok now."

Hermione pulled back from him. She wiped her eyes. "Where's Draco? What's happening now?"

Ron sighed, "I'm not 100% sure. There's a lot of activity in Dumbledore's office. I saw Lucius Malfoy. Aurors are everywhere."

Hermione watched Ron and listened to him with a whole new appreciation. He had protected her and helped her. She thought about the conversation she had just had with Ginny. "Ron, how did you know to get Dumbledore and Tonks? How did you know what was going on in the room of requirement?"

Ron's ears turned slightly pink. "Well, truthfully, I didn't. The door sealed and I couldn't slip the scope under it. But, I just felt like something wasn't right. I knew Ginny was in there and would intervene if necessary, but", he looked at his sister and shrugged, "she's my kid sister. I didn't like not being able to hear what was going on. I was...worried." He sighed and continued. "But, as I was heading towards Dumbledore's office, I came upon Tonks and Dumbledore. They were just about to head down the stairs towards the dungeons. They were looking for Draco. I told them I knew where he was and they came right away."

Ron scratched his head and then continued. "As we were walking, I told them what was going on. When we got to the room of requirement, Dumbledore waved his wand and the door appeared. We walked in and.." Ron was now turning red. "Well, it was pretty obvious what was going on."

Hermione collapsed back on the bed and pulled the pillow over her face. Her muffled voice said, "I'm going to die of embarrassment." She pulled the pillow off her face and pulled some strands of hair away from her mouth. "I remember it all. I remember the feeling that came over me when I drank the water." Hermione let out a quick laugh. "All I wanted was to touch him, drink him in. If I could have crawled under his skin, I would have. It was so powerful. I..I.." she sniffled as a tear ran down her cheek, "Merlin only knows what I've done while under the influence of that potion."

Ginny looked at her friend and nodded. "Me too, Mione. Me too."

Madam Pomfrey walked over to the trio. "It's getting late. Hermione needs her rest."

Hermione looked at Madam Pomfrey. "Would it be ok if I went back to Gryffindor? I feel better and I just want to be with my friends."

The medi-witch smiled. "Go on, then. But make sure you get plenty rest. Come back tomorrow to resume your concentration exercises."

Hermione climbed out of bed. "Yes, Ma'am. I'll see you tomorrow." Ron wrapped an arm around each witch and they headed back to Gryffindor.

Thursday Morning

She did not sleep well. Her night was restless and she had periods of crying after which she would scold herself for being so weak. How could she have believed him? She was very angry with herself and the more time passed, the angrier she became. She climbed out of bed and

quickly dressed. Tonks had come to see her late last evening to check on her and said they would get a statement from her when she was ready. She didn't know if she was ready for that yet. Tonks told Hermione Draco was being arrested and they were currently trying to get more information out of him.

Hermione slipped her shoes on. It was only 6:15 am but she wanted to get moving. She was worried about Harry and wondered what would happen with him now. Tonks hadn't had any answers on that front the night before. Surprise overcame her when she walked into the common room to find Harry sitting on the sofa all alone.

She dashed to the sofa and crashed into him, hugging him tightly. "Harry, you're back!"

He hugged her back, tightly. She pulled back, "what happened? When did you get back? Why are you down here all by yourself?"

He laughed, "umm, a lot...about an hour ago...and because I didn't know if I'd ever see Hogwarts again, much less this room." He looked around and sighed. "This room is home to me."

She flung her arms around him again. "Oh, Harry. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry this happened to you, I'm sorry I didn't listen to you and Ron, and most of all...I'm sorry for ever doubting you. I didn't think you attacked anyone, but I wasn't as convinced as I should have been. I'm so sorry!"

Harry just shrugged, "Hermione, you've always supported me and believed in me. You don't have to apologize."

She wasn't having it. "No, Harry. I do. And, I'm sorry more than words can express. I hope you can trust that I'm your friend and will never doubt you again."

He smiled at her, "Honestly, right now, I'm just glad it's behind me."

Three Months Later

Hermione walked out of the Wizengamot chamber and breathed a sigh of relief. Her testimony was finally behind her. To say it had been dreaded would have been a gross understatement. To say the actual testimony had been every bit as awful as she anticipated, would not be an overstatement. She walked over to a bench and sat, feeling like a tremendous weight had been lifted off her shoulders. She rubbed her neck as she thought back over all that had happened since the night Draco had been arrested.

The same night he had been taken into custody, Snape had been taken into custody as well. Dumbledore had no choice but to produce the sneak-o-scope when Tonks confronted him. Once Snape was arrested and the evidence of his threat to Blaise was known to the Aurors, Blaise had been encouraged to tell all. He had been promised a lighter sentence for any evidence he brought forth against Snape, as well as Draco. When they added the guarantee of his Mother's protection, Blaise had sung like a bird. It was amazing what the Aurors were able to piece together once Blaise started talking. They were also able to determine that Draco had been obliviated by Snape because Snape had obliviated memories that Blaise shared as well.

Lucius Malfoy, through his connections and abilities to bribe the right people, had seen to it that Draco had spent his pre-trial captivity in St Mungo's psychiatric ward instead of Azkaban. But in

truth, his bribery was probably not needed in the end. Every psychiatric evaluator found Draco to be a clinical sociopath who had no ability to feel remorse. He also was obsessed with Hermione and still claimed himself in love with her. He claimed she was his, created for him by the powers above and that she loved him as well. He insisted that one day she would admit it and they would be together. He was deemed delusional by most who came in contact with him.

Hermione didn't know if Draco's delusions where she was concerned were real or fabricated to help ensure his insanity plea. It didn't matter. She hated him. For his insanity plea, he was forced to agree to several legilimency sessions with the Aurors and psychiatrists. She had been allowed to view pieces and parts in a pensieve and it had been beyond humiliating. She hoped that he would be sentenced to Azkaban instead of the psych ward.

She could only hope that the testimony she provided today against him would help guarantee he would be locked up for a very long time. Blaise had ultimately agreed to legilimency interrogations as well. He was already getting a lighter sentence for providing evidence against Snape and Draco, but he was promised further leniency if he came clean about all the attacks. It turned out Blaise had been very busy and had raped over 15 witches, one of them being Ginny Weasley. While it was terrible, Ginny was relieved she hadn't been whored out and had only been with Blaise. Hermione was also relieved that Draco had been the only wizard she had been with.

Today was the day the victims added their testimony to the mountains of evidence already on display. Hermione contemplated not testifying. They're wasn't any real evidence she would be providing that they didn't already know. They had seen all his memories after all. But, Hermione wanted the wizengemot to know how it had impacted her and how her life would never be the same. She also wanted to do her part to make sure Draco ended up in Azkaban and not some psych ward where he would have counseling sessions and art class every day. Draco, Blaise and Snape had all been present. She couldn't tell if there was any actual remorse felt by any of the wizards.

Snape had not attacked anyone that they could tell, but he had been guilty of being aware she and others were being raped and doing nothing about it. He was guilty by association. She had provided her memories of Snape and his manipulation of her as well. She realized his sentence would be lighter, but she found satisfaction knowing that he had not gotten away with it.

Hermione heard the door open and Ginny walked out, letting out a sigh of relief as she walked over to Hermione and sat down next to her.

"You ok?," Hermione asked her red headed friend.

"Yeah, just glad it's over." She rubbed her eyes. "I hope all three are put away for a very long time."

The witches only had to wait an hour before the wizengemot had made its decision about the three wizards. The witches went back into the chamber and sat on the back of the room with Harry, Ron and the rest of the Weasleys. Hermione was disgusted to see Rita Skeeter sitting in the corner scribbling notes furiously as she watched the proceedings.

It was over rather quickly. As expected, Snape received the lightest sentence. He would spend 2 1/2 years in Azkaban for being an accessory. Blaise was sentenced to 60 years, but it was reduced to 25 for his testimony against the other wizards and for admitting to all the attacks he

had been responsible for.

Hermione felt her heart race as she watched Draco stand, waiting to be sentenced. Narcissi Malfoy stood next her son, her expression stony eyed. Lucius stood on Draco's other side, his expression more anxious as he waited to hear if his son would end up in Azkaban or in St Mungo's. Hermione felt vindication and relief course through her as his sentence was read. He would spend 35 years in Azkaban after which time he would be reevaluated by psychiatrists. If he was still deemed to have sociopathic tendencies, he would not be released, but another panel of judges would determine at that time where he would be detained and for how long.

It was over and Hermione exhaled and smiled at her friends. As Draco was being escorted out of the chamber, he looked back at Hermione, smiling at her as he mouthed, "I love you."

Epilogue

"Hermione, its now or never." Harry's tone was impatient.

"Ok, ok..I just. Well, yes, I want to do this."

Harry had just become an Auror and now had access to prisoners in Azkaban. He wasn't supposed to be in contact with prisoners he personally hadn't investigated, but he access to them all, just the same.

He tossed his cloak over her and she followed as they entered through the guard entrance during shift change. The guards were used to seeing Harry and waved at him as he walked toward cell block D. He went down a set of stairs and waved his wand over a magical ID scanner. A door opened and he quickly dashed in, Hermione hidden behind him.

They walked past several cells where Hermione saw wizards laying in their beds sleeping or reading. The cells were all cinderblock and their beds were concrete slabs with small mattresses. Some of the prisoners had desks and pictures on the walls, while others just had a bed, sink and toilet.

Hermione paused and stared at the wizard in the last cell on the left. The blonde wizard had long hair, down to his shoulders. His cell had a desk as well as a table and a chair. Draco was sitting at the table, humming to himself as he picked up different color coloring pencils, appearing to be drawing. Hermione could see drawings scattered on the floor and was shocked to see they were of her. One was her profile, as if she were studying and another was her face, laughing. They were quite good. It seemed Draco had discovered a talent he didn't know he had. His face turned toward where she was hidden under the cloak. His eyes were closed. He inhaled deeply.

"Ahhh, Princess. You've come." He opened his eyes and stared at the place she was standing. Harry shifted beside her. Despite Harry being in plain view, Draco payed him no mind. Hermione's heart started to race. Draco was smiling. "I'd recognize the smell of your shampoo anywhere, Princess."

He stood and walked to the bars of his cell, now only feet away from her. He spoke calmly, his expression earnest. "I've had a lot of time to think in here, Hermione. I realize now I was wrong to take you against your will. But, if I hadn't, Princess...well, I would have never fallen in love with you. If you hadn't stumbled upon me that first night when I used the potion the first time,

well..I might never have gotten to know you. Don't you see? It was a means to an end. Fate brought us together that night." He grinned boyishly, an expression that used to make her heart melt but now made her stomach churn. He nodded, knowingly, "fate will keep you coming back here to visit me. We're meant for each other, Princess. I love you. And whether you want to admit it or not, you love me. When I get out in 33 years, we can be together. " He was smiling, his look angelic and innocent.

Hermione couldn't help staring at him. She had come here out of curiosity. Six months ago she had still been plotting revenge against Draco as well as the other two wizards. But, she had changed her mind over the course of the past few months. If, in 33 years she still wanted revenge and he was released, she would get it. But, right now, that need wasn't in her. She only wanted to move on and forget it had ever happened. But, she had wanted to see where he lived. She wanted to know he wasn't in a plush cell with the comforts of home. Looking around his cell, it gave her no relief to see him living in the tiny cell with little comforts to speak of. Yes, he had a table and pencils, but that was it. His desk was bare. His bed was a thin mattress that could not offer much comfort.

"Won't you take that cloak off so I can see your beautiful face?"

Hermione contemplated before removing the cloak. "I'll take the cloak off, Malfoy." As she pulled it off, she noticed him cringe slightly at the use of his surname. Then he smiled affectionately as he looked her up and down. She continued. "I'll take it off because I want you to see what you will never have, Malfoy. You will never see this face again. You will never touch this body. I want you to know, that I have a boyfriend now. A boyfriend who I love and who loves me. When he makes love to me, the world stops. He's all I want in this world."

Draco's face had fallen and slowly a look of anguish began to come over him. "Princess, you don't mean that! You know you don't," he pleaded. Then he shook his head and his anguished look was replaced by a knowing smile. He closed his eyes and reopened them. "Nice try, Princess. You want to hurt me. You're angry, I get it. But you love me all the same, Hermione. You should stop denying it."

Hermione shook her head at him in disbelief over his delusion. So, yeah, he was right. She didn't have a boyfriend and maybe she did dream about him sometimes, but that was only because she couldn't forget he had raped and manipulated her. She didn't have a boyfriend because she couldn't trust a word that came out of the mouth of any male who showed an interest in her. The only men she trusted were Harry and Ron, who were both married. They would forever be her best friends, as well as Ginny. So yeah, Draco was right that she was lying, but she would never admit that to him.

She gave him a dismissive look. "Goodbye, Malfoy. Have fun with your delusions and pencils."

As she turned to walk away, he yelled out to her. "Next time, wear something sexy, Princess. Something that I can dream about." She started to walk faster. "Come back soon, Hermione," she heard faintly as the door to cell block D closed behind her.

THE END